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A REVOLUTIONIST.

A STORY OF PARIS IN THE DAYS OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

[Translated from the German of Julius Grosse.]

CHAPTER III.

THE LOVERS' MEETING.

WHO could look into the future, and call up spirits? Giving herself up to these last thoughts, Leonie gazed at the rising smoke, which the fog drove back instead of suffering it to go up the chimney. The lights burned dimly. Suddenly, she thought she heard a gentle rustling; a strangely gloomy feeling seized her, and, as if to inspire courage against her own thoughts, she lighted a few candles, but did not venture to look around, so unspeakably awful did the solitude of this old apartment suddenly seem to her—especially as she imagined that she heard the rustling again. Then, as she passed the mirror, she suddenly seemed to see the misty outline of a figure behind her.

She turned resolutely. "Who is in the room?"

She heard nothing, but saw the figure lay a finger on its lips, as if imploring her not to raise an alarm.

At that moment a sudden flame of fire arose and lighted a pale face, a tall, broad-shouldered form, and flashing eyes.

"Victor Deville!" cried Madame Nauzelet, turning pale. Her knees tottered, and before she could reach the sofa she lay on his breast, encircled by his arms; but with convulsive strength she tore herself away, and stood resolutely before him.

"How do you come here? What do you wish from me? What is the meaning of this miserable comedy?" she groaned, in a faint, half-stifled voice.

"Too many questions at once, fair Leonie. I have been standing a long time in that alcove, behind that charming curtain. *Parbleu!* you have wearied me; but you have an excellent old servant."

"Jean Baptiste?"

"A faithful soul, who has preserved his friendship for me since old times; but keep cool, I beg; I will gladly explain the whole mystery." With these words, he extinguished a few of the

lighted candles. "It is better so, that no attention may be attracted from the street. Know, dear Leonie, that I have been in Paris several days; but I did not venture to see you until all vows were redeemed; until the great deed is accomplished."

"What vows? What deed, Herr von Deville?"

"Patience, Madame; I will make confession. Listen, then. For several days I have passed your house irresolutely; and to-day I saw old Jean Baptiste coming out. Hold, thought I, you can make a trial with him; but my wisdom and foresight were put to shame. I thought the hair-dressers and tailors of London had performed a masterpiece of art, and that I was secure from recognition; for no one in Paris must recognize me; no one, Leonie, or it would be my death."

"Victor, you have committed a crime!" cried the terrified woman.

"Say, rather, that I have an indulgence for a future crime in my pocket. But hear me further. I saw old Jean Baptiste come out, and followed him to the post. There, when I raised my voice, the sly old fellow looked around, and surveyed me for a while.

"*You* can tell me, mein Herr, whether this address is right," said he, suddenly, giving me a letter addressed to myself."

"And not a word of this did the man tell me!"

"*Eh bien!* we understood each other. Leonie, I have read the letter; although you have burned it, still it reached its destination. What shall I say? It has enraptured, transported, inspired me. I had not a suspicion of it at all;—that you are free; that you still think of me; that a refuge stands open for me here! O my God! how much bliss all at once! But before I bend my knee to you, before giving a thought to what is to be done, let me ask one question, which weighs heavily upon me, and which has brought me here to-day: Have you never received my letters?"

"What letters, Herr von Deville?"

"You complain of my silence. O my God! every month, every week, have I written to you; but never an answer, never a word of notice have I received. I was forced to think to myself: thou art rejected, lost; either she believes in thee no longer, or she is dead. For this reason I did not seek you, from fear of despair or disgrace! But these dead ashes, this poor letter, plunged me again into the madness of life and love. Leonie, where are my letters?"

"By heaven, I have received none."

"Is it indeed so? Is it indeed so? Even here, already, upon the track!"

He sprang up and rushed violently up and down the room, talking to himself, rather than noticing Leonie.

"Without doubt they have been intercepted; my intimations were cautious, and they can know nothing of the main point; but when the month is over, then all is lost—we cannot maintain ourselves so long."

Leonie followed this disjointed and half unintelligible monologue, looking anxiously at the speaker as he paced up and down. The pause of silence gradually became intolerable to her.

"Victor Deville, tell me, I conjure you, what is passing in your mind? What are you concealing from me?"

"My dear Leonie," he answered, in deep emotion, "one must shudder, even in all the rapture of happiness and bliss, to behold, at the same time, the abyss which threatens to engulf us all. Like glowing arrows, your words again repeated, burn my soul anew: that I have lost my high aims; that my inactivity deserves to be condemned; that a deed is demanded from me, which shall do honor to my ancient name, and make atonement for the sins of my murdered ancestors. *Eh bien*, I think we stand on the threshold of this great deed. I cannot, dare not, say more to you now. Once you drove me sternly from this house—from this land—and condemned my heart to all the torture of banishment

and longing for home. O Leonie! what have you made of me? Yet I think the time will come when my star shall rise again. You have become a widow, Leonie: had I only suspected it! You will be mine—O my God! O my God! what shall I say to you to-day? Patience, only for a few days; patience for us both. After so many years we do not mind waiting two minutes. But, for the present, I will accept your asylum, and remain with you, my beautiful Leonie."

The young widow was evidently embarrassed. The excited manner of the young nobleman; the strange contradiction of his passion and his reserve; the manifest wildness of his whole nature, all made an uncomfortable impression upon her.

"I frankly confess, Herr von Deville, that I understand nothing you are saying; and I must beg you either to speak more plainly, or break off the conversation and leave me."

Victor Deville stood for a while irresolute, and then cried, "Leonie, you shall know all. I must have a living soul with whom I can talk, with whom I can share the fearful secret. Swear to me by your hope of salvation"—but reflecting for a moment, he murmured—"Oaths are the pavement to hell; no, it needs no oath; your love, which has been so touchingly revealed to me this day, is pledge enough for me. If I fall, you shall not fall with me. Hear all, then; one word is sufficient." Upon that, he drew an elegant dagger from its sheath, and said:

"Here, read the inscription, and then you will know all!"

With trembling hands she took the weapon and read the words engraved on it: "*Mort au César!*"

"O my forebodings! my dreams!" And half fainting, Leonie sank back into the chair from which she had risen.

"Right; your dreams!" cried Victor; "you saw me as Brutus, fair Leonie. Was it not so? Truly, I could not hope for a more favorable sign. You have talent, Leonie, to become a second

Charlotte Corday; yet no woman's hand is needed now, where men are united; quick, Leonie, what was the end of your dream?"

"Unhappy man, ask me not that—banish every thought of it; promise me——"

"Spare me any words, Leonie!" interrupted the young man, almost violently. "You will not succeed in making me waver, since I have been educated in London. You drove me there; you and the Consul. Now try the fruits. Do you know how they made out my passport? Instead of Victor Deville, they wrote Victor Devil—Victor the Devil! The passport is ministerial; the suggestion came from above; and I intend to do honor to my new name. O look not so incredulously upon me! Our threads reach even into the cabinet of the all-powerful Pitt. Do you think three ships were equipped for nothing, and allowed to set sail without delay? I tell you, those were glorious nights! The storm whistled as we crept over the channel; but it blew away the clatter of our weapons. Every light on board was extinguished, but our hearts glowed—*mort de ma vie!* We landed in the darkness, in a little inlet, like robbers and smugglers; but the freight we bring is the freedom of France. Now, we are here, and any day we may reveal it!"

The beautiful widow lay in her chair, with eyes fixed, and wringing her hands. She writhed under the torture of the thoughts which rushed upon her.

Victor Deville meanwhile made use of the second cover, which the crafty Jean Baptiste pretended to lay "for the dead," and partook freely of the wine which stood by the plates, in a crystal flask. The fiery wine increased his excitement, and, forgetting his motives for silence, he gave full rein to his tongue.

"Why are you silent, Leonie? Do you wish for a justification of my deed? You shall hear it, so true as I have become a better Frenchman on English

soil. In position, I belong to the aristocrats; but in heart, to the Republicans, in spite of the fact that my brothers, my grandfather, and my uncle, perished on the scaffold. They died as aristocrats; their time was over. I have laid aside my rights, my honors, my titles; we no longer need the trumpery. I know no rights but those of humanity. But even if I were still a nobleman of the old stamp, I ask you, shall so much precious blood be shed, so many thousands slain, so much beauty and culture trodden in the dust, in order to elevate a Corsican, a little lieutenant of artillery, to the position of a Caesar, to worship a soldier's hat on a mound of graves? Bah! the history of the world is no comedy. I tell you how we know what we will do. We have not read our Voltaire in vain. Pichegru and Moreau are my friends; Cadoudal, the terrible, is our captain; the Duke d'Enghien, our hope. We will perform Voltaire's *Mort de Cæsar*; but Paris is our stage, and the freedom of France our goddess whom we wish to rescue—shall rescue!"

"O no, Victor, you will not save France by assassination. You will only bring yourself to the scaffold, and me to the grave. Remember that Brutus and Cassius, even after committing their murder, did not succeed in realizing their beautiful dream of the freedom of the Fatherland; for their cause was stained by the blood that had been shed. They perished, and the very thing they wished to stifle they called into life. Victor, I cannot appeal to your conscience, for fanatics have none; but I call upon your sense of honor as a Frenchman. Is it not the Consul who has brought our France again to honor and glory; has made our arms again victorious; our name the terror of our enemies, and the admiration of the world? And this saviour of France, this greatest hero of the century, you would treacherously overthrow, and consider this disgrace a heroic deed! No, Victor,

you must be ill, very ill, in heart, as well as in head."

"Leonie, you talk like a woman who understands nothing of state affairs. I forgive you that; but I did not dream that you were an admirer of this Corsican, this pirate. No, you are no daughter of great France; you are a traitress!"

"Victor, my only one, hear me. What are your philosophy or your reproaches to me, when I know that you are lost—that I am to lose you? Do you remember the hour when you knelt here, and vowed eternal love to me? By the most high God, it was not alone fidelity to my husband, not a conscientious sense of duty, which caused me to stand firm and repulse you; no, it was my wish to save you from destruction; to bear a pure remembrance of you in my heart, without guilt, without repentance, without pangs of conscience. Now, I am really free, and we can be happy without your dark, criminal designs. Be mine, Victor; go with me to-morrow, to Germany, to Italy; only away from here; away from here, where we are both lost. O my beloved! I will make you happy, as I can, anywhere upon earth. France and its storms shall be forgotten in the sunny woodland paradise where we will live for ourselves and our love; only away from here! As I once wrested you from ruin by my fidelity to Nauzelet, so will I save you a second time by my fidelity to yourself. What can you gain, Victor, by a deed of violence? Put it all before you. Suppose the monstrous crime succeeds; you will be admired for three days, and then the old anarchy, the old chaos will begin. You will be execrated, seized, put to death, and your name will be a blot on the history of France. Remember the fate of Brutus! Remember Franz Ravillac! Seek not to control the dispensations of God. If it be His will that the Consul fall, He will accomplish it without your dagger. Heaven needs no crime to carry out its designs.

But if it be not His will, then a hundred thousand conspirators will not be able to harm a hair on the head of this man of Fate!"

During the widow's long and deeply-moving speech, Victor Deville frequently became uneasy; but he now stood before her, crossing his arms firmly, and looked with a penetrating gaze into her eyes.

"Leonie, God knows I should once have been mad, frantic with rapture, had you offered me this; to-day, I am another man, and you have made me so. Should I ever become a hero in virtue, as you imagined, the highest virtue is the first to which I devote myself. What is your sunny paradise to me, so long as my Fatherland is in chains? Shall I betray France, in order selfishly to seek my own happiness in the arms of a woman? O no, Leonie! you deem me smaller than I feel. Your love shall be my reward, as soon as this life-task is accomplished. God will never help France; too many horrors have already taken place in defiance of Him. God helps only those who help themselves. I must keep my vow; and even supposing I should repent, I could not hinder the undertaking; it will run its course, and be perfected without me. But Victor Deville would be branded as a cowardly traitor and deserter of his banner!"

Leonie was inconsolable to see all her weapons wrested from her; to find her charms and herself powerless. Suddenly her eyes flashed, and in a tone half serious, half sportive, she said:

"And if I should now go to the Consul and betray everything?"

Victor looked at her a moment in astonishment. "You are not in earnest, Madame," he then said; "and if you were, I should be obliged to stay here and watch your every step."

He then closed the door, and stretched himself at full length on the sofa, seeming disposed to make himself as comfortable as possible. "I

might say, Leonie," he continued, in a tone half grave, half humorous, "that I should be an immortal fool if I did not wish to improve these bright hours. Shall a man read that he is beloved by a woman, and scorn the favor of the gods? Let us be merry, and enjoy the present so long as it is ours; to-morrow, murder and death; but love and roses to-day. Yes, I might even be obliged to act thus, from motives of prudence; for when you have become wholly mine, then you will not betray me! All this I might say, Leonie, and no power could hinder me from acting according to my will; but fear not, I will bear this sweet torture like a stoic; I will remain in this room; but the key of the house must be in my possession."

Thereupon, he rang for old Jean Baptiste, who immediately entered.

Leonie was beside herself at the young man's arbitrary proceedings. She stepped resolutely before him, and said:

"Herr von Deville, I protest most decidedly against your design. If you do not regard my honor, which forbids a man to remain over night in my house, you shall not involve me in the conspiracy. Knowing and consenting to it, would make me an accessory!"

Then, turning to the old servant, she continued; "Jean Baptiste, from to-morrow you are dismissed from my service; I cannot employ servants who are accessible to the gold of strangers. As for the rest, Herr Deville, know that your words have sundered the last tie between us. Act, command, as seems good to you. You have never loved me, else you would at least heed me now and leave this house!"

She stood before the conspirator, beautiful and fascinating. Her long dark locks curled around her pale lily-like face, and played over her dazzling shoulders; her large eyes, filled with tears, rested with inexpressible fervor and sadness, with pride and sorrow, upon the unhappy man before

her, who gave no sign of obeying her wishes.

At that moment, the door-bell was rung violently. Victor sprang up, pale as death. "For God's sake, Leonie—if they should be on my track!" But as he met her cold, threatening look, he added: "So much the better, then, Madame; you can then have an opportunity at once to betray me, to deliver yourself from me; or do you wish me to conceal myself, in order to save you?"

"Do as you please, Herr von Deville; since you regard not my honor, it will also be a matter of indifference to you whether you are found here. Yonder is my sleeping-room; here is the chimney; without, hangs the livery of my servant—choose what means you will, if you are striving for safety."

"You are cruel in your scorn, Leonie; but to show you that I am neither servile enough to seem your servant, nor have any desire to be smoked, nor yet am so dishonorable as to be found in your sleeping-room, I am going simply to meet the danger. Dismiss all anxiety. We are prepared for something different."

A few minutes afterwards, an officer entered, and announced that they were seeking a criminal who had just escaped from the hands of justice, and taken refuge in this or a neighboring house. The officer uttered all this in short, harsh words, and begged permission not only to search the whole house, the chambers and passages, but even the walls and chimneys. His stern, searching glance, almost met loud laughter from the two, whose hearts were doubtless freed from a heavy weight; the humor of this unexpected situation asserted its rights, and when the officer looked questioningly at the two covers, after inquiring if Madame were married, Victor maliciously said: "Madame is accustomed to eat with her old servant, at night."

"You see, my dear lady," he continued, taking Leonie's hand with the air of a physician, as if he wished to

feel her pulse, "your fears were exaggerated; and this slight fever is not of a serious nature; still, you were very prudent to send for me again, at this late hour, and I rejoice that I can bear you company in such a critical situation. How dreadful it would be, if that escaped criminal should suddenly come down the chimney, or through a loose board, to pay you a visit! Your servant would be no match for him in such a case. Allow me, therefore, to think of further measures for your perfect safety, and, by way of preliminary, to remain here myself as guard."

Leonie was forced, against her will, to smile at Victor's skill and presence of mind, and thanked him in her heart for the kind intention of taking from the *lêve-à-lêve* in which they were surprised the slightest appearance which could compromise her in the eyes of a stranger. Nevertheless, she resolved to improve the opportunity to free herself from the guest who was so beloved, and, for that very reason, so dangerous and importunate.

"I am very much obliged to you, Herr Doctor," she replied, taking up his character, while the officer listened unsuspiciously to the conversation; "very much obliged, for giving me such favorable prospects, in my suffering state of health. But I earnestly beg you not to extend your visit further, as I do not wish to deprive you of your rest, nor your other patients of your assistance. The officers are convinced that the house is not compromised, and that I am not sheltering any fugitive. Farewell, Herr Doctor. You may consider yourself fortunate in having an officer for a guide in these dangerous times. Perhaps you will look after me again to-morrow; but without any ceremony—without any ceremony."

She said these words in a sportive tone, and with laughing eyes, rejoiced that she had thus found means to remove the fanatic from her house. Victor Deville, misunderstanding her invitation for the next day, and seeing

therein a sign of her perfect reconciliation, repressed his anger, and forgot in a moment his former distrust. With the ardent look of a lover, he tenderly gave her his hand, took leave "till to-morrow," and followed the officer, while Jean Baptiste lighted them down the steps.

Leonie was alone.

What a singular change in her life, her position, her future! That very afternoon, a few hours before, moved by love and longing, she had written to her distant friend. Now, when he suddenly appeared before her, she was forced to show him the door, if she would not suffer him to set himself up as the reckless, violent master of her house, of her honor, in order to draw her into the whirlpool of a criminal undertaking, before which she shuddered. Was this, indeed, the tender, enthusiastic young nobleman, who, a few years ago, had been her most ardent admirer, her submissive, timid worshipper, whose soul was filled with ideals, attached to her with all its fibres—and now! She could not imagine it. If she looked on inactive, the monstrous conspiracy would run its course, he would become a criminal, and his life be forfeited to the laws. But, even if she should take courage to inform the Government of its danger, then he would be lost, and she herself would deliver her beloved to the scaffold. In this painful position, the fair Leonie tried to discover some middle course, not only to prevent the horrible deed, to frustrate the whole scheme, but to save her beloved for herself. A great resolution must be taken at once, for time was precious; and any day the crime might be accomplished.

Not only was the happiness of her life and his here involved, but the fate of France. Without closing her eyes, the spirited young woman weighed every possibility which offered itself to her—every step she could take to rescue her lover from the clutches of those who were leading him astray.

Day was already dawning, when she at length arose, resolutely, from her couch, and ordered the maid to bring out her best garments.

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE THE POLICE.

The next morning, Leonie Nauzelet stood before the all-powerful Regnier, who was at that time Minister of Justice and of the Police. As soon as she announced that she had important political communications to make, Regnier granted her instant admission, niggardly as the busy man usually was with his time. As Leonie entered, he was astonished at the rare beauty of the young woman; and his usual sharp official roughness changed at once to the most courteous politeness.

"How can I serve you, Madame?" said he, seeming as amiable as a minister of police can.

Leonie, who had come with a beating heart, drew a deep breath.

"Herr Minister," she then said, slowly and cautiously, as if she wished to strengthen herself at every word, "I come to rob you of a few moments of your valuable time; yet you will bear with the loyalty of the widow of a French officer, if she considers it her duty to warn the Government of a great danger?"

"The Government will be grateful to you, Madame. Allow me to offer you a chair."

Leonie took the seat without ceremony. "As you know, Herr Minister, there are rumors in the city of a conspiracy against the life of the First Consul."

"The First Consul does not fear these machinations of blinded and desperate men."

"Say, rather, misled," added Leonie, more courageously. "I have no interest in the person of that powerful man whom you name. I have never seen him, indeed. Not on his account have I ventured to make this visit; nor do I claim any thanks for

the disclosures which I shall make. I say this expressly, that you may attribute to my step no other motive than my most fervent desire that certain persons should not become criminals, and make themselves unhappy."

"Certain persons? Do you know the parties concerned?" Regnier became more attentive. The manner and character of the young woman who appeared as an informer in the interest of the conspirators, seemed to him new and interesting.

Leonie reflected a moment, and then resolutely continued: "I repeat to you this only—a conspiracy exists. I could, indeed, name the heads, disclose the collective threads and combinations—yes, unveil the plan of the undertaking, and reveal the designs for the future."

"Oh, Madame deserves to be appointed a member of the secret police!" said Regnier, with a slight touch of scorn. He regarded the beautiful widow with a peculiar look, in which astonishment and distrust, searching inquiry and perplexity, were at once expressed. Was a new mystification aimed at the police, such as they had often experienced, of late, through anonymous denunciations? or could a woman actually defraud him of the glory of an omniscient minister of police? Who was she, then, who could know more than all his agents; or what did she have in view? What?—a young, beautiful widow, who perhaps wished to make herself interesting to the Consul, while pretending to know things of which she had no exact knowledge. What?—or was she, perhaps, an emissary of the conspirators, who wished to spy out how much or how little the police already knew, in order to confound the traces hitherto discovered, or to lead them again into a wrong track? At all events, extreme prudence was necessary, especially as the police were already utterly exhausted and irritated by numerous false denunciations. Weighing all this in his mind, Regnier

changed his courteous tone, and, in his stern, official manner, added: "Before we proceed, Madame, permit me to ask your name."

"O, my name is of no importance, Herr Minister; but I shall not hesitate to mention it, in case this interview results in mutual satisfaction."

"Madame is very precise in her expressions; but this matter seems to me so suspicious, that you will allow the Consul's private secretary, as well as President Savary, to be present at this examination."

"At this examination!" cried Leonie, turning pale, and rising from her seat; "you are mistaken, Herr Minister, if you think this interview will lead to any such result."

"I do not understand you, Madame."

"Well, I will explain myself more clearly. Since I have come to render a service to the state, you will think it natural that I should, at the same time, state my conditions."

"I have already told you, Madame, that the Consul's gratitude will be unlimited."

"Pray remember, we are not speaking of the First Consul! Hear me: against the persons whom I will name to you, against the execution of the plan which I will describe to you in all its details, to-day, or to-morrow, at the latest, you can take measures, betimes, in order to prevent the crime. Disarmed conspirators are conspirators no longer. I make, therefore, as my conditions, first: that you employ no sort of force, make no arrest, institute no trial, but content yourself with simply sending all those whom I shall name to you beyond the boundaries of France; at most, imposing upon them an oath never again to step upon French soil with such designs."

"But, Madame——"

"Permit me—I have not yet finished; secondly: I desire that my name shall not be mentioned in this matter, either to-day or hereafter, to anyone, the Government excepted;

and, thirdly: I stipulate that those acts of injustice which the state, or the Consul, or the past, have committed against these unhappy men, thereby bringing them to these criminal resolutions, may be atoned for, in case this is in any way practicable or possible. This includes restitution of confiscated property, reinstatement in lost positions, and so on."

Regnier sat with open mouth. Such an officer, bearing a flag of truce, had never yet appeared before him; and his suspicion that the beautiful woman was expressly sent by the conspirators, to attempt a compromise with the Government, became a fixed certainty.

"Madame," said he, smiling, "if one could seriously accept such propositions, which, evidently, have some sort of treaty in view, you forget that treaties are made only with recognized adversaries. But conspirators are no more recognized parties than are open rebels—for legal, as well as political reasons."

"Who is speaking of treaties—who of political reasons?" interrupted Leonie. "You will understand me exactly, simply, when I repeat to you, once more, that my desire to avert this most threatening danger from the First Consul is far outweighed by the second wish—to save a circle of men, perhaps more noble, important, and heroic, from a monstrous crime, and make it forever impossible. How happy might humanity be, if the judges and the mighty men, instead of setting the bailiffs on the unfortunate criminals, to seize and deliver them into the hangman's hands, would use the same powers of force and stratagem to discover, and then prevent, crime, before it is committed! My sole design is, to rescue these lost men; to snatch them from the abyss towards which they are reeling; to place a higher, a nobler aim before their eyes, than the horrible one which now blinds them. What are your political and legal reasons to me? I regard this matter in the light of humanity alone; and were all these

unhappy men my brothers, it must surely be of more moment to me to preserve them from guilt, than to ask after the interests of the state, and of the cruel law which summons even an intention before the courts, though the crime was not committed!"

Regnier's eyes flashed. "Ah, now I understand! You have a brother in the conspiracy, and, for his sake, wish to deliver them all from the hands of the law by this artifice. This is so noble, together with your singular ideas, that I must present my compliments to you."

"You consider me more indiscreet and incautious than I am," replied Leonie, with an ironical smile. "Were my brother interested, he would, at this moment, be already betrayed, and you might break off this conversation in order to arrest him."

"So much the better," answered Regnier, very politely; "yet, perhaps you underrate the logic of your opponents, for you have half-betrayed your friend; if it is not a brother, still it is some one who is very near your heart. One may be much more anxious for a lover than for a brother, I think."

Leonie's eyes fell, and she blushed slightly. "And if you had guessed it, Herr Minister, will my conditions seem unacceptable to you?"

"The question is, Madame, who can make conditions, we or you?" answered Regnier, with some sharpness.

"Allow me a moment——" He thereupon opened a drawer in his secretary, turned over a file of papers, and drew out a package of letters. "Perhaps you know this handwriting?"

Leonie cast a hurried glance at the letters, and could not conceal signs of violent terror, while Regnier watched her sharply.

"Ah, then, you are Madame Nauzelet!" he said, with a bow; "and Herr Victor Deville, who wrote you these letters from London, is your lover. You see my combination was correct; and from your confession that you are the widow of an officer, and wish to save

your lover, I have at once been led on to the right track. You see, further, that we are already in possession of no unimportant revelations, and I freely confess we owe you special thanks, for, through these letters, we found the first traces of the conspiracy. Herr von Deville is already here, apparently?"

Leonie, who felt her knees tottering, breathed more freely at the tone of this question, for she now knew that they had learned nothing definite as to Victor's arrival in Paris. Her courage returned, and, with fresh determination, she began:

"Pray, Herr Minister, answer my question. Will my proposition be accepted, or not?"

"My beautiful Frau Nauzelet," answered Regnier, with all the elegance of a man of the world, who feels himself on safe footing, "the matter will, at all events, be immediately reported to the First Consul. What are the precise guarantees which you demand from him?"

"He, or his ministers, must swear to me on the Gospel that the Government will refrain from all persecution, force, or revenge, against the conspirators."

"That would be very romantic and theatrical," laughed Regnier; "but I fear you are demanding the impossible."

"Then our interview is at an end, Herr Minister;" and she rose to go.

"Stay, fair lady," cried Regnier, leading her back to her seat. "Allow me to ask a few questions on the other side. Perhaps more favorable conditions for both parties may be found. You are in possession of such a dangerous secret, that the welfare of the state may demand an open confession from you—yes, must demand it!"

"No word shall pass my lips, if they do not grant indulgence," said she, in a tone of the most decided refusal.

"How would it be," continued Regnier, softly, "if the First Consul should expressly promise you, for these gen-

tlemen, safety, indulgence, and forgiveness—besides a prospect of future honors, offices, state appointments, etc.—in case he proves? I should think that would be something."

"You forget, Herr Minister," said Leonie, indignantly, "that I am no informer. I wish to betray no one, but to save the unfortunate; and it is only incidentally that a service is, at the same time, rendered to the Government."

"In case of need, the Government can compel such a service, Madame, as well as the fulfilment of every duty. As a citizen of France, it is your duty to give information of whatever is known to you concerning the conspiracy. Do you indeed think, Madame, that one can play a fantastic game of forfeits with the laws of the state, in order, with sentimental phrases, to withdraw a company of dangerous criminals from the arm of justice? Believe me, neither the First Consul, nor Savary, nor I—not even Fouche himself—would be willing to give you such a promise as you demand; and, supposing it were given, it would only be done in order to preserve full liberty hereafter. The more the suspicion prevails that persons in high position, influential heads of families, restless, foolhardy adventurers, are engaged in this undertaking—perhaps are even supported by foreign powers—so much the more is it the most sacred duty of the leader of France to destroy, once for all, this dangerous, ever-reviving hydra. An amnesty would only compromise the Government, and make matters worse, as the history of all times proves; for they would not give us credit for possessing courage to crush these secret enemies. But why explain reasons which are nothing to you, Madame?"

"Regard this visit, then, as if it had not taken place, Herr Minister. These unfortunate men are of more worth to me than your reasons, the weight of which I by no means undervalue, though they cannot move me to act

otherwise. Pardon my freedom, therefore."

With these words, she again rose to go, and again Regnier held her back.

"I am very sorry, Madame, to be obliged to ask you to extend, for a while, the honor of your visit."

"I do not understand you, Herr Minister," said Leonie, impatiently.

"We shall come to an understanding," answered the powerful Minister, with a peculiar look; "and I promise you that patience shall rule on our side. Even if days and weeks are needed, we part not till our object is gained."

Leonie suppressed a shriek. "Do I understand that you intend to arrest me?"

"Why utter the ugly word?" he gently replied. "But Madame will understand that it would be unpardonable imprudence to dismiss her, that she might give timely warning to her friends—I will not say accomplices. While knowing your motives, Madame, I must, for a while, requite your amiable advances by detaining you as a guest in my house, until new instructions make further provision for you."

"I speak out freely, Herr Minister. You hope, by trickery and moral cruelty, to force my confession—to extort my secret. I ought to have remembered that many paths lead into the lion's den, and none out. But you shall find me ready."

"I pray, do not be excited, Madame. We no longer live in the times of the Inquisition, when lovely ladies were treated otherwise than with reverence. Moreover, Madame, take my hand in token of the most sincere friendship and admiration. I well know how to appreciate the step you have taken, and your honorable motives, and, if a minister of police may be allowed to show any emotion, accept this expression of my warmest sympathy in your fate. But I cannot be a man only; I am also an officer, and, as such, must fulfil my duty. Be entirely at ease; not a hair of your head shall be hurt, if you promise to make no attempt at

escape, and to carry on no outside correspondence. My wife will endeavor to make your involuntary abode in our house as agreeable as possible."

Leonie wrung her hands. She saw the step she had taken, with the most extravagant hopes, turned to her own destruction. In the meantime, nothing was yet lost, and the final decision rested with the Consul.

"Herr Minister," said she, with a smile of resignation, "I see, indeed, that no other course remains for you, as a minister of police, and that I must submit; but, on the other hand, consider well your responsibility. If, to-day, or to-morrow, or the next day, something unprecedented should happen—a deed of violence against the head of France—you are the cause. I wished to save the Consul, but you would not let me save him, because you fulfilled not my desire. You did not wish to learn the conspiracy, because you considered their secret more valuable than the welfare of the state: consequently, it may be said that you have, to a certain extent, protected the conspiracy, and allowed it to ripen unhindered. Consider this. And now come, Herr Minister, I am happy to meet your wife."

"You underrate the power of the police, Madame," replied Regnier. "Perhaps your disclosures will not be needed, as we can easily obtain them from another party, at a more reasonable price than that of untimely pardon."

With these words, he led her through the corridors and passages of the Prefecture until they reached a narrow street, where they entered a covered carriage and were driven quickly away.

To speak frankly, it must be acknowledged that Leonie's step was bold and venturesome, in more than one respect. She knew nothing of the conspiracy but the names of a few leaders. Of the execution of the plot, the day and hour of the crime, Deville had betrayed nothing; nor had he mentioned the abode of his confeder-

ates. This was far too little on which to weave the hope of general amnesty. But the brave woman had hoped to take by storm, as it were, the heart of the administrators of justice in behalf of her lover, and to attain her main point in defeating the conspiracy. Beautiful, wise, and brave Leonie, thou hadst no presentiment of the fatal consequences which were to follow this bold step!

CHAPTER V.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

As Victor Deville, on the evening of the following day, approached the house of Leonie Nauzelet, to visit his beloved, and beg her pardon, he found the house closed. It was the same the next day. Old Jean Baptiste and the maid-servant had disappeared, and the porter could give no information beyond the fact that Madame Nauzelet left home early the day before, and had not since returned; moreover, that it was his private opinion that she had gone to her country-seat in Bretagne, for the servants also had left the house the same day.

This supposition seemed the most probable one to Victor Deville, and he would have been charmed to follow her thither, but "the devil," in the form of a conspiracy, held him too fast in his clutches to let him go so easily.

Fortunately, his gold procured him admission to the hotels; but, to insure safety, he was obliged to change his abode every night. A few noble families, to whom he presented himself under his real name, were moved to offer him their hospitality for a few days. But this expedient was soon exhausted, and he dared not be seen by these old acquaintances, for fear of exciting suspicion. Several times he was nearly compelled to spend the night in the open air, so strict had the control of strangers at the inns become of late, for reasons easily understood.

So the days passed, and the position

of Victor Deville was by no means enviable or comfortable. Add to this, his burning passion for the beautiful young widow, who never seemed so desirable, and never so unattainable, as now. Could she indeed have taken offence at his freedom? Did she really wish to break with him forever? forever withdraw from him, after she had so touchingly, so unreservedly, acknowledged her love in that letter? No, it was impossible. But all the letters he sent to Bretagne were unanswered, as those from London had been.

Victor felt unspeakably wretched, and almost cursed politics and conspiracies—his associates, as well as the Consul—since they chained him to Paris. He seldom attended the meetings of the conspirators. What cared he for empty consultations, when his arm waited alone for the deed?

The conspiracy itself seemed to falter. As most of the conspirators were abundantly supplied with gold, nothing seemed to depend upon the time for executing the deed. Like a thunder-clap, therefore, fell the news of Moreau's arrest, which took place February 15. Nevertheless, this unexpected, startling event, might not indicate danger, since Moreau, inaccessible to the offers of the conspirators, had not only kept aloof from their plans, but was entirely ignorant of the names of the sympathizers. Much, rather, might this arrest seem like good fortune to the conspirators, for the bitterness of the Parisians' increased in a threatening degree at the Consul's open deed of violence against his old friend and the favorite of the nation. The moment for the execution of the plot seemed to have come.

At this time, Victor Deville received orders to present himself in the woods of Grosbois, near Moreau's villa; there, with the wife of the arrested man, the conspirators thought themselves unnoticed; and it seemed as if the General's ambitious wife had become the leading spirit of the conspiracy.

What was the surprise of the conspirators, on assembling, to find the garden - gate of the country - house closed! In the upper story of the villa they heard a violent dispute between Moreau's wife and Cadoudal himself.

"I know you, now, General!" said the deep voice of the lady. "You have been making sport of us. There seems to be a system in these arrests of the noblest and best."

"And of what consequence can it be?" thundered the old chief of the Chouans, "we are only purified thereby. I never wished a union of Jacobins with us Royalists. Go on, go on; we have never stood better!"

"And what will be done when the blow has fallen?"

The answer was not clear; but there was a sound of lilies and Bourbons.

"Then you are all traitors to freedom," was the reply. "Moreau may thank you for his fate; and Pichegru also. O, it is unprecedented! and, besides, the news from the Duke! That serves you right!"

"I know all, Madame," he answered quietly. "Pichegru also has been arrested to-day; and the Duke is making trouble. Bah! it is a clearing-out, better before than afterwards. The real traitors are always the irresolute."

Again followed a flood of reproaches; and soon after Cadoudal joined the conspirators, who were waiting for him in great alarm.

"Let us congratulate ourselves, my brothers," said he. "We now refer to ourselves alone. Brutus and Cassius are lost; *res redit ad triarios*. Why so alarmed, my brothers? It is true that Pichegru was arrested this morning. The news that the Duke has again left Paris, is worse. You think he could have the crown, but he shunned the deed. We were to have pulled the chestnuts from the fire for him. As soon as our deed is accomplished, he will stand with an army on the borders of France once more. Let us congratu-

late ourselves, my brothers; the coalition has burst, as I foresaw that it would, and Royalty will celebrate, in purity, its new birth!"

In spite of these encouraging words, the conspirators were not in a sanguine frame of mind. It seemed as if the conspiracy, which had been organized with such pains, such lavish means, such prudent calculations, was being dissolved into its elements.

But Cadoudal was not the man to renounce his plans so easily. He knew how, with fiery words, to strengthen the spirits of the fearful, to inflame their hearts anew, to forge together again the loosened bonds.

"If you wish now to furnish the model of a new chaos, forget not that a Cadoudal is no respecter of persons. There was a time when he caused the Marquis of Puisaye to be shot, because he wavered. Take care that such a day return not! Whoever has lost courage, let him step forth and leave France. I compel no one to stand by our banner. But remember, also, that your honor is at stake. Or are you willing to leave Moreau and Pichegru in the hangman's hands? Who is the coward that would not ransom these precious pledges with his blood? No matter whether they are of one opinion with us or not, our duty as citizens, as friends, demands us to free them, and France will applaud us. But they can only be freed by his death!"

In this way he succeeded in binding the conspirators anew by an oath on the cross and the dagger. They all felt that Napoleon's gigantic hand hung over them like a threatening storm. So much the more their resolution increased, and the ides of March, the same day on which Cesar fell, was appointed for the execution of the bloody work. In the midst of his guards was he to fall. As the assembly again drew near the hollow tree which served for the correspondence of the conspirators, Cadoudal drew forth a little note, which he unfolded by the light of a dark-lantern. He

paused awhile, and surveyed the group with a searching look.

"What is due to the traitor," he then said, in a solemn tone, "who could reveal our secret to a woman?"

One after another gave his vote, and they were, without exception, for death.

Victor Deville's turn came. He changed color slightly, as he, too, voted for death.

The strong Herculean man almost trembled with undefined forebodings, and it now occurred to him, for the first time, that Cadoudal had not yet spoken a single word to him, and that not to-day alone, but for weeks, he had regarded him with a certain suspicion.

He had scarcely spoken, when Cadoudal addressed him, in a cutting tone: "Confess, Herr von Deville, what communications have you made to the widow of Captain Nauzelet?"

"No one in the world has a right to question me on that point. But whoever ventures to slander this lady, will have to deal with me!"

"And where is she at present?" resumed Cadoudal.

"So far as I know, on her estate in Bretagne."

"She may be, to-day, but I am informed that she was seen, a few days ago, under circumstances which awaken strong suspicions against her, and consequently against you, also, Herr Deville."

"Bring clearer information, and better proofs!" cried the young nobleman, "or slay me upon the spot; I am more than weary of my life, without this!" Thereupon, he tore open his waistcoat. "Finish your court-martial; I am ready!"

Cadoudal's eye rested searchingly, penetratingly, upon the young man, as if he would unveil the inmost secrets of his soul. He then ran over those mysterious lines once more, and gave the accused time to wonder that, in the camp of these conspirators, there was a secret police which penetrated even into the personal relations and affections of individuals.

Perhaps the information was too general and indefinite; perhaps Deville's manly and resolute manner impressed the chief of the conspiracy. At least, after a while, he began:

"Will you swear to punish this woman with death, if you discover, or we can prove, that she has acted treacherously?"

"In that case, we die together. I swear it," answered Deville.

"Then we may rest satisfied for to-day. Your deliverance is due to the fact that you and I, and all of us, are at liberty. It is known now that Moreau and Pichegru were betrayed. Tomorrow, Leblanc, Querelles, and Philip the merchant, who delivered up the correspondence between Michaud and d'Enghien, will cease to live. For you, Herr Deville, I have a special mission: you go with me. The assembly is dismissed. Farewell, till the ides of March!"

The conspirators separated, and took different routes to Paris.

Cadoudal seized Deville's arm, and walked with him through the gloomy wood.

"Where is your asylum, Victor?"

"Nowhere and everywhere, General."

"So much the better. I will make a proposition to you, which will certainly be acceptable. Your conduct to-day has pleased me, and restored my confidence in you. They say you understand how to deal with women. You know that various women are associated with our brethren. There is the beautiful Alphonsine, of the Théâtre Français, or, as she is called by her *nomme de guerre*—I should rather say, *nom d'amour*—Aglæ.

"They say the Duke was interested in her; perhaps we might succeed through her, in bringing him back to Paris. Women are all-powerful, and she is said to be very beautiful. Spare no offers. At all events, we must set an inspector over her. I hope you understand me."

"Not quite, General. Am I to ex-

amine the lady, or merely watch her? I have no talent for intrigue!"

"Heaven forbid!" laughed Cadoudal. "Be frivolous in the matter, as is the fair one herself. We wish to see whether she will make advances on these subjects to you, as a stranger. If she is open and treacherous, she must die; if, on the contrary, she is firm, then you can unite—*utile cum dulci*. A jolly adventure; you will not repent."

"Instruct me fully, General," interposed Victor.

"*Eh bien*. I have already said she is an actress at the Théâtre Français—has the reputation of gallant adventures. You will be introduced to her by this letter, as an Englishman who wishes for a time to take up his abode with her. Lord D., of London, purports to recommend you in these lines. You know him; and she is one of his former *liaisons*. It will cost you a cashmere shawl to gain admittance; but what is that to you? You will be perfectly safe there, and can render us a useful service. Quietly play the part of the Englishman, the first evening; say nothing about politics, but gain her confidence—win her heart. This person must be brought to the confessional, that we may gain her wholly, or wholly destroy her. You are the only man among us who is fitted for this task. Every other one would fall in love with this charming creature. You have proved that your heart belongs to another, and you will be safe, for you will play the little romance in cold blood."

Still, Victor Deville made no reply to these communications.

"Why are you silent, Victor? I see no difficulties here. From your room, you will observe what visits the fair one receives, with whom she associates, how much she knows of the Duke, and so on. They lay mines for us; we must lay counter-mines. All this is very simple, I think."

Victor Deville stood still a moment.

"General, I frankly confess this

mission is against my taste. To degrade a nobleman to a spy! I know not how I have deserved this. Seek another for the purpose; I repeat, I have no talent for it."

"Just because you have none, are you fitted. This honest Norman candor, that is what will win for you the fair one's heart, and stifle all her suspicions. Make the matter as comfortable for yourself as possible. And then consider, Herr von Deville," he added, in a sterner tone, "that you owe us a proof of your fidelity. I demand this service; and I command it. You know our alliance is organized on military principles, and you must obey without questioning. Since the time is not fully ripe for the deed, we must amuse ourselves in another way. Here is the letter of introduction; take it."

Reluctantly, and tortured by the most uncomfortable feelings, Victor took the letter. He would not yet have accepted the painful commission, if he had not been cut off from every other asylum in Paris; if he had not longed for rest. To leave Paris secretly, to break through the barriers without a passport, had its difficulties; all the more since the police displayed such increased watchfulness. Moreover, Victor Deville did not suspect that Cadoudal hoped rather to place himself under guard, through this serpent-like, skilful, treacherous person, and keep his hot-blooded nature in check. He decided that if Victor could reveal certain things relating to the conspiracy, he would be capable of anything, and must be destroyed at once. Meanwhile, matters turned out differently from what Cadoudal expected.

On the following day, Victor Deville sent the perfumed note, together with a valuable cashmere shawl, to the house of the beautiful actress, who occupied a small, tasteful palace on the Chaussee d'Antin, and the answer was returned that my lord was welcome.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE GROVE OF CYTHERA.

It was ten o'clock at night when Victor Deville, to whom no asylum was left in the great city of Paris, made his way to the new place of refuge which seemed to open for him. Strange, confused thoughts rushed through his soul; violent, gnawing grief for the loss of his beloved, who had fled from him; and mingled anger, shame and embarrassment at the unworthy part he was here compelled to play. Many a storm at sea, many a sudden attack by Indians, many a wild combat, had he boldly faced; and now his soul trembled, with an unknown fear, before a beautiful woman. Even the humor of the adventure seemed to him a crime, like a desecration of his ideal, and a challenging of fate. Only the prospect of being able at last to spend a few days in rest and security, and thereby collecting his thoughts, seemed to him worth the effort to act once more boldly, audaciously, and to play the tiresome comedy with sufficient good grace and worldly disdain, to end it quickly.

At length, the carriage stopped in the Chaussee d'Antin. The heavens glittered with the clear, cheerful light of the stars, and a gentle rustling passed over the tree-tops in the neighboring Champs Elysées, like a fore-shadowing of spring, while on the south wind was borne the rushing of the Seine. Cadoudal's description enabled Victor readily to find the little palace. He stepped quickly and noiselessly over the gravel walk, and raised the iron knocker; the door was immediately opened by an old waiting-woman, who received him smilingly, with a significant look.

"Signora Alphonsine," whispered she expressively, "admires my lord's taste, and is charmed to make his acquaintance."

The next moment Victor Deville found himself in an elegant saloon, which seemed a miniature copy of one

of the magnificent apartments of the Trianon; and yet, with all its majesty and prodigality, it united a certain air of rest and seclusion.

Before Victor had received a clear impression of these brilliant surroundings, the *portière* was gently raised, and a woman stood before him, of such sweet, captivating beauty, that the boldest imagination of an Oriental could not dream of one more charming. The perfect symmetry of the stately figure, the sweet little Mignon-face, with large sparkling eyes, and abundant loosely-knotted hair, and finally, the soft, rich voice, all together touched his senses, as if with an ineffable charm. It was that effect of beauty, which nearly approaches intoxication and stupefaction; so that only the coolest presence of mind or heedless frivolity can avoid falling into confusion.

Victor Deville, who had come with abhorrence and contempt, felt himself disconcerted by a timidity and anxiety hitherto unknown; while the fair Aglaë received him with finished gravity of manner. The light Grecian costume displayed her figure at every motion. Golden bracelets on her arm, an antique cameo at her breast, and a wreath of roses on her "ambrosial" hair—so was she like a heroine of Sophocles, or a bright muse of Anacreon.

"Welcome, my lord," said she, with a fascinating smile. "The excellent recommendations which you bring allow me to hope that we shall become good friends, and remain so."

The thought now fell heavily upon Victor's heart that he did not know the contents of Cadoudal's note, and what was expected of him. Yet, in his confusion, he remembered, at the right time, that he stood before an actress.

"Mademoiselle, admiration of your art and genius made me long since one of your sincerest worshippers, who burns to know the Priestess of Thalia in her sanctuary. I have not yet, indeed, had the happiness of seeing you in your principal characters, for you

doubtless play in Chenier's 'Gracchi,' in Voltaire's 'Alzire and (Edipus;' also in 'Olympia.'

At these compliments, Aglaë's eyes assumed an expression of astonishment, and a smile darted like lightning over her face.

"Do you really think, my lord, that I have talent to play 'Olympia'?"

Déville was again confused.

"Perhaps you do not strive for the garland of tragic art, because that of Terpsichore seems still higher to you. This versatility is doubly worthy of admiration; and, indeed, such a charming apparition will inspire even the poets of France to new works."

Victor Déville, who, in spite of his republican sentiments, never forgot the breeding of a cavalier, talked on in the fulness of conventional politeness, which, nevertheless, seemed to produce no effect.

Aglaë finally burst into a merry laugh. "My lord is too condescending, in making my future successes present. O no, my lord, I do not wish to adorn myself with borrowed feathers, for I am still a novice on the stage, and have only made my appearance a few times. But, supposing I already wore the garland of a Clairon, let us leave it to the critics and *habitués* to express their admiration in fitting words. I think, moreover," she added, with a sudden approach of pride, "these side-scenes are somewhat more genuine than that world of lamp-light and glitter; and when I have hours of ambition, I dream of that great stage of the world, which means France—free France—and I think it is more glorious to play hereafter a higher part on this stage than between foot-lights and painted canvas!" Her eyes flashed, and a charming pride seemed to elevate her form, while her little hand brushed back a few floating locks,

as if they did not wish to submit to an invisible diadem.

One must not forget that, since the time of the Directory, Paris was the paradise of adventurers, as Rome once was, in the time of the dying Republic. Where soldiers could rise to marshals, common people to ministers, and artillery officers to heads of state, why should not a Phyllis and a Lydia also cherish extravagant hopes?

Nevertheless, Victor Déville felt the earth slipping more and more every moment from under his feet. Was it only a *soubrette* from the Théâtre Français before him, or one of those goddesses of reason, in whose little hand lay the reins of the spirits who governed France? Was it a second Adrienne Mericourt, a Roland, a de Staël? He thought for a moment of Cadoudal's instructions, and his intimations with regard to the Duke; and yet it seemed to him indescribably rude and indiscreet to touch already the secrets of this charming creature's heart.

"Indeed, Mademoiselle," he answered gallantly, "we likewise hope that the world will be conquered, not only by liberty, but still more by beauty; but, if it is not immodest to speak of myself, you may have heard that I am a fugitive."

"O, we are all fugitives, my lord," interrupted she, with enchanting grace; "fugitives from anxiety, fugitives from servitude, fugitives from longing; seeking a refuge for rejected love, for unanswered prayers, for faithless gods. We understand, my lord;" and there-with she extended her hand to him, which he kissed most dutifully. "What remains to us on earth but a dream, yet no reflection; flight, yet no return; rest on the journey, and flowers on the way? This is all my wisdom."

Lucy Williams.

[To be Continued.]

THE PROPOSED PRAYER TEST.

ALL truth is God's truth. But as the old distinction still subsists between what He reveals by means of our natural perceptions and what He reveals in a mysterious and awful way, I announce, in opening my mouth, that I do not discuss Prayer to God; because, in its breadth, the question includes both kinds, and all kinds, of inspiration, and, therefore, is too great a theme for me, except in silence and solitude. But what I wish to do is only this, viz.: To inquire whether the proposed Prayer Test is philosophical? That is, having in mind what philosophers make experiments for, whether what has been devised for this purpose is fairly according to the principles which govern their other-experiments? I think not.

And now that the reader shall find the premises of this only issue already in his own mind, even should he be an atheist, let us understand that no word I use herein is to have any different sense than it would have if used in this discussion by an expositor of physics or of natural history. Moreover—not that we have to do now with anything about the frontiers of scientific knowledge, but only to broaden our common plane of reasoning—let us agree that, as the limits of rational speculation are, of their necessity, matter of rational inquiry, so, of like necessity, the question where those limits are, is one for rational, that is, scientific, solution. We are now able to think in the same tongue, albeit, I believe in prayer.

An eminent English physician, Sir Henry Thompson, is said to have written the proposal which Professor John Tyndall introduced to the world with his great name in the "Contemporary Review" for last July. The proposer says:

"I ask that one single ward or hos-

pital under the care of first-rate physicians and surgeons, containing certain numbers of patients afflicted with those diseases which have been best studied, and of which the mortality rates are best known—whether the diseases are those which are treated by medical or by surgical remedies—should be, during a period of not less, say, than three or five years, made the object of special prayers by the whole body of the faithful, and that at the end of that time the mortality rate should be compared with the past rates, and also with that of other leading hospitals similarly well arranged, during the same period. Granting that time is given, and that numbers are sufficiently large, so as to insure a minimum of error from accidental causes, the experiment will be exhaustive and complete."

This is offered to those "who conscientiously and devoutly believe in the efficiency against disease and death of special prayer. I open a field," the learned proposer says, "for their devotion." He classifies customary prayers, and denominates them from A to D; the latter only—being special prayers—he proposes to employ as the vehicle of the agent under experiment. Classes A, B and C are general prayers. These he considers difficult, for want of control over essential conditions. Of class A, which he characterizes as prayers for "spiritual improvement, moral superiority, intellectual power," he says, "I commence by remarking, however, that the objects of prayer in class A clearly present inordinate difficulties, and are obviously unfitted for our purpose." Of the whole, Professor Tyndall says:

"Instead of leaving the subject to the random assertions of half-informed sceptics on the one hand, and hazy lecturers of the Victoria Institute on the

other, the writer seeks to confer quantitative precision on the action of the Supernatural in Nature."

Such is the proposal. Though one sort of prayer only is invited, yet, whatever the result is to signify, it is to be signified of all manner of prayer; for the scheme is to be "exhaustive and complete" on the question of the "action of the Supernatural in Nature." Indeed, the inquiry shines out full-orbed as nothing less transcendent than 1. Whether there is any action of the Supernatural, and, 2. If there is, the precise quantity of it under given conditions? With these mighty interrogatories themselves I do not presume to wrestle in this humble discourse, but shall examine without hesitation the validity of the method proposed for their solution. I object to it on many grounds, but principally on two, of which the first is, that if any experiment could prove aught in the premises, *the one proposed is unscientific.*

Without essential conditions being settled, at least by agreement, how is experimentation possible? In this case, the agent under inquiry is not, of course, the physical forms of prayer, but prayer itself. What about its quantity? The United Kingdom might go through the motions without a tittle of it. If the presumption is fair that with so much show a good deal of real prayer is predicable, then how much? If the experiment is scientifically devised, it provides or implies some necessary, or, at least, agreed rule, for computing the quantity of the agent in operation during the season of the trial. But where is that rule? Does the matter go by a grand aggregate of hours of human effort, or by time multiplied by numbers engaged? or is the energy of the appeal, rather than its frequency or generality, the main thing? Must not all these antecedents, and more, be settled before a *bona fide* experiment can be had? If hypothetical influence evolved by men be the thing on trial, it is impossible for the trial to be fair without some kind of an under-

standing about how much of it would suffice for an experiment. Or shall quality alone be considered? Give us, then, the criterion of quality—who propounds it? Even if in the abstract, the most potent kind of prayer could be scientifically differentiated, by what touchstone may we detect it in the concrete with satisfactory certainty? Such are conditions, without settling which I cannot see how experimentation would deserve the name. But even if postulated by general consent, no imagination could be too fertile in suggesting disturbing causes to unsettle the scheme. Real prayer in great amount might make no public sign, and the recognized amount be false in proportion — necessarily an unknown proportion. On the other hand, with regard to public prayer, if any gauge has been invented whereby hypocrisy can be gauged, I implore Sir Henry not to keep it longer hid from men and angels. But without such a gauge, how shall we reckon either the quality or quantity of prayer?

But, again, people's prayers often antagonize, especially when gregariously offered. If half the pious people of Christendom should publicly unite in this strange appeal, what of the other half? Besides the uncertainty whether power would go by numbers, or by the degree of earnestness of the public suplicants, or by something else altogether unknown, it is very likely that whatever prayer was offered against the whole scheme would be in great part secret, and if so, without doubt, would issue from the most serious and confiding of the worshipping classes. Here is an influence to be estimated. How is that to be done? If ignored, what is the experiment worth? But suppose every one of these troubles out of the way, and that, somehow, it had come to be certain that nearly everybody in Christendom had actually and honestly engaged, during a definite period, in importuning Deity, and yet that the sick in the allotted hospital got no better? Surely, this is

carrying concession far enough. Yet, what do we find? If the conjecture was offered that from the rags of his earthly shame some solitary, neglected outcast had been able to emit a puissance to frustrate the whole concern, how could the conjecture be treated as absurd while the word prayer has its traditional import or a definite acceptance at all in language? This extreme disproportion between the actor and the enormity of the consequences of his act, is perfectly consistent with the conceded attributes of the subject experimented on, to-wit: prayer to God, and therefore belongs to the data without all which experimentation has no scientific basis.

And still another reflection: How many good people would refuse to ask a partial interposition, and would pray for the sick in other hospitals? Perhaps the finest consciences would quicken into urgent appeals, exclusively in favor of those sick thus unjustly discriminated against, for the sake of an experiment. How, then, when all was over, could we distinguish the designated hospital as the only one prayed for? But, without being able to do that, we could not so much as select the ward or hospital.

Let it not be thought I am narrowing the footing of the proposer. On the contrary, he narrows it still more himself. He expressly pronounces the "manner of conducting the inquiry," and what it should be analogous to. "It should," says he, "be pursued on a system analogous to that which is pursued by the Faculty when a question arises as to the value of any particular mode of treating disease. For example, a new remedy has been proposed," etc., etc. It is, therefore, a proposal to test the efficiency of prayer as an analogue of a medicine. Try the analogy.

Suppose the new therapeutic agent had never been isolated, could not be certainly identified, disclosed no sensible properties but what a spurious article could, to all experimenters, perfectly

simulate? Suppose its dynamical and chemical constitution, habitudes, affinities and reactions, entirely unknown, and, likewise, its specific neutralizers, incompatibles and counter-agents, would not the ordinary system of investigation into the efficiency of a medicine be entirely inapplicable? At all events, no experiment upon a medication could escape absurdity without providing for a certainty of its administration, and for the adequacy of the quantity. Suppose, then, that it was a known impossibility to distinguish between the empty bottle and the one charged with the fluid in question, what "well-regulated hospital" would consent to such a trial as this which is proposed? Or if it should, who would have a better joke on it than Sir Henry himself?

To be sure, this would not necessarily prove that no experiment at all could be made on the hypothetical nostrum, but would certainly prove that its investigation could not scientifically be "pursued on a system analogous to that pursued by the Faculty when," etc. This brings me to my second objection, which is that not only is this experiment unscientific, but that *any experiment whatsoever in the premises is unscientific, and the whole scheme grossly unphilosophical.*

The object cannot be misunderstood by Professor Tyndall, who says it is to "confer quantitative precision on the action of the Supernatural in Nature." This remarkable expression, coming from a less illustrious intellect, few thoughtful men would feel obliged to analyze. Is it *not* intended to recognize a distinction between the Natural and the Supernatural? Then he would have said, "—on the action of one part of nature in the other part." But it does recognize the distinction. Now, all of us—Professor Tyndall, the Pope, and the materialist included—have only one and the same way to determine of any alleged reality, whether an "action" or an entity, which it belongs to, the natural or the supernatural.

al, to-wit: If it is susceptible, practically or potentially, of quantitative precision, to our intelligence, we recognize it as natural; if not, and there be such a thing as the Supernatural, then, as supernatural. But the phrase of Professor Tyndall recognizes response to prayer, whatever it is, as supernatural. The experiment, then, is to confer quantitative precision on what is impossible of quantification. Such an experiment would be like a clock which a man might contrive for the express purpose of proving that eternity has no time; or a survey which he might project, expressly to demonstrate that infinity has no measure. But we hasten on.

What is the subject of the experiment? The answer, in terms is, The efficiency of Prayer. We have seen that, considered as an agent, that which it is claimed operates to alter ordinary physical conditions, bears no such analogy to a drug, or other known medicinal agent, as would admit of analogous methods of experimentation. But are other methods possible? It seems to me not. Nothing is an experiment on an hypothesis, in a scientific sense, that seeks to do more than to see whether the previous stock of facts have been correctly generalized. And by what is the correctness of it governed? By its agreement with some other generalization, about which there remains no question; or, in other words, a scientific experiment is a device by which to test a small hypothesis by the standard of a greater one, within which it is contained, and about which there is no question. The greater hypothesis is called an "ascertained law." If prayer, then, is to be scientifically tested, it must be tested by the laws of prayer. But prayer has no laws—at least, should man ever discover laws by which he could work the consequences now imputed to prayer, his act in invoking them would undoubtedly go by a new name, and with no more fitness under the old than the

act of planting a seed with a view of inducing a tree, or the act of pressing a lever for the raising of a weight. If, then, prayer has no ascertained principle of causation, interdependence, quantification, etc.—*i. e.*, no phenomenal law of action—it is destitute of the first requisite of any experiment whatever; to-wit: a standard of inductive verification.

Will it be said that what has no standard of verification, has no competency to be believed? That would admit that prayer to God, as being nonsense, could not be experimented on; and, therefore, that this proposal is frivolous. The consequences of implying such an admission would be something more than causing me to trespass on the reader's patience, as if there was something in the question. It would confess, for the proposers, as much insincerity as it imputes to worshippers of credulity.

But it is not true that a standard of verification is a necessary incident of the credibility of certain kinds of extraneous facts. Faith, undoubtedly, exists; and where it exists, it may perform the office, without generalizing, which induction performs by generalizing particulars. A scientific generalization can be of those particulars only that are communicable between men. Yet, worshippers hold certain notions to be true, upon alleged real impressions, or communications, entirely different from external phenomena, and not communicable by words or signs, by reason of the dependence of both these upon material images. Such truths or notions, connecting themselves with secular events, organize a kind of economy of their own, quite unlike what are called the laws of nature. That economy is necessarily reserved in the bosom of the worshipper, except as he may vaguely hymn its grandeur in poetry. It is not a system, in the logical sense; but its influence on the worshipper's understanding is like that of a system. Now, the validity of this faith being in question,

how could it be tested by reference to external phenomena? Where, then, does all this bring our philosopher? To this, I think, viz.: that, on a question of the efficiency of prayer, he has no other alternative than to go out of the phenomenal to meet it, or stay in the phenomenal and beg it.

But by whom is the proposed experiment to be conducted? "The whole body of the faithful" are solicited to unite in it; but is that sufficient? Unless the Great Father of the Universe chooses to become a *party*, are men in their senses who would propose to them who believe in Him to make Him an *instrument*? Some of Omnipotence is here artificially conditioned; and His consent to the arrangement is taken for granted, on the presumption that He would not forego the opportunity to "demonstrate to the faithless an imperishable record of the power of prayer." If that should at all become an object of Deity, is anything more preposterous than for man to appoint Him the means!

Then, the "prayers of the faithful" — what would they be praying for? The sick? Certainly not. Ordinary prayers for the sick are for the sake of the sick; but these for the sick would be for the sake of the experiment. If, in any sense, healing the sick would be an end, it would be only one end; but, in a matter of Omniscience, two ends, one before the other will not be thought of. These prayers for the sick, then, would not be a test of the ordinary prayers for the sick.

But what is prayer? Thanksgiving, adoration, supplication, etc., are modes or phases of a certain state of mind (the actuality of which, whatever be its origin, will not be denied), commonly called *devotion* — though perhaps the word is not comprehensive enough; for, though the religious spirit does sometimes suspend, yet it often intensifies, the sense of personal identity, depending on belief, temperament, and casual circumstances. But, in Christian countries, at least, among

the purer examples of pious earnestness, the idea of Trust, implicit, absolute and at all events, is the air which the worshipper's spiritual life respires, without which it dies in his heart, however voluble on his tongue. No person who can recall his early childhood's simplicity, can have difficulty in seeing how the state of mind befitting experimentation, and this state of implicit trust, inevitably exclude each other. In petitory prayer, however urgent, this trust, in the manner of really preferring the Deific will, is always deemed absolutely essential to acceptability. "Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine, be done," not the deepest anguish of any man's Gethsemane can spare; much less could prayer for a designated hospital be acceptable, if not conditioned on the Inscrutable will. Nay, more, the worshipper must accept, in advance, and even with gratitude, a disappointment as the token of that will. It comports, say worshippers of all climes and ages, with the idea of an Infinite Providence, or even of an anthropomorphic god of inestimable wisdom, that the most afflictive and tremendous disappointments to man, in this world, might be involved in a beneficent economy, of unimaginable scope and duration. Nor does even this negative the idea of response in every case of true prayer; for persons addicted to the practice believe that a boon, never withheld, may often take effect somewhere, without being certified to them.

But who initiates true prayer? If the worshipper cannot, this scheme lies wholly between its ingenious contrivers and the Deity, the rest of mankind having no power to influence it. Now, it is certain that men uncommonly deep, earnest and habitual, in spiritual aspiration, from Abraham to Swedenborg, with a strange uniformity, irrespective of creed, country, or period, have left on record their habit of ascribing their own acts of prayer to the mysterious incentive of Divine

suggestion. In the Christian religion — no wise peculiar in this respect — that which is recognized as the Holy Spirit, is invested with the claim of gratitude for bestowing the "gift of faith" — the benison of a competency to pray acceptably. If this is prayer, an experiment upon it would be awful or ridiculous, according to the temper of the bystander. It would be a respectable human being's banter to Almighty God to submit His very will to a hospital experiment!

Finally, an inconsequent experiment is no experiment; yet, in such a case as this, logical consistency, not prejudice, must render the result, whatever it should be, perfectly nugatory. Let us suppose the particular scheme proposed to have been carried out, as fully and satisfactorily as its projectors have compassed; the sick in the appointed hospital got better, or they did not.

If they got no better, the "faithful" would be in this dilemma, viz.: God, by disallowing their will, had declared against prayers to alter the course of nature; but this confesses that they were false to the experiment itself, which contemplated real prayers, whereas, prayers in furtherance of their own will, were not prayers. Then, the other horn, viz.: God answered their prayers, being conditioned on His will — *i. e.*, on the universal and essential good of the premises — which they now perceive to have been to permit the particular sick in question to remain subject to natural conditions. This is true to the experiment, for it rendered it due prayer; but it refuses to accept the result of the experiment.

But if the sick get better? Those who had prayed, would, with perfect decorum, claim the result of the experiment. But we have seen that the very fidelity with which they prayed for it would have obliged them to have repudiated the result had it been the reverse. Now, what could be more inaccessible to experimentation than that which would necessitate a

party in the experiment to play the urchin's game of pitch-penny — "Heads, I win; tails, you lose?" Yet this does so. But this is not all. It is precisely the same with the adverse party. If the sick got no better, notwithstanding his right that the Christian should still believe there was harmony between the result and what he prayed for — that is, that the prayers had been genuine — yet he could not believe it himself, and would certainly claim the result of the experiment, as against the doctrine of prayer, of course, in any experiment in the least degree philosophical, such a claim would imply that the opposite result would have educed the opposite inference, viz.: that the sick in the premises were miraculously healed. But here, again, it is "Heads, I win; tails, you lose;" for need I ask how an actual and indisputable improvement in the recovery rates would be received in the lucid and profound intellects from which this scheme emanated? whether Sir Henry Thompson and Professor Tyndall would announce, to the "half-informed sceptics and hazy lecturers," that the business was at length done; and that the demonstration was "exhaustive and complete;" that "quantitative precision" had been conferred "on the action of the Supernatural in Nature?" No, I need not ask.

Here, then, is a scheme, under the form of an experiment, which, from its own nature, implies in advance that either party to it is at liberty — nay, is even bound, be the result what it may — to accept it as valid, if it supports his present opinion, and to repudiate it as invalid, if it antagonizes his present opinion.

Firmly believing in the efficiency of prayer myself, as I understand it, I confess that an improvement in the designated wards attending on prayer, offered in a spirit of experimentation, would excite my utmost astonishment, and dispose me to doubt the fact, if I could; and if I could not, then to

make shift of almost any hypothesis to escape believing such consequences from such causes. Much has been speculated, and some has been proved, about the influence of human volition on the forces of nature, outside of the personal body. Meteorologists all remember, whatever they believe about it, that attempts have been plausibly made to connect occasions of great public passion with the weather. But, rather than believe a miracle of God superinduced by a banter, almost anything would do. Our masters in the obscure questions of vital dynamics, if startled by such a result of their own experiments, would not leave us long without colorable hypotheses of the influence of a large aggregation of wills upon a given subject-matter. But I have done.

Whether or not there is Efficiency in Prayer, the present writer humbly deems a question of greater concern to man than any other whatever; and, therefore, that an artifice, without anything at all to recommend it to a serious investigator, should have received countenance as a *bona fide* experiment, in a matter transcendently great and

holy, awakens a personal regret that so admirable a character as John Tyndall should not have thought himself above such cleverness. If there be truth in the notion that relations exist between the human individual and some Inscrutable Sovereignty over Nature, which may be affected by what man may voluntarily do—and it is admitted that possibly this may be so—the philosopher cannot mistake the sublime significance of such a truth. It imports a power in man essentially unlike any other which he has, in kind; and, in degree, of unknown potency. The brightening expansion of man's destiny, is the annual testimony of all the thinkers of the age, who appear to be all but unanimous in the belief of an indefinite progress of the race from glory to glory. If, by possibility, we may have such a power, who shall say how far it is yet latent? Were mankind, for the first time, to become persuaded of it, there is no doubt that the newly-discovered power would be welcomed as a warrant of inconceivable promise for our happiness and exaltation. Let us not sport about it.

John M. Binckley.

REINHART OF GERMANY.

POOR Reinhart! He certainly was a brilliant fellow. Even the German Professor overlooked his English origin, and felt proud of him. Probably they argued that if he was born in Yorkshire, it was not his fault. And, besides, as the name showed, his family, no matter where they had since strayed, must have been, at some period of the past, true children of the Fatherland. As far as he was concerned, he seemed to have very little attachment for his native country. Indeed, he never evinced very much of an attachment for any place or any-

body. We had been together the greater part of ten years. He possessed a singular influence over me. I hardly know what I would not have done for Reinhart. But he was in disposition not the least demonstrative; and whether he ever saw any attraction in me, I cannot tell. I simply imagined so, because time wore away without drifting us apart.

A profound interest in metaphysics absorbed his whole being; and through this channel he had crept into the good graces of the college authorities. During his long study upon this subject, he

had woven about himself all the labyrinthine meshes of the subtle German philosophy. Though only a tutor of twenty-five, the doctors of metaphysics touched their hats to him; all the students bowed before him; and I — I felt sorry for him.

Why? I can hardly tell. But he had grown thin and pale and nervous within the last year; and I could not help wishing that all Germany was as ignorant of psychology as in the days when the Suabians danced their dryad dances upon the very spot where now the great University lifted up its towers — this great University whose walls were built not of stone from the quarry but of the labors of many lives, some of whose proudest pinnacles, reaching into a light of dazzling splendor, had been reared only by the everlasting sacrifice of reason.

A vague idea had floated into my mind, but so very terrible it was that I had never dared acknowledge its existence even to myself; nevertheless, it oppressed me constantly. Finally, it grew into such a burden that I could bear it no longer, and so made up my mind to do what little I could to relieve myself at any rate. A plan occurred to me whereby I might accomplish my chief design, which was to draw him away from this study which was consuming him; to draw him away from his myriad theories into life. But before I had said a word, while I was still meditating how it could best be done, Reinhart settled the trouble himself. I never was more astonished or more pleased than when he proposed the very thing I had been trying to broach, that the two of us should spend the next six months in travelling. What had suggested it to him, or what his reasons were, I never asked. Had he any suspicions of this strange fancy that I would not admit to myself, and yet had been vainly striving to drive from my mind? Since then I have sometimes thought so, and sometimes thought not. To the proposition I consented eagerly, and did my best in

hastening all the arrangements; therefore no time was lost before we found ourselves *en route* for the south of Europe.

As I have said, Reinhart was not in the least demonstrative. Very likely his natural reserve had been greatly increased by his sedentary life. But I noticed, early in our trip, that he seemed laboring to throw off his abstracted manner. I felt encouraged, notwithstanding I knew it was an effort to him, and determined, not only that he should see something of the world, but, what would be of much more benefit, that he should see something of society.

In the beautiful Italian scenery my own spirits rose perceptibly. The great load which had been burdening me lessened and finally raised itself altogether, as I saw this shadow of the German University that had been resting on my companion break. But I know now I was mistaken. It was only the battalion preparing for action; the marshalling of the forces before the conflict.

It had been almost a month since we left Germany. Many of the English and American gentlemen residing in Florence had shown us not only attention, but hospitality. One thing I noticed quickly, that Reinhart cared almost nothing for the society of ladies. He endured it; never sought it. The most beautiful faces he would pass without any notice, or with merely an indifferent glance. I was sorry for this, because here was a channel, I had thought, wherein might be turned the current of his existence. With this subject still uppermost in my mind, I determined one morning I would bring my sounding-line into play, if it was only on account of my own satisfaction. We were sitting upon the deep sill of the open window, smoking our cigars and enjoying the utter tranquility of the southern day, when I asked, indifferently, as if the question had been wholly unpremeditated:

"Reinhart, were you ever in love?"

He looked up quickly, waited a moment, as though at first he had not exactly understood, then answered, "No."

Now, I knew very well he had never been; for, as I have said, the last ten years we had spent together; but at present I was bent upon the intent of discovering what probability there was that such a catastrophe could ever be brought about; so I said, again,

"Reinhart, do you think you *ever* will be in love?"

I expected a repetition of my former answer; but, to my surprise, without any hesitation, he replied,

"Yes."

"Indeed!" I gasped, with my breath almost gone, "and when may it come to pass?"

Looking up, I dropped the tone of raillery I had been using immediately, for I saw it was a serious matter to him; and overcome by astonishment, I subsided into complete silence.

The perfume of roses came in on the breeze, and a scarlet-cloaked flower-girl carrying her wares, the only person on the street, turned out of sight. A small bird, with red plumes in its wings, lighted nearly within reach, upon the tree, and broke into song, but, checking the strain, almost in the first note, it flew away, settling, a mere speck, upon the northern spire of the Cathedral. Then Reinhart said, as though there had been no pause in the conversation:

"I do not know; it may never come in this life."

I looked at him, thoroughly puzzled, almost frightened. Then, thinking perhaps I had heard aright, said, "What?" But, without heeding my interrogation, he continued.

"Perhaps it never will come, in this life."

Yes, I had heard aright. Possibly we were each talking of different things; and as a last resource, I said:

"Perhaps *what* will never come in this life?"

"Why, love," he replied, making a

slight gesture of impatience, as though I had been unpardonably dull.

"But," I persisted, determined to understand, "then it will never be at all, for they neither marry nor are given in marriage in the next world."

"No," he repeated, "they 'neither marry nor are given in marriage.'" He said the words over slowly but mechanically, exactly as if he might have said, or thought, the same words over a hundred times before.

That he believed in the immortality of the soul, I quite well knew, for it was the one shoot of his English education, which, springing in early boyhood, had survived, like a foreign plant, amid all the German sophisms. I did not like the strange aspect of his face, and, somewhat ill at ease, I said,

"Then, what do you mean?" I waited a moment for the answer.

"I can hardly tell you. I have always had a theory of my own — no, not a theory, a belief. I have never undertaken to express it in language, and do not know whether I can render myself intelligible. I think every soul has somewhere in the universe an affinity — I am obliged to use the word for lack of a better one — and I believe that before complete happiness can be attained the two are merged into one. It is not marriage: that is purely earthly. These affinities may possibly meet in this life, though it is hardly probable; but in the ages to come it will occur just as certainly as there is an eternity. Mind, I do not call it marriage. It is the fusing together of two souls, a masculine and feminine, just as they combine chemicals, producing a new substance. I believe, as I said, these two souls may sometimes meet in this life; but it is a destiny that comes to few in centuries, and those few should kneel in everlasting gratitude before their Creator."

When Reinhart ceased speaking, I could see that he had worked himself almost into a fever, for his eyes were bright and restless, and the blood surged in waves across his usually color-

less face. With a rough hand, I had struck the chord whose undecided vibrations had, a month ago, appalled me. The great burden which had so oppressed me settled down again heavier than before. It was not so much what he had said as the expression of his face that filled me anew with anxiety. And struggling under this burden, I made a poor attempt to laugh the matter off.

"Reinhart, this is some of your German metaphysics."

"No; though you are at liberty to call it what you please; but I have never read such a theory in any place."

"Well, it is an absurd idea," I retorted, "and sounds exactly like some of your humbug philosophers, who never believe in anything but fantasies; and I would advise you to let them alone."

This was hardly wise on my part. I should not have allowed myself to express any impatience when I saw it excited him, and only augmented what I was striving to allay. The blood rushed again over his face, but he said nothing; only rising from his seat he walked several times across the room. In the silence that followed, a strain of joyful music broke suddenly upon us. It was the swell of the Cathedral organ, sounding a prelude for some wedding. But if the strain was ever finished, we did not hear it, for the next moment a crash of terrific discord drowned the music, shaking the very ground. Some object flew swiftly past my face, struck the wall and fell upon the floor. I sprang up and shut the window quickly. Half the sky was covered with a black cloud, and from the carpet at my feet I picked up a dead bird, a small bird with red plumes in its wings.

The storm passed over in less than half an hour, leaving the sky perfectly clear again; but for the remainder of the day I could not recover my spirits. Whether Reinhart suffered from a like oppression I know not; but he seemed possessed by the very demon of unrest. He was not still a moment. He

had little to say; and quite late in the evening proposed a walk. Without any remark upon the unusual hour, I acquiesced.

The night was quiet and beautiful, beautiful even for that southern clime. There was no moon, and still the sky was filled with a soft light, brighter than the trembling rays of the stars alone. I remember it because it was a peculiar luminous haze, that I had seen only in Italy, and because, though no clouds swept over the sky, and the haze never paled until lost in the crimson glow of morning, that night, to me, was the blackest night of my life, whose vision sometimes yet rises before me, even at noon-day, with appalling reality. Ah! why were the sky and stars beautiful? O cruel sky! O cruel stars! Was the sorrow on earth nothing to you, that you gave no warning?

We had walked perhaps two squares, when Reinhart stopped just as suddenly as if he might have come in contact with a stone wall, invisible to me. Alarmed, I said, quickly, "What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No," he replied, still standing motionless. Then, in a moment, without another word, he turned and began retracing his steps.

"Are you going home already?" I inquired, puzzled by his strange conduct.

"No; I am going to the Cathedral."

We had just passed the Cathedral, when he had made no motion to enter; but now I tried in vain to dissuade him from it. I told him that there was no service at this hour; that we might as well not have left home as to go inside of any house. All to no purpose; he was just as determined as at first, until finally he turned fiercely upon me and said, with a strange emphasis in his tone,

"I will go; I must go; I feel something within me that *compels* me to go."

Was this again the vibration of that terrible chord in his nature—that terrible chord that threatened to destroy forever the harmony of his life?

Powerless to turn him from his intent, together we crossed the northern portal and entered the nave. It was so dim that the heavy shadows clustered in a rayless cloud among the arches, and at the end, far off—they looked like stars in the gloom—flickered a few tapers at the altar, while higher up swung the sacred but sickly flame that had been burning for centuries. There was not a stir, not a sound. I trembled all over with a singular sensation of weakness that came upon me as I followed Reinhart, who went steadily down the long aisle to where the transepts met, then stopped as abruptly as he had stopped a few moments before in the street. It was, as I have said, just where the transepts met. There, upon a low platform or dais, stood a bier covered by a velvet pall, whose heavy border fell in waveless folds. And upon it rested a casket with silver mountings. Beside it two tapers burned, one at the head and one at the foot; and two monks kneeled, motionless. I saw, beyond the choir, the gleam of the organ-pipes; but sometimes it was close, and sometimes it was far away. The altar lights circled about each other, and they, too, receded in infinite space; they grew dim; they vanished; they sprang again; they fled again. The great tombs loomed out and faded; the figure on an ebon crucifix, inspired with life, writhed in fearful agony, then once more became transfixed, and the weak, trembling sensation under which I had been laboring was gone.

I saw that we were standing by the dead of some noble family, for the repose of whose soul the monks were offering up their prayers. I drew a little nearer. Upon the snow-like cushions within the casket a young girl lay sleeping the last deep and solemn sleep. Or was it a vision?—one of that mystical land, whose white portals are beyond the sun; that land where there is no shadow, no stain; where there is beauty celestial, peace everlasting? No, it was all the future we ever see; it was

still this side the gates of eternity; it was death. A chaplet of flowers crowned her brow, all colorless as marble, and garlands of flowers wreathed her robe, that was purer than fleece; but her hands held no lilies, no jasmine; more sacred than these, they held a small golden crucifix, an emblem imperishable, holy. The burning tapers threw not over the face, turned slightly toward the altar, that beautiful dream-light; it was the last inscription written by the spirit, even after it had seen down the radiant vista of immortal happiness. Ah! why offer prayers for a soul beyond the troubled sea, beyond the dread valley? O frail humanity! Even then beside the pall, where rested the solemn silence no voice could break, stood one for whom the kneeling monks might have told a thousand *aves*.

Reinhart raised his face suddenly. Straightening himself, he extended his arm with a wild gesture, uttering a laugh that grated clear up to the dome.

"Did I not tell you?" he cried. "Did I not feel the mysterious summons that brought me to this spot? Do you see her? *It is she!* It is her soul and mine, that will abide together through all eternity."

The startled monks rose to their feet. The great arches of the Cathedral threw back his voice in terrible groans. Quick as thought I sprang toward him, but was hurled off with the ease of a giant. He stooped for a moment and put one hand to his head, as if a sudden faintness might have swept over him; but he did not touch the casket. Then, dropping on one knee beside it, he raised his face and said softly, so softly that the last word seemed to come to us from a great distance,

"O beautiful soul, part of my spirit, I will not keep you waiting!"

We gathered around and raised him up. It needed no force now; and when they laid him down again, with a great throbbing in my breast, I folded his hands. He had taken his life.

O Germany! like this fair day you

lured a bird high up into your sunshine, a bird with brilliant plumes in its wings; then, before it had sung one song from the pinnacle where it rested, blackening suddenly into a storm, you killed it. Reinhart, poor Reinhart! you lured high up into the fantastic light of psychology; then before he had reared

one minaret upon the temple where he climbed, you darkened suddenly into a gigantic gloom that, rising up like a storm, overwhelmed him.

Yes, better had it been for Reinhart were the Suabians still dancing their dryad dances.

Florence McLandburgh.

THE MILLS THAT GRIND.

The dyke is long broken, the broken flume dry,
And the untrammelled stream goes a-sauntering by;
While under the shadows beneath the hill
Is standing in silence the gray-grown mill;
And the hopper holds never a grist to be ground,
And the wheel has forgotten its murmuring round:
But the mills of the gods never cease to grind,
And the *plans* of men in the hopper you 'll find.

The miller has gone, with his honest blue eyes,
His laughing gray face, and his jolly replies,
To the land of his dreams as he sat by the door
A-building air-castles in dust on the floor;
And the hopper holds never a grist to be ground,
And the murmuring wheel has forgotten its round:
But the mills of the gods never cease to grind,
And the *hopes* of men in the hopper you 'll find.

The farmer goes by, perched atop of his load,
But never turns down the long overgrown road,
And humming a song of the times long ago,
He dreams of the miller with muscles of brawn;
While the hopper holds never a grist to be ground,
And the wheel has forgotten its murmuring round:
But the mills of the gods never cease to grind,
And the *hearts* of men in the hopper you 'll find.

We serve but a day, and perhaps but an hour,
Then fall into desuetude, vacant of power;
We struggle and strive, and win — if we can,
But consonant still with the cosmical plan;
Till the hopper holds never a grist to be ground,
And the murmuring wheel has forgotten its round:
But the mills of the gods never cease to grind,
And the *souls* of men in the hopper you 'll find.

S. S. Rockwood.

PROFESSOR JOSIAH HIDEBOUND AND HIS FRIENDS.

CONVERSATION II.

MISS FOOLEMSUM'S strong point is a kind heart. As a woman, I have thought her a failure; and yet if she likes anybody, she does not do it by halves—unless the other party regulates affection by this vulgar fraction. She seems very much attached to my Lucy, and gives the dear child a great deal of good advice, without asking any return. This interest in the child has so much moved me that I often doubt whether I ought to charge Miss Foolesum anything for board. Indeed, I have sometimes made reductions in her bills, on Miss Foolesum's plea that I charge too much, supported by my feeling that I owe her something for being a mother to my daughter.

After our last conversation, Miss Foolesum took Lucy aside and reproved her severely for her reply to Doctor Dynamix.

"It is painful to me," she said, "to see you taking up sceptical opinions, especially on so important a point as the Divinity of Christ. We can't reason about Jesus as we do about men. If he had been a man, you see, it would have been no temptation, as you told the Doctor—"

"Did his being God make it a temptation?" innocently asked Lucy.

"That is just what you have no business to ask, Lucy. Besides, so good and great a man as Doctor Dynamix ought not to be questioned by little girls, unless he expressly permits it. The Doctor has a great intellect, and a sublime mission in the world; and you are only a little girl."

Miss Foolesum proceeded to impress these lessons upon the child at great length, and with praiseworthy sacrifice of her own time and feelings. The result was that I found Lucy some

hours after with wet eyes and other signs of the deepest grief. I had just succeeded in assuaging the worst bitterness of her sorrow, when the small girl called Betsey announced that Doctor Dynamix desired to see Lucy in the parlor. Drying her eyes hastily, Lucy obeyed the summons. I sent her off very cheerfully, hoping that the Doctor's pleasant and gracious manner would complete her cure.

At supper I missed Lucy from the table. I asked the small girl called Betsey to go to her room and announce that supper was ready.

In a few moments she returned, and said that Lucy did not feel well, and wished to be excused. The incident seemed to bring a little cloud over our spirits, and the young Banker fidgeted a good deal in his chair. As soon as I could, I went to my child's room, and found her in the deepest distress. Choking with sobs, she told me that Doctor Dynamix had lectured her severely for her disrespectful manner towards Miss Foolesum, informing her that Miss Foolesum was "a woman of vast learning and endowed with a sublime mission, towards whom small girls should be reverent and timid."

The double lecture set me to reflecting upon some things, and my reflections led me to open our next conversation by starting in a new direction.

"Miss Foolesum," said I, "you are in favor of a great expansion of woman's work, I believe?"

"Expansion of it? Well, that is a queer word for it. I believe that a woman should do all that a man does. I do n't mean that she should be *permitted* to do all these things; I would have her compelled to practice all the professions, pursue all the occupations, and fill all the offices. We have lost

ground by talking about *rights* — we should boldly say *duties*. The women will shirk as long as we let them."

"At what age should they begin?"

"The younger the better. They should acquire boldness by speaking in mixed assemblies at an early age."

"How early?"

"I would begin at ten, or sooner. It is an evil that girls are *cowed* down in the home-circle, compelled to speak low, and to pick out conventional terms in addressing their elders. From this tyranny of home-life — which we cannot at once shake off — I would emancipate girls by public exercises. The debating societies in the schools are excellent places for this training. In my academy, girls who come to me blushing and speaking softly, acquired, in a year, a bold and confident address; they surpassed the boys in vigor of language and freedom of manner."

The young Banker had the impudence to say:

"Yes, I'll vouch for that. They lacked nothing but beards and the proper dress, when you were done with them."

"Sir?"

"You succeeded perfectly, Miss Foolesum. The womanliness that men are foolish enough to admire was quite taken out of them. They will get on in the world, my word for it."

"You are insulting, Mr. Coons. No gentleman would use such language to a lady."

"Would he to a man?"

"Why not? We intend to keep all we have, and get all you have. You need not laugh, sir; but if you say my girls are not true women, you slander them, and that is adding insults to the injuries your sex has long inflicted upon ours."

I interposed, with the language of authority,

"We must have order here. But, Miss Foolesum, would it not be well to reform, as far as possible, the evil in our home education, of which you com-

plain, by teaching girls boldness at home?"

"Certainly. But it is only here and there a household is governed intelligently."

"Suppose we begin here by training up our Lucy in the right way. What do you say to that?"

The young Banker whistled low to himself, and ejaculated, "The devil!"

Doctor Dynamix looked confused.

Professor Theorem called for a glass of water.

Miss Foolesum hesitated a little, and a painful silence succeeded to the hum occasioned by my proposition. I repeated my question, and enlarged:

"We have here excellent opportunities for a sound and reformed family culture. I dislike to repress the exuberant vitality of my child, and am in some fear of doing her harm by interfering with her moral and intellectual growth. So far, at least, I am favorably disposed to 'freedom.'"

Miss Foolesum remained silent. She seemed to see that there was some kink in her logic.

Professor Theorem, having drunk his water, began where Miss Foolesum left off:

"It is a beautiful theory, that does great honor to the head that conceived it. We must get more sound and progressive theories, based upon the facts of human nature, before we can reform. If Miss Foolesum and Doctor Dynamix will continue to invent theories, we shall soon be supplied with a mathematico-social philosophy upon which a successful society may be built. More theory is our great want. Our social life is too empirical, and, being based on single instances, and administered by matter-of-fact people, it fails as a matter of course."

"Professor Theorem grows larger every day," said Miss Foolesum, with a delightful enthusiasm. That gentleman went on:

"I believe devoutly in this particular theory. But no treatment of anything could be more brutal than a pro-

position to put a theory into practice. Professor Hidebound's daughter ought not to be mentioned in such a case as the present one."

"You are opposed, then," I said, "to making trial of the principle?"

"No," he answered with unusual energy, "I want the theory applied to girls in general, not to any girl in particular—especially not to any one in whom I take an interest."

"That is admirably expressed," cried Miss Foolemsum. "I owe you so much, dear Theorem, for explaining the case."

"Girls in general," I said, a little peevishly—for my temper does sometimes give way—are a *corpus vile*, on which you are willing to practice social quackery; but the moment you have an interest in the success of the remedy, you prefer established social curatives."

"That is unfair," interposed Doctor Dynamix; "we have an interest in the fair trial of our plans. We want people to know, what we already know intuitively, that they are the only good plans."

"Why not apply them to Lucy, then?"

Professor Theorem broke in warmly:

"This is your old mistake of practice and individual cases. Let us talk about the principle."

Miss Foolemsum and Doctor Dynamix nodded their heads, and cried,

"Yes, that is it."

"Then," said I, "you are in favor of the principle, but opposed to its application?"

"Yes, certainly," said Miss Foolemsum; "we will not apply it to Lucy."

"But, why not?"

Silence again.

"I feel constrained to go farther than I usually do. My dear child is sobbing herself to sleep, after having been successively lectured by both Miss Foolemsum and Doctor Dynamix for doing just what you have taught her to do, and just what you say all girls should be taught to do. I really be-

lieve there is some reason for this apparent contradiction; of course, it is only apparent."

Miss Foolemsum bridled. "I don't mind a girl's speaking smartly to anybody else; but she must not talk so to me, or in my presence. I am insisting upon proper respect for Doctor Dynamix."

"And I," said the Doctor, "am insisting upon proper respect for Miss Foolemsum."

They bowed to each other, and smiled, looking askance and defiantly at me.

I shook down the base-burner.

I had forgotten to mention that Doctor Dynamix is a widower, without children. I might add, that he practices medicine a little, and lectures a good deal. Besides, he is an ex-minister, and occasionally edifies congregations. His versatility of occupation, and acknowledged ability, have led men in several lines of human effort to look for him as "a power;" and he is quite generally designated as the "Coming Man" of Alaska.

The "Coming Woman" seems, to me, to have a growing weakness for the "Coming Man." I see but one objection to the union. In such a weak world as ours, it does seem unfair to yoke two such stout people together.

The base-burner, shed a grateful warmth through the room, under which Professor Theorem went to sleep. The young Banker fidgeted in his chair, until he attracted the eye of the young girl called Betsey; and then, by some telegraphing that I do not quite understand, he induced her to visit the room of the dear Lucy. I did understand the message she sent to the young man, after her return; and it quite restored me to good humor. My Lucy was asleep!

Doctor Dynamix began:

"I believe I have studied the subject of Education to the bottom; and I am confident that it is all wrong. We need a thorough reform in our colleges."

"I shall be glad to hear your views," said I. "You know that I am, unfortunately, burdened with an experience."

"You have chosen the right word," he rejoined, with severe gravity. "No man with any experience in the work of education, ought to be permitted to open his mouth in discussions about reforms in schools. The inspirations of young girls of twenty, the far-reaching vision of poets, the heavenly wisdom of preachers, and the deep philosophy of reporters, are the sources from which we must expect educational light."

"Just so," said Miss Foolemsum.

"The moment a man knows anything, practically, about a subject, no matter what it is, he is hampered—I might say, handicapped. His vision is no longer clear. The earth has gotten between him and the sun of philosophy. The evils, and their causes, in this world, are not found out by men who study the pathology of the body politic. They are dreamed out by the great intellects who are, happily, emancipated from the tyranny of facts!"

A great light of joy began to shine in Miss Foolemsum's eyes. She whispered, just loud enough for the Doctor to hear: "What wisdom!" The Doctor finished his plea:

"The men who know how it is by study and experience, are always in the way of our real, radical reformers."

The young Banker, who had recovered his composure since his telegraphing with the small girl called Betsey, came into the discussion:

"How do you propose to cure the evil of experience?"

"By disregarding it, in the first place, and doing it away, in the second. That was an admirable device of ancient peoples, to change generals every year, and elect men by ballot to this office. If we could put out all these college professors, with twenty to forty years of experience, and put in boys and girls, fresh from

the contact of the popular heart, how easy it would be to reform!"

"Why don't you do it?" said Coons.

"We are going to do it. The time will come when a man seeking election to a chair of mathematics, will present affidavits to prove that he has never taught on that subject or any other. We are educating the people and the boards of control."

"Bully for you!" ejaculated the young Banker. "I like pluck!"

"We have already gained the newspapers over. If a man has the presumption to hint that he has experience, editors, reporters, and correspondents, take his scalp off at once. The fact is, we cannot tolerate experience in a democratic Christian society. It makes a caste in every profession; and it shuts up avenues to happiness against people who go in for ideas and neglect facts. Of course, the facts are against us. How could they be otherwise, in an evil world, governed by the devil?"

Betsey piped in:

"Doctor Gooseberry said, last Sunday, that God governs the world; and I think that must be so, unless the devil is the biggest!"

"See here," said the young Banker, "I do n't know much about your 'ideas;' and I rather think you will win against these professors. You can just outvote them, and there's an end of it, with them. But, if you were to go down to one of those big banks in San Francisco, and ask its board to change experienced men for raw hands, you'd get slapped in the face for your impudence. If you tried it on in a court of justice, asking a ten thousand dollar judge to let you on, with all your big ideas—beg your pardon—you'd come to grief. I take it, men do n't go in strong for experience in education; but, when you come to business and dollars, they do n't go much on greenhorns."

I interposed:

"People talk about banks a good

deal as they do about education. They are afraid of the experience of the bankers, and indulge in ideas as freely as Doctor Dynamix. But there is one difference: they do n't champion inexperienced bankers, as such; and, if they started a bank, they would seek for some one of experience to manage it."

"That," resumed the Doctor, in his most august manner, "does not affect my proposition. How do you account for the fact that experience is always opposed to change?"

"By denying that it is a fact. Who, for example, in the English government, has more faithfully and steadily advocated change than Mr. Gladstone, a statesman with as large practical acquaintance with affairs as Queen Victoria has among her subjects? Even John Stuart Mill was drilled into practical knowledge of political science in a government office. In this matter of education, the authors of our salutary reforms are men who learned their need in the lecture-rooms of colleges, before they proposed them in boards of control."

"Why, then," said Miss Foolemsum, "are the men of experience so opposed to *our* reforms?"

"May be," chuckled the young Banker, "may be it's because *your* reforms are not reforms at all."

"That is absurd; we *know* them to be true reforms!"

I went on: "The men of experience are unquestionably suspected of blind opposition to change. The suspicion is natural. It springs from the doubt in Miss Foolemsum's own mind about the value of her idea. Her emphasis upon '*know*,' is the best of signs that she knows that she do n't know any such thing. She lives in perpetual fear and jealousy of the man or woman who does know. Mothers, teachers, and statesmen, are the nightmare of her intellectual peace. On some grounds, she would like their real knowledge; but she fears that this knowledge will clip the wings of her

ideality, and make a common treadmill woman of her."

She looked up, sweetly. "You are becoming complimentary, Professor Hidebound. I congratulate you upon an accession to your large stock in the amenities."

I never could stand that sort of thing. I suppose it is the old chivalry in me that makes the treatment of a woman as a man troublesome to me.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Foolemsum. I was looking at the stove, and soliloquizing, and—I forgot myself. Please consider Doctor Dynamix's name put in place of yours, in that last statement."

"There seems to be," I resumed, "a strange delusion in the air—blown, I think, by demagogic harangues—about the origin of healthful change. All revolutions really originate in experience, of one sort or another; and the change always commands the service of the trained man before it succeeds. Revolutions do not begin among the people; they begin on the steps of the throne. The jealousy of experience is the natural fear men have of power, especially of real knowledge, which is the most active kind of power. You are afraid of the men of experience in education, because you are afraid they will detect the sham in your new methods. But excuse me, Doctor Dynamix, what is your plan?"

"I propose, in the first place, to change all the subjects of study."

"What will you ordain to be studied in college?"

"My lectures on the Reorganization of the World will be placed first on the list. Miss Foolemsum's lectures on the New Cyclopædic Culture will follow."

"What next?"

"Until we produce other works, these will suffice. There has been too much training. The intellect is put into bondage by drill in school. The moral nature is too much neglected, and a caste of educated men is created

in society. I want a universal education; and our lectures will be enough for the present."

"How about the bondage?" said the small girl called Betsey. "Will not you and Miss Foolesum have all the boys and girls in your hands?"

"That, my dear girl, is just what we want. We propose to manage them for their good." And she looked across to the Doctor, placid and amiable, a light of mingled poetry and sentiment shining out of her really handsome eyes.

At this point, we were interrupted by a knock. A gentleman entered, whom I recognized as the pastor of one of our struggling churches, that had recently dedicated a house of worship. He explained, diffidently, that his business was with Professor Theorem.

We aroused the Professor from his slumber; and the visitor explained to him that a subscription of the Professor's was unpaid, and the society in need of the money.

"What is the amount?" asked Theorem, rubbing his eyes and yawning.

"Fifty dollars."

"So much?" I was really generous that day."

A silence followed; and then the visitor mildly suggested the wants of the society.

"You do n't mean to insult me by asking me for fifty dollars?"

"Did not you subscribe that sum?"

"Certainly I did; and I did you a great service. Five gentlemen have told me that my subscription induced each of them to give a like sum; and they have paid."

The Professor looked round with an air of triumph. Miss Foolesum cried out, "What a dear, useful man you are, Theorem! We could not do with-

out you! No man does more than you, in these examples, to build up the town."

The visitor said that his society was extremely grateful to Professor Theorem; but they really needed the subscription.

"My dear sir," said Theorem, growing hot, "you are impudent! I have done you a great service, and you *dun* — yes, *dun* me — *dun me* — in return for my kindness!"

Miss Foolesum turned her lovely eyes upon the visitor, and said, with severity:

"It is well understood that these subscriptions are not to be paid, unless it is perfectly convenient; and you must see that in this case it is not convenient. You should apologize for your rudeness, and erase that subscription. You are already five times paid!"

The visitor retired in bad order.

"I say, Theorem," said the young Banker, "That's an infernal mean action of yours! and I do n't mind telling you that, if I were that minister, I'd punch you for it!"

Miss Foolesum rebuked him: "This is another example of your irreligious spirit. Think of a minister of the gospel of peace 'punching' a fellow-being; and that fellow-being such a saintly person as Professor Theorem! You are a barbarian!"

"Well, I may be a barbarian; but I prefer an honest barbarism to a sneaking and tricky civilization. I'd rather be a wharf-rat or a gutter-snipe, than be a breaker of my word! My compliments on your civilization, Miss Foolesum; I agree with you, that we need reform—especially those of us who are reformers!"

J. Gilliland Davis.

[To be Continued.]

VOICES OF HOPE.

IT is the hither side, O Hope,
And afternoon;—our shadows slope
Backward along the mountain cope.

The early morning was so sweet,
We seemed to climb with winged feet,
Like moving vapors fine and fleet.

Not more elastic poised and swung
Harebell or yellow adder's-tongue,
Nor blither any bird that sung.

Thy light foot bent not any stem
Of frailest plant, whose diadem
In passing kissed thy garment's hem.

O Hope! so near me and so bright,
Thy foot above me on the height,
I might not touch thy garments white.

Thy lifted face, so fair, so rapt,
Like sunshine rolled and overlapped
Cliff, slope, and tall peak thunder-capped.

Thy voice to me like silver brooks
Down-dropped from secret mountain nooks,
Still drew me, like thy radiant looks.

Nor scorching sun, nor beating rain,
Nor soil, nor grime, nor travel-stain,
With thee, were weariness or pain.

But now — it is the afternoon;
Behind, the mountain summits gloom;
Before, night shadows gather soon.

O Hope! where art thou? — rough and steep
The way has grown; I faint and weep;
Beside me torrents toss and leap;

And far below, unseen for tears,
The river where life disappears
Uplifts its thunder to my ears.

Canst thou, with thy serener eyes,
Over the flood God's paradise
Behold in awful beauty rise?

Far off I seem to see thee stand,
Shading rapt eyes with radiant hand,
To scan that unknown glorious land.

The glory of that unseen place
Gathers and brightens o'er thy face,
And fills thy looks with tender grace.

O Hope divine! — I would behold
Those shining spires, those streets of gold;
But ah, the waves are deadly cold!

I hear the thunder and the sweep
Of waves; deep calleth unto deep;
The pathway ends, abrupt and steep.

Yet, soft beside that solemn shore,
I hear thy voice above its roar;
"Life is a dream — and it is o'er;

"The night is past — behold the day,
O new-born soul — O child of clay,
O bird uncaged and still astray;

"Take through the universe thy road;
All paths lead up to His abode,
Converg'ing at the Mount of God!"

Kate Seymour McLean.

JOHN WATKINSON'S WIFE.

A STUDY FOR A STORY.

CHAPTER III.

"Upon Verbeia's 'willow,' wattle'd brim." — *Eclogues by Edward Fairfax, of Fewston.*

THE Watkinsons had lived on what the great translator of Tasso calls "The willow wattle'd brim" of our river so long that nobody thought of asking when they came there, any more than they thought of asking when the oak trees came which were lifting their mighty boles and branches all about the hill John was climbing just now, when we saw him stop, with that tender light in his honest brown

eyes, to listen to the throstle singing in the hollin.

They were, no doubt, as most of the humble landward men are to this day in Craven, of that sturdy Saxon stock which peopled Wharfedale over fourteen hundred years ago, and gathered apples from mossy orchards the Romans had planted; so they were old settlers, as we say here, when the Danes came in from the eastward, after they had taken York, got a footing on the land, and transmitted some of their wild nature down through the Hick-

ringills, together with the curious Scandinavian custom, kept up to a very late day in our parish, of chiming all the church bells when one of that clan died, instead of tolling the passing bell, as they would do for all other Christian souls when they were done with earth and time. They must have been, also, very old settlers indeed, when one of the fighting Middletons brought a Moor back from the Crusades, who set a-flowing in the veins of our northern men that dusky, sunburnt blood, you can still trace by the dark skin, the lithe movement, the exquisite hands and feet, the wonderful black eyes, and the touch of distinction, you find nowhere else among the tillers of the soil.

Still, the Watkinsons were in no way proud of their pedigree, because they never suspected it. "Me gran-fäather or me gurt gran-fäather," was the uttermost limit of their homely genealogy. I have seen the mist rise from the river now and then, and creep up the sides of the hill on which they are living, in the times I speak of, until all the lower reaches were hidden in its white mantle, while on the upper slopes the sun would shine by day, or the stars by night, out of a clear sky. So the river of time made a mist about all the lower reaches of the life out of which these men with most of their fellows had risen; only as much of it stood out clear as could be seen in three or four generations, while as these passed away and were gathered to their fathers they were folded at last in the same white mantle of mist, and forgotten.

And it is not hard to trace the main reasons for this power of continuing "in one stay." They were as purely a piece of nature in their way as the oaks on the hill and the heather on the moor. The farm was not one thing and the farmer another, in this simple natural sense, because the bones and sinews which held the plough and swung the scythe, through the transfiguration of all these ages, had come to be of the very essence of their own grass and corn, the

flesh of their own beeves and swine, and the honey out of their own hives. They were married, also, in the first prime of their manhood, to women in every way their match, who bore and reared their children, and were still handsome, active matrons at fifty, going about their work and their pleasure, except for the touch of rheumatism, as heartily as when they were twenty-five.

Then the inner life was as natural as the outer; the soul answered to the body. The old church, wise according to her light, settled down early to the policy she still follows, of finding out the souls that were too big for their bodies, or were jarred or aching from a misfit. These she gathered into monasteries and priories by themselves, and let them work out their time attending mainly to the inner life, so that the castle and grange, the farmstead and cottage, were clear of them; and the outer world jogged along so easily in this matter of a soul, that if its spiritual pastors and masters had not steadily insisted on the fact that each man had one that he was bound to look after, to pay rent for it, in the form of church dues, indulgences, and so on, the chances are that vast majorities of those who had to do the world's work, and fight its battles, would have forgotten, at last, they had a soul to care for, as, God help them, so many do still.

But the Wilsons were men of another stamp. Saxons, no doubt, like the Watkinsons originally they had either mated at some time with keener and brighter natures, or caught their quality out of pursuits which had set their manhood to a finer edge than tenant farming under easy-going landlords, like the Middletons and the Monks of Bolton, could ever hope to do. They were not, indeed, Wharfedale men. The earliest of the line I need name lived farther south, and wrote a book famous in its day, and still worth looking at.*

* "Librum de Vita et Exilio et Martirio S. Thomae Martiris."

Another, as early as 1481, had put some of his money and manhood into that beautiful old parish church at Halifax. Richard Wilson, the grandfather of our Nannie, was the Vicar of Ilkley, 1568-72, and was a man of such quality that when old Tommy Stead, who had once heard a Bishop, and was therefore counted a judge of such matters, heard his first sermon, he said, "He's a rare un; we gotten a parson now, 'at knows *how* to preach;" after which there was no question in the town about his ability. But he was not to hide his light under our small parochial bushel. It fell out that a great man visiting the Fairfaxes at Denton, two miles down the river, heard of the discovery in our locality of a Roman altar, with an inscription on it to Verbeia, the goddess of the stream; and as he did not know what to do with his time one Sunday, seeing he could neither hunt nor fish, he said he would ride over and look at the old stone. Fairfax, who was a staunch churchman, suggested they should go to the morning service and hear the parson. They went; and this was the end of Richard Wilson's work at Ilkley. He was taken south, made Chaplain to this nobleman, preached before her gracious majesty, who loved to look at a handsome man, whether he stood in the pulpit or the palace; and it was on the cards that he should be made a Bishop, when he died suddenly of gout in the stomach, brought on by devotion to his duty—at the foot of my lord's table.

He left two sons, one a merchant in London, the other a student at Oxford, to the latter of whom he left some money, and a small freehold in our town, consisting of the Green Lane Cottage, and a few acres of land. But while merchant Wilson made money in London, student Wilson got rid of what he had in the rural retreat to which he came after he had finished his education. He was a delicate, dreamy sort of fellow, much given to wandering about the lanes, with a book

in his hand, or over to Fewston, to talk with Edward Fairfax, and letting his fortune take care of itself. Then he married a girl without a penny, simply because he loved her; and indeed she was of a rare beauty, but she had no more practical sense than her husband, and so between them, as the folk said, "t' brass went doon t' dyke."

They had only one child, our Nannie, who united in her own proper person her father's delicate nature, her mother's beauty, and, beside that, caught out of the former time some of her grandfather's own unquestionable genius. It was a wonder to everybody who knew her where she had got all the sense which was packed away in her handsome little head. By the time she was seventeen she had learned to make butter and bake haver cake, and could manage the bit of land as if she had been bred a farmer. It was too late, however, to do much good there; the debt ate up all the profits; and merchant Wilson, up in London, got tired, as he said, of pouring water into a sieve. So one dark day her father faded out of life in a weakly way—you could hardly call it dying, because dying presupposes living. Then, after a few months of utter desolation, her mother died, also; and after that it seemed to Nannie as if there was nothing left in the world to live for. Madame Maude, who was at the burial, had to hold her back from leaping into the grave when she heard the clods fall on her mother's coffin, as the woeful words were read, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" and as the old motherly heart in her was touched beyond measure, she resolved on the instant that Nannie should go home with her to the Hall, and be nursed back to life and hope. She did not want to go; she would rather return to the cottage with old Betty Hudson, who had nursed her as a babe, and clung to the broken house. But the good old lady had her way; she took her home and held her that whole evening, while she

shuddered and shook with the intolerable trouble, stroked her hair, crooned over her and whispered, "Now, now, my bairn! my bairn!" as if it was her mother. And so by and by nature and time won the battle; her youth said nay to her longing to lie down and be quiet, and she began to open her heart again to the sunshine of life.

Madame Maude was a practical woman. She had managed the Holling Hall estate, and her good man into the bargain, while he lived, if all tales be true. So she took hold of the tangled skein of the Wilsons' affairs and wound them up; but there was nothing left when the debts were paid, except a few books and some furniture Nannie wanted to keep, for the sake of the old days; so it was arranged she should stay at the Hall, together with old Betty, for the present, as she would not hear of any further application to the uncle in London.

And she soon began to show her good qualities in her new home. She could do a score of things better than the maids about the place, because, unlike most women, she yoked reason with tradition, and so got a double team. Her fine sewing was considered equal to the rare specimens still preserved in the great houses at that time, from the plunder of Bolton Abbey. Madame Maude went so far as to say to her gossip, Madame Hawksworth, of Hawksworth, that she thought there was a special providence in the way Nannie had come to her whenever she wore her best ruff, and remembered the agonies she had gone through in trying to teach that good-for-nothing Jenny Rishworth how to get it up properly. And old John Hartley, who had been head man on the estate for twenty years, said, with a chuckle of delight, to his cronies at the Wheat-Sheaf, one night, that "Nannie Wilson knaws as mitch abaät t' crops as I dew; if shoo does n't, al eat my eëäd."

All these traits, and more beside that I have not time to tell about, came

out as she stayed in her shelter beneath Madame Maude's motherly wing, waiting for her time.

Does this chapter need an apology on the ground that the story makes no headway? I beg to say I could not help writing it. If these young people should ever marry, I want you to see beforehand the complete difference in their quality. Here is John, a son of the soil; and Nannie, if I may say so, a daughter of the sun. There is a divine spark in these Wilsons the Watsons as yet know nothing about; latent in the dreamy father, and then kindling up again in this maid, who has to live her life, I hope, to some good purpose. But the Watsons have one fine quality, too: that staying power which has kept them on the land all these ages. It must be at once a strong and a clean nature which can attain to this earthward immortality. Old Ralph Thoresby, writing many years after John and Nannie had gone to their rest in the north-west corner of the ancient church, breaks out into one of his finest gusts of admiration over a certain "Henry Watkinson, gentleman," who left Ilkley about 1630, and, as he says, "founded the family." I like to believe that John founded the family by winning this bright woman, and that Henry was their son.

Here in the West we have two rivers; one comes streaming from the far-away springs, bright and blue, dashing over the rocks that lie in its way, flashing in the sun, and making no small ado. The other comes from sources still more remote, and makes its way slowly, blending water and soil in a yellow, turbid flood. Then they run together at last, so that each is lost in the other, and each partakes of the other's nature, down to the ocean.

If this was a sermon, what a rare chance this would be for "improving," under many heads, the way in which the slow, steady nature of this man may blend itself by wedlock with the brighter and more impulsive nature of

the woman! I guess my forgiveness from the reader will be easily won when I give him this hint of what I could do to torment him, and then close the chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

"Now God, in whome all goodnes ys,
And gyffs each mane aftur hys wyll,
Hee grant hus grace we dow nott mysse."

Atheny by a Monk of Bolton. Temp. Henry VII.

If this was a story in which I could say whatever came into my head, I should tell you, now, how John had a dream that Sunday night, in which he saw a purple-breasted dove and a barn-door fowl making a nest together.

I am compelled to say he did not dream about anything, but went to sleep with a glow in his heart he had never felt before; slept the sleep of health and youth, and was up before the sun, true to the perpetual use and wont of his race. For Edie Brown, who was parish clerk in Richard Wilson's time, said one night, at the Rose and Crown, that if Phœbus, coming forth in his golden car, ever caught a Watkinson in bed, he would conclude he had mistaken his own proper hour for rising; and go back blushing to his chamber; at which old Tommy Steëad, who was sitting with an empty jug before him, exclaimed "T' bishop niver sed nowt like that, ner noābody else I iver heēard on;" which stirred up the gratified Edie, though he was rather close about money, to order Tommy's jug filled again; a fine hint, as you will see, to critics who want to be paid as they go.

The glow was still there when the young fellow rose and went about the milking; but something else had stolen in while he slept, I can only describe by saying that it seemed as if Nannie had been caught away from him into another life, and left him to think of yesterday, as if it was a dream. He was very gentle and kind that morning to the beasts. If old Master Watkinson had seen the oats he gave to the mare, and how he rubbed the nose

and the comical spindle shanks of her foal, when it came nuzzling about him, he would have opened his eyes—especially at the corn. Molly said to the lass at Denby's, after it all came out, "A' niver saw John è sik a meēah as he warr that moanin' sin' I went to liv at t' farm; he moild his porridge as if they wer burnt; an' when I sed 'What's t' matter wi' thee breakfas', John?' he sed, 'Nowt at all, Molly, lass,' we summat è his voice like when he wad talk about his mutther that winter shoo deēd, an he lewk'd sa graadly an' bonny āa felt just like kissin' him; but thaā knows that wad niver dew; lasses is 'nt ta kiss t' lads t' first, nobbut è leap-year."

He could see the great chimney-stacks of the Hall as he went about his work; but that gave him no comfort. The very house in which Nannie lived seemed to hold his heart at bay; and so I think that but for the kiss, his love might have died still-born. The fact that his great tawny brown beard had been for a moment about her face; that he had shyly touched her lips with his own; and the feeling that the flush on her face and the light in her eyes, in the moment he stood with her, after this, was not anger and rebuke, but something very sweet and pure, held him fast to his thought that she might learn to love him; yet even that was touched with the fear that it might appear, when she thought of it now, an unpardonable intrusion, which would compel her, when he met her again, to put that distance, wide as the world, between them, that he would have felt at any time before he met her in the Quire.

I wish I could tell you exactly how Nannie felt; but how can a man see into the secrets of a maid's heart? Old John Hartley met her as she went down the garden from the mill—for the whole south front, far beyond where the road runs now, was then a garden. He saw the rose-tint on her face, and the light in her eyes, as she passed him, and said, "It's a bonnie spring for the lambs, John." He stood a moment, looking at a clump of primroses bloom-

ing in a bed she tended herself, and then, as if he was taking them into his confidence, said, "Shoo's bonnier ner t' spring an innecenter ner t' lambs; if shoo is 'nt, al eat my eëad." And if the primroses had known John as his old cronies knew him, they would have felt there could be no room for doubt, now, about her beauty and innocence.

Madame Maude had given her a queer little chamber, with a latticed window, looking down the river, Denton way. She went there after she had given the old lady her posset, at eight o'clock, and sat at this window, with her chin resting on her hands, and her wealth of hair falling like a curtain about her face. The lattice was open, and the soft south wind stole round the corner, and tangled itself among her tresses, as if it felt it might go further and fare worse; she could hear the river babbling over the stones, before it shot under the arches of the ancient bridge and went wandering away toward the sea. It was as sweet a picture as our dear old England could show you anywhere within her borders that spring night. There were thick fringes of wood then, between the Hall and the town, and these were tipped here and there with the light of the young moon, sailing up from the eastward through seas of cloud; while through the trees, you could see the lights in the cottages go out one by one, and hear the immemorial owls hooting to each other in the south and west woods; while the dim, dark edges of the moors seemed to close the landscape in from all the world, and make the hollow look like a mighty nest. Still, Nannie did not see what I see; she was not looking outward, but inward; and, to tell the truth, she was troubled. For the young man up there at the Ling Park Farm had guessed her secret when he woke up next morning. While he was with her, it had seemed natural, as it always does in such a case, that she should let him draw her that moment toward his heart; but as she sat

there thinking about it, her cheeks tingled, and she wished it were all undone. She was only seventeen, you know, and her life had been quite secluded up to this time; all her love had gone to the helpless folk in the Green Lane Cottage, while they lived, and when they were dead, it had still clung about their graves. But here, as it were, in a moment, this man had stolen into her nature, by this covered way of a tender, manful pity; had come home with her, and—well she did not like to think of the rest, for when she did it was almost as if she could see the face of her mother, as she sat looking out toward the corner of the old mill, and hear her whisper, "O, my bairn, are we forgotten already?" And so she went to sleep with a heavy heart; for though there was a pure true love budding in it, she did not know then what I know now, that her nature was great enough to take in the new love without putting away the old.

John Watkinson imagined, with a man's slow wit, she would come to the Quire next Sunday, in time to meet him before service; and as the dinner that day was exactly on time, he went away before it was ready, to the great chagrin of old Master Watkinson, who considered his Sunday dinner a sort of rude sacrament.

"Where's that lad?" he said to Molly, when he saw the vacant place, "He sewerely isn't badly, is ā?"

"Badly? Nā; he's gane to t' cherch."

"Gane to t' cherch without his dinner? What's t' lad mean? ā niver heëard of a Watkeson sin' t' world stood leaving his dinner to say his prayers. What did he saäy?"

"Saäy? He just sed, 'Sëave mā sum, Molly, lass,' when ā shooted, 'John, lad, thaā is n't gangin' without thee dinner, is ta? Wha, ther's a puddin', dear, under t' meëat, an' a chine'."

"Thaā weā n't dew nowt ā t' soorat, as sëave him sum. Thaāl see it's all it'n up. I is n't gannin to put up

wi' nā sik wark as that. A Watkeson goa' without his dinner, to say his prayers? A wonder what t' world 's comin' to! Eat it all up, men."

But Molly had her way; and the old man knew she would have it. She put John's dinner in the buttery, muttering to herself as she did so, "It'll be as cowl as clat, befoār John gits hame; but thaā seēay cowl puddin' 's good fer love;" from which I conclude that Molly had been watching John that week, as he went about his work, and had drawn her own conclusions from such premises as she had established, by making the life of young Frank Holmes, the hired man at Denly's, a burden to him.

But you have guessed how it would be. It was not until the bell went into that nervous state a woman would call "palpitations," as the parson entered the reading-desk, that Nannie came in; and then she went to the great pew which belonged to the Maudes, as patrons of the Living, and the first family in the parish, on the Protestant side. If, now and then, she glanced aside from her prayer-book toward the Quire, I, for one, shall not blame her; but I do not know, and so I will not say it was so, while I hope it was, because I know of no better place for such pure glances as such a maid may give such a man, or such a man a maid, than a church made sacred by the weddings, the baptisms, and the burials, of all the generations since Paulinus baptized and celebrated on that spot.

She came out, when prayers were over, and went swiftly down the steep, toward the Hall; but John had slipped out before her, and was waiting under the great tree, near which, some years after, he got the folk to build that queer old school-house in which, long after, Master Hobson taught the humanities, and made, probably, the most deplorable verses ever made by a parish clerk, and that is saying a good deal.

When Nannie got to the tree, John came to her side, said something I can-

not make out, and fell into time with her step, glancing at her with a tremulous, loving glance, of which she was entirely aware, though she did not see his face. Then the trouble she had thought of and felt all the week, caught her and held her. She stood still, turned toward him with a look of sweet, womanly defiance the man would have preferred to the frankest confession of her love, if he had known what I know, and said,

"I wanted to go home alone."

"And so did I," John replied; "but it was no use. I could always go wherever I would, until last Sunday; now I want to go where you go."

"But that is not right; I do n't want you to do that, and you must not think of it."

"Not think of it? Nannie, if a rough chap like me may call you be t' bonniest name they ever gave a woman; I want to tell you I mun go where ye go. Somehow, it is n't for me to say. I cannot help it."

Then she prepared to fight her battle. She was grateful for the native delicacy which had saved him from any allusion to what had made her cheeks tingle when she thought of the passage at the corner of the old mill; still, she felt the time had come to make this young man understand he must stop there, and leave her to go her own way. For, indeed, though you young American women of 1874 may not believe me, it is true that this young English woman of 1600, or thereabouts, seventeen years of age, had not yet thought of this man, nor of any man, as an actual lover and a possible husband; it was that pity he had shown her in the Quire, as a motherless maid, which had touched her heart up to this moment; and so there was a steady strain in her voice, when she said at last, "You can call me Nannie; and I will call you John; and I hope we shall be to one another like brother and sister; but if you want to be like a brother, you will not go home with me to day, because I know that will make trouble

for both of us; and so I beg you will go no farther."

"Make thee trouble, my lass?" said the young fellow, falling into the homely speech of his race, as he always did when he was deeply stirred, "I wad rather dee this minute. Why, Nannie, it's t' leet o' me life sin' last Sunday to see thy face and hear thy voice; but so far frae makkin thee trouble, if thou wer' to say, 'John Watkeson, fer my sake, I want thee to go to that plaace t' squire wer' telling on, ower t' sea where t' sailors gang fer silver, that new world wee've heeard on,' I wad gang up t' hill and saay, 'Faather, bless mā; I'se gannin awaay,' an' be off befoar mornin'."

"But that is not what I want, John, at all. It would be wrong to do that. We are to be like brother and sister. You said something to me in the Quire, last Sunday, no man or woman ever said before; and when we took each other's hand that was what I meant."

Then John drew himself up to his full stature, and the girl thought she had never seen a man look more like one of nature's gentlemen than this tall, bearded, brown-eyed youth of two and twenty. He held out his hand again, and again she took it, but with a difference; and a grand, resolute humility, if there be such a thing, touched all the tones of his voice with a power which seemed to be again touched with that most pathetic thing in the world, a man's tears, as he said:

"Nannie, my lass, thy word is to be more to me nor everything else i' this world. Tell me never to touch thy hand wi' mine agaeen, and I'll chop it aff wi' that owd sword me great grand-faather browt back from Towtan battle. Tell me niver to walk be thee side here, ner onywhere, and if I dee to be true to that word dee, I will, and niver come near thā; but before thā says that ward for good an' all, I want to tell thā just how it is here i' me heart.

"Thā never saw my dog, Wrasler, did ta? I wer out on t' moor one wild

day t' winter before t' last, and I faund him under a crag, a poor little whelp, wi' nobody to care for him, starving to deeach. I took him hame i' me cloak and warmed him be t' fire, and fed him wi' milk, and he licked me hand and looked up i' me een as if he would saay, 'Maaster, I know what ye've done, and I is n't going to forget yau.' If I sed to that dog, when I go home to-neet, 'Wrasler, jump into that fire; jump quick!' he would yelp as mitch as to say 'Maaster, what's t' matter?' and then he would jump, and burn for love o' mā! When he sees me get me hat, and I saay, 'Wrasler, just thee stay hame; I da n't want thā; go back!' he makes a sort of moanin' as if he were hurt, and then he goes into his corner and tries to do what I tell him. But when I'm out in t' pasture, there's Wrasler, watching me a lang way off, and trying to hide in t' owd tharns; and then, if I howd up a finger he comes like t' wind. Nannie, I feel like that dog. I can no more help myself than he can; thou's gotten me heart; I would like to call thee something more ner a sister; but raather than hurt thee wi' coming near thee, I'll starve up there on that hill, and no man or woman except thyself will ever know what's t' matter. I'll look at thee a lang way off, for ise a farmer's son, and thā's a lady."

There were tears in his eyes when he had done speaking; and there were tears in the girl's heart ready to flow; but she held her own, and made no sign, as he touched her hand with his lips, with a courtesy Raleigh could not have surpassed, and with a heart like lead, poor fellow, turned down the hill, and over the bridge, while she went swiftly towards the Hall, wondering at what had passed, and knowing now, for the first time, that John Watkinson meant to be more to her than a brother, and that he was more than a brother ever could be, had there been one for her in this world.

Robert Collier.

[To be continued.]

UP THE CUMBERLAND.

I.

THE fairest face that I ever beheld

I saw one night at a German Turnfest. I had ceased dancing a round-dance—one of those gallops that, to be thoroughly and heartily appreciated, has to be danced under the branches, upon a warm summer night, to good music, with excellent partner, and utter *abandon*.

Breathless, overheated, and vigorously applying my fan, I leaned back against the rude pine railing surrounding the dancing-platform, while my partner hastened to one of the many refreshment-tables thickly dispersed throughout the brilliantly lighted grove, in order to procure some cooling beverage.

"Well, what have you decided to do?" asked a man close beside me, and in a very indifferent tone.

"Nothing. What can I do? All is lost," answered a woman in a quiet, even voice.

On hearing the strange words, I turned to behold the speakers. I saw a large, handsome woman seated upon the pine railing in a careless, almost wanton, position. One white hand rested upon the shoulder of her male companion, who stood in such close proximity that he almost rested upon her, while the other tenderly, thoughtlessly, threaded the hairs of his head. The face, as I said before, was the fairest that I ever beheld, one of those rare faces that the most favored of us behold but once in a lifetime; one of those fair, full faces, with clear, well-opened eyes, and skin not only delicately fair but healthy, without speck or flaw; the remaining features perfect, with a slight Teutonic dash over all. The almost white hair was rolled becomingly back from the brow.

The woman had spoken composedly, nevertheless her words were full of

feeling and despair. Her voice was bewildering. I never heard but one like it, and that was at a Methodist camp-meeting. There, the speaker was a delicate, fragile little woman, with pale, thin face. She stood looking up earnestly at her companion, while she told him something about the "great tidal-wave of conversion." Her brown eyes sparkled with enthusiasm. Her face was flooded with a heavenly light. Looking back now, through the long years, I cannot but remember that the woman who had gained all looked up as she spoke, while she, who had lost all, looked down.

"Do! What can I do?" I have been doing all my life; and what has come to me? A broken heart. I have been scheming, planning, through long years, casting aside all hope of heaven for a grot of earthly happiness; and what has come to me? Bitter disappointment. To-night I sit in the midst of broken plans, blighted hopes, and lost faiths. And you—you quietly tell me to think of the future. You are cruel; but I deserve it all—I deserve it all! I should have been wiser. I never should have forsaken all that was good for a love out of which naught but evil could come. Do! What can I do?"

"Ah! if we never did wrong, we could never be brought to such a pass as this," said her companion, either out of cowardice, or with a desire to bring the demented woman to her senses.

"Whatever I did wrong," she replied, without changing the even tenor of her voice, but grasping her friend firmly by the shoulders with both hands, while she looked steadily into his eye, "I did *for you*; and you should be the last man to throw my wrongs in my face. Never again let me hear such words from you. If I am dead to you,

forget me—cast no reproach. You ask me what I am going to do? I do not know. But I can tell you what I would like to do—die!”

“Die? You dare not!” The man started back with a terrified look.

“You dare to place the temptation in my way; why dare I not welcome it?”

“I have placed no temptation in your way. I have done nothing but that which is right.”

“Ah, no! you have done nothing but that which is right!” repeated the woman, her beautiful voice overflowing with venom. “You have only cast aside the woman you love—that you love, remember—because of her poverty, for a woman you loathe, because of her gold. You are happy, I know—ah! so happy! And yet your cup of bliss might just be a little better filled, did you know that, while sitting in the midst of luxury, the woman you cast off did not thread the dark streets, begging her bread in tattered raiment. Take no heed of me, my dear, I can fight my way. I have hands and health. And remember, you will sink, while I shall rise. A different day will come to us both, believe me—believe me!”

“This is too good!” laughed the man. “I suppose in your day you are going to roll in wealth, while I grovel in poverty, and feel glad to sue for a smile of recognition from you. Do n’t be foolish, Mary! Go your way. Perhaps some decent fellow will marry you. Be content and happy, and forget me. Truly, I felt a little anxious regarding your welfare; but I think you can manage. Let us say ‘good-bye’ in a friendly way.”

“And it is thus you cast me off!” she exclaimed, drawing back from the proffered hand. “The woman who has given up all for you—the woman whose love you sought, night and day, till it lay a bauble in your hands, completely at your mercy!”

“Good again, Mary! The woman whose love I sought! You mean the

woman who deliberately passed her love over to me, to do with it as I would.”

For a moment the woman changed. All of tenderness that might have lingered in her manner fled. She tightened her grasp upon his shoulders.

“You coward!” she whispered, in a low, bitter voice; “you know the truth in your heart better, far better, than lips can tell you; and yet you will not acknowledge it! You are happier in ignoring it. You coward! if you had been a man, you would have come to me and said frankly, ‘I have done you a great wrong,’ and then let me go, without any mocking words of consolation. Instead, you try to make yourself believe that all you have done is right—all the wrong, you cast upon me. And then you spoil all by an interest in the bread that shall stay my hunger in future years. Leave me! Leave me!”

With a quick, dexterous movement, she cast the man from her. He staggered a few paces, then, regaining his footing, he turned, with a face livid with anger; his black eyes blazed, and his thin lips quivered. Claspings his right hand, he advanced a step, with the intention of striking. Then, remembering himself, he turned, and stepped briskly from the platform, as if to avoid temptation.

With a wild gesture, the woman raised her interlaced hands, and pressed them to her cheek. For a moment she sat with reverted face; then, slipping from the railing, she glided across the platform, and descended the stairway.

I knew by the expression of her face that the grand old love had surged back into her heart, carrying before it, like straws before the wind, wounded pride, vanity, anger, hatred, indignation. She would not part with him thus. Throughout the long coming years, lonely and full of sorrow, she must remember him in a better light. There must be some kind parting word or look to think of in the bitter day and darksome night.

She hastened after him for a minute; then she stood still. Following, I watched her eagerly. A few feet in front of her I saw her lost lover cross her path. His wife hung upon his arm. They were in company with several jovial friends. They laughed and talked in a loud voice. They did not see her. She peered after them with straining, hungering eyes, till they were lost to her. She turned like a whirlwind, and as she shot past me, and disappeared among the trees, her face was like the face of the dead.

II.

It was a soft, warm evening. An exceedingly fine mist fell from the heavens. There was every indication of a night coming on full of drizzle, darkness, and desolation. Nevertheless, we few passengers of the little despatch boat, the "Hazel Dell," were gathered together upon the deck, watching the great fleet of steamers and ironclads coming gracefully around the curves of the Cumberland River.

The boats were lashed four abreast. We were passing a dangerous point. It would never do, through carelessness, to lose our wealth of ammunition—the ammunition destined to still many a brave heart, and so, perhaps, bring us victory—victory and success.

The mists came down. The bur-nished accoutrements of the thousands of troops, and the bayonets attached to the thousands of guns, stacked in rows and ready for the eager hand to grasp at a moment's warning, struggled in vain to flash and gleam in the light of departing day. Still the mists came down. Several times we made an attempt at light conversation. Each attempt proved a failure. Wit had taken unto itself wings and flown away. Moreover, it absolutely refused to be lured back. Instinctively we shrank from discussing topics of war. We were passing a dangerous point. We were not sure of an hour. We were dumb. We sat in silence. We strove

to amuse ourselves by watching the fleet and admiring the great tattered fragments of dark mistletoe swaying from the naked arms of the noble trees lining the river's edge—splendid old trees, scarred by the lightning of war, reft of beauty and strength by shots from a hundred guns, and left to perish, forsaken and alone. Every now and then we beheld a group of negroes upon the embankment. Poor things! having heard the shrill shriek of the whistles, they had hastened down to the river's edge to see the fleet pass by. Poor things! worn to skin and bone, starving, and with only a few tatters wherewith to cover their nakedness—showing through the mist more like shadows of the departed, than living human beings.

Ah, the misery of war! They who understand the most understand it the least. A strong man is shot, even unto death, and there is great moan. Hearts are wrung, hopes crushed, and loves blighted. Still, there is something left—sympathy, home, food. The women and children living in the midst of war have none of these. They lose their all, and there is no moan. They shiver, they starve; they die a living death, day after day and night after night. They know the meaning of war, and none others. *They* can translate without flaw.

Everything tended towards a depression of spirits, even the pale-faced cabin-boy whom we had on board, a poor lad, evidently a prey to bait from the days of his infancy. The day's work was done. He had come upon deck to rest awhile. He stood with legs crossed, and arms placed upon the railing. He looked mournfully down upon the murky wave. I do not think he was guilty of dreaming of battle-fields, strewn with gory slain; but he certainly hummed one of the saddest airs ever invented by mortal man. It went to our hearts. It thrilled our nerves. It drove us frantic. With one accord we could have taken him by the heels and gently tilted him into

the depths of the river. We refrained, however. Perhaps a fancy that the hitherto refreshing waters of the Cumberland would never again taste so sweet, repressed our murderous* feelings. Then, there was that nun, who never, since her embarkation upon the "Hazel Dell," had visibly crossed the threshold of her state-room, pacing the farther deck like a caged lioness.

There was something in the noble physique and manner of the woman that struck me as familiar, as she walked to and fro in the mist, with hands locked firmly at her back, and bowed head; and once when, in a moment of self-forgetfulness, she passed so close to us that the hem of her robe almost touched us, on catching sight of the nether part of her face, I felt almost confident that I had seen the woman at some past period, where, or when, I could not recall. That at such time and such place, however, she acted not in the capacity of a nun, I felt morally certain. Every movement of the woman proved itself antagonistic to the cloth; the locked hands gave no sign of tenderness; the compressed, handsome mouth no sign of commiseration or pity.

"Let us go down into the cabin. It is growing so damp here, it is hardly safe," ventured Miss Rigby, as the deepening shadows of night gathered about us. As she spoke, the timid little army-nurse glanced furtively through the gathering gloom towards the embankments.

"No such thing, girls!" replied General Hepburn, warmly. "Let us stay here and see the fleet coming up the river through the inky fog. We will never have the chance again — never, as long as we live! Such sights only come to a man once in a life-time. Why, my dear girls, many a one would give a fortune to behold that which we can see to-night merely for the watching."

"But the guerrillas, General!" mildly remonstrated little Rigby.

"Oh, hang the guerrillas! No fear of them!"

"It is easy speaking; but if they should make an attack, which is more than probable, what then?"

"What then? Why, we would simply place you upon deck as our protector! They would never fire at a boat with a woman upon deck. Rascals as they are, I will say that much for them!"

"Put me upon deck, and have them take it for a ruse, and so shoot me first thing!" responded the little woman briskly, rendered somewhat bright, for the time being, through the instinct of self-preservation.

"Good for you, Rigby!" chimed in Major Dunham. "Never let any one inveigle you into a sacrifice of life for their benefit, under any circumstances."

"Well, then, Dunham, since Rigby will not act as protector, what do you say to arranging yourself in her garments and acting in the same capacity, if need be? Are you, too, just a trifle timid?"

The rough old soldier gave utterance to an oath at the base insinuation. Such a very bad oath! Of course, we ladies felt it our duty to utter a few exclamations of astonishment and horror, and to appear inexpressibly shocked. I doubt, however, whether we were seriously affected at heart. It is simply astonishing how much of the rougher half of life we delicate mortals can endure privately!

The last shade of daylight was withdrawn. The darkness became intense. The smoke and steam, issuing from an hundred chimney-stacks, overburdened by the density of the fog, fell about us in a smutty, sluggish shower. To say the least, our situation was trying; yea, even though we had reached a pass in life where personal appearance and love were at a discount. Still, we remained upon deck, watching the fleet trailing its monstrous, palpitating proportions around the curves of the river. The fires, glowing lurid and fitful through the darkness; the myriads

of red, white and blue lights, lifted high above the boats, shining amid the fog like the eyes of demons, and the volumes of sparks, surging from the stacks, rendering the scene frightful in the extreme. Only the plash of the wheels gave us to realize that we still remained this side of hades.

The night wore on. We sat riveted, spell-bound, speechless. Instinctively we felt that words were wholly inadequate to express our appreciation of the scene.

We were brought to our senses by a scream from the nun, who still continued, uninterruptedly, to walk the deck.

"We are run in to!" we heard her exclaim; and the next instant there was a rushing in our ears, followed immediately by a loud crash.

The captain sped past us with clenched hands, white face, and giving utterance to a volley of exceedingly objectionable language. We women were terror-stricken.

"What is it? What is the matter?" we eagerly asked of the nun, who had come close to us.

"Nothing," she replied, in a calm tone of voice, having regained her composure; "nothing—only a detached boat, brushing too close to us in the dark, has torn the trellis-work off the side of the little 'Hazel Dell.' Nothing serious, I know."

We felt exceedingly relieved; but the spell of enchantment was broken. Finding ourselves alone—our gentlemen friends having forsaken us at the first cry of danger: indeed, this does sometimes happen in America—we descended the dark trap, and picked our way to the cabin, dripping as we went, over the few "boys in blue" who lay sleeping peacefully upon their army-blankets, in the storage-room, in the midst of tubs and pails. The poor fellows were returning from a leave of absence, on account of sickness. God help them! They seemed fitter subjects, with their emaciated forms and haggard faces, for the grave, than for a field of battle!

On reaching the cabin, the nun entered her state-room without even saying "good-night." Weary from long watching, Miss Rigby and I entered ours also, in silence.

I think we had slept about an hour and a half, when we were awakened by the shrieking of a whistle. Our blood ran cold.

"What is it?" gasped Miss Rigby, grasping me by the arm like a vice.

"God only knows—listen!" I knew all the signals, but, in my confusion, could not make out whether I had heard two long and one short, or two broad and one short. We were not kept long in doubt. Boat after boat took up the signal of danger. In an instant we were seething in an abyss of confusion and wild turmoil. The very air seemed rent with the shrieking of whistles. It seemed that all the demons of the infernal region, escaped, were holding high carnival in the air about us.

At the first sound of danger, the boats steamed-up, and darted forward into line with lightning rapidity; and, what with shrieking of whistles, intermingling with the shouts of officers, the curses of men, the clang of musketry, and the tramping of horses preparing for landing, our situation was truly appalling; and when the boom of a cannon mingled with the uproar, Miss Rigby and I felt that our days upon the land were numbered. That we never more should gaze upon verdant pastures, or look upon a bit of bright blue sky, we felt morally certain.

"For the Lord's sake! It is an attack!" exclaimed Miss Rigby, drawing the bed-spread tightly over her face, upon hearing the direful sound.

"Of course it is, Rigby!" I cried, springing from the bed, having regained my benumbed faculties. "Of course it is, and we must get out of this!"

"We are safer here than any place," came in muffled tones from beneath the spread.

"Do n't speak nonsense," I answered impatiently. "The first thing they

will do, will be to set fire to the boats. Come, get up, or we are lost!"

Even as I spoke, a lurid glow illumed the outer darkness.

"Look!" I shrieked, trembling with terror, and rushing to the window for an instant; "look, Rigby, they have fired into us again, and set fire to one of our boats! It is 'round the hill, but I know it is in a blaze! Come, get up and save yourself!"

Returning to the bed, frantic with horror, I drew down the covering, and forcibly dragged her to the floor. Her limbs were paralyzed, her face frozen with horror.

I never saw the little woman again.

There was a mysterious noise in the cabin. Having succeeded in partly dressing myself, I cautiously pushed open my state-room door, and peered out. The cabin was deserted by the men. At the side of the table stood the nun, arrayed as she had been in the evening. She was evidently prepared for battle. She held in her hand a coarse leathern belt, from which were suspended ten or twelve flasks, while, with her beautiful white fingers, she endeavored to pick open the obstinate buckle. She muttered to herself, but I could not see the expression of her bowed face. I watched her intently. After a few seconds, as if attracted by my fixed gaze, she looked up and saw me.

Gladly would I have withdrawn into my room; but before I had time to do so she spoke.

"Come here, please, and be kind enough to help me a moment." Her voice was cool and collected. It shamed me. Half my terror and trembling fled. I obeyed. On reaching her, she gave me the belt.

"There," she said, "I have succeeded at last in opening that buckle, and if you will fasten it securely about my waist, I shall be obliged."

The belt was heavy with a burden, and my hands were shaking from fright; but I fastened the buckle securely.

"You are a trifle afraid?" she ask-

ed, looking down upon my trembling hands with a quiet smile.

"Yes, I am afraid," I answered bravely. "I think it is enough to daunt the stoutest heart. Are n't you afraid?"

"Why, yes, a little; but war is my glory. From a battle and a battle-field I expect to gain my happiness upon earth, my peace in heaven!"

There was a depth to the words beyond my ken. It was intended to be such. I drew back from the woman. At that moment there came the boom of a second gun. A sharp cry of pain escaped my lips. The life-blood surged back from my white face to my heart. The nun, too, gave a little nervous start.

"Come!" she exclaimed, and lifting a heavy roll of white cloth from the table, and catching me by the shoulder, she pushed forward; "let us get out of here, or it is all lost—all!"

With a frantic gesture, up flashed the beautiful white hand; and the glorious eyes, although I could not see them, I felt to be full of imploring. Again I knew that her words were full of meaning; but as she dragged me through the dark storage-way, I could not stand on ceremony. I rather clung to her, than drew back.

On reaching the deck, we found the promise of the evening fulfilled. The rain came down in a fine drizzle. The decks were very wet and slippery. Immediately catching sight of us, Hepburn rushed forward, the rain dripping from the awning of the soldier's cap, and running down the glazed cape thrown carelessly over his shoulders.

"For God's sake, women!" he cried, grasping us roughly by the shoulders, "what brought you upon deck? You knew we had enough to annoy us! Go down into the cabin, and if anything happens, we will look after you. At present there is no danger; only an attack by the guerrillas. Only a skirmish; no battle. Go down. You will be safe."

"If there is no danger, General," re-

plied the nun, looking him steadily in the eye, "we are safe here. If there is danger, we are not safe in the cabin. But why speak to us of danger, when night already is lurid with the flame of our boats? No! there will be blood shed to-night, and I shall be needed! I shall be more welcome to dying men than a hundred of your army surgeons."

As she spoke hurriedly, she pointed to the roll of rags carried by me, and patted one of the flasks hanging at her own side.

"General! General!" called an officer.

The General answered the summons, and we were left alone.

Standing unmolested upon the deck, we could not but notice the alacrity and orderly manner with which the tactics of war were conducted. Boat after boat darted like an arrow toward the shore. The troops were landed in haste, but without confusion. They formed into line as orderly as upon dress-parade. The next instant we saw the shadowy column ascending the hillside on the double-quick, and disappearing over its brow.

A moment after, a wild yell of triumph arose from behind the hill, and we knew that our soldiers had come upon the foe, lurking among nature's battlements. The cry was taken up by the soldiers scaling the river-side, and caught, too, by the men still on the decks of the boats. The noise was simply appalling.

"Is n't this perfectly horrible!" I whispered, and at the same time slipped my hand into that of the nun.

"Horrible? I think it is splendid!" She pressed my fingers till I could have screamed with pain. "If I were a man, I could yell, too, to-night! If I were a man, I could fight to-night! I would cry, 'Down with the rebels!' and strike even unto death with every blow!"

The woman was beside herself.

"For God's sake, keep still!" I cried. "Look, they have set another boat on fire!"

"Great God, so they have! What are our men thinking about? Are we never going to set foot upon earth again?"

Even as she spoke, the "Hazel Dell" grated close to the shore.

III.

The early morning came. The rain still continued to fall, sullen and slow. It dripped from the branches mournfully, pitifully. A cold chill pervaded the atmosphere. We were now on shore.

There had been wild tumult at the dead hour of night. The morning-light saw all still. Only the dripping of the rain, the moan of a wounded soldier, the occasional foot-fall of a friend in search of a missing comrade, the twitter of birds, frightened from their nests.

There had been great tumult at the dead of night. Still, only a skirmish had taken place. Only a small band of lawless men had made an attack upon the fleet. They had been driven back from the river, for a mile or two, into the woods, where, overpowered by numbers, they had scattered and dispersed. Our soldiers, victorious, had returned to the boats, that is, with the exception of a few left to gather together the wounded and the dead. The nun and I, having followed in the wake of the troops, were doing our utmost to alleviate the anguish of the sufferers.

"List!" said my companion, "I thought I heard a moan." She bent forward and inclined her ear to the ground.

After a pause it came to us again.

"Which way?" she cried, in a penetrating voice.

The moan was repeated. Her experienced ear instantly detected the direction from which the sound came.

"Come!" she said, straightening herself and stepping bravely through the tall, wet grass, her black robes, heavy with the rain, rustling as they trailed behind her.

We found a dying officer under a bush. He was shot through the breast. From his situation, and from the black trail of blood, we knew that he had painfully crawled out of the way of farther danger, and lain down under the hazel-tree to die. He was almost gone. He lay partly upon his side, with his head thrown back. His eyes were fixing, and the blood-stained hand, pressed upon the wound, was stiffening.

Kneeling beside him, and shoving her strong hand between the massive shoulders and the ground, my companion raised the dying soldier a little, and pressed the mouth of a half-empty flask to his lips.

Our supply of liquor was almost gone. During the past two hours we had succored many a man, who otherwise would have perished.

For some reason of her own, my companion would not listen to any soldier accompanying us in our dismal work. For reasons of her own, she wished to perform her deeds of mercy in darkness. For reasons of her own, she wished to gain her happiness upon earth, her peace in heaven, in a mysterious way.

Holding up the dying man, she gently raised the flask, that a few drops might fall upon the swollen lips. Too late! The blood spurted from the wound afresh, a groan escaped the blackened lips, and the soldier was dead.

Laying him down, she closed the glassy eyes with her beautiful white hands—the hands that I had seen, in that weary, early morning, bandage many a cruel wound, stem the red currents of life flowing swiftly away, wipe the death-damp from the brows of men scarcely alive, and carefully cover the faces of the dead—those beautiful hands that I had seen perform acts that would surely bring peace in heaven—those hands that I had seen do that, too, which made me shudder! Yea, they had raised a horrible doubt in my breast! They had aroused my

suspensions. I was alert. I watched them eagerly, now.

After closing tenderly the eyes, the white hands quietly slipped into the pockets of the dead man. There was no other way of obtaining a clew to his identity—no other way, perhaps, of apprising the people at home of his death. Overlooked by comrades, he might fall to dust under the hazel-bush, while dear ones in distant lands watched, waited, hoped, and longed in vain for his coming through weary years!

"Ah! was that another moan I heard?" she cried.

For a moment I was thrown off my guard. I peered eagerly around; then, remembering, I quickly turned. I saw the nun hurriedly conceal the soldier's purse amid the folds of her sable robes with one hand, while in the other she held a limp, wet letter.

"This letter is all I can find," she said, indifferently, and at the same time arose from the ground; "but his name is upon it, and I shall keep it, and so, perhaps, be able to write to his friends in the course of a day or two. Let me have a rag."

I gave her a small patch out of my diminished roll. She spread it over the poor white face.

"Poor fellow!" she sighed, "I hope the soldiers will find him, and give him decent burial!"

Then she clasped her hands together and muttered a prayer. Heaven knows! she may have been sincere; but my faith in the woman was gone.

"Come!" I exclaimed, impatiently, "let us be doing, or else we shall surely freeze."

I had been pressed into service against my will, and when I had become thoroughly drenched with rain, when my bare hands had become numb with cold, and my feet tired with tramping, I am afraid that I proved to be not the most desirable companion.

"You are very tired," said the nun, kindly; "but we must not give way; we must keep on till we reach the spot where the rebels broke and fled."

"For what?" I asked, in a sarcastic tone. She understood, and kept silence.

We trod on together, without a word, till we came to where a man lay stiff in death. He rested upon one side, his back to us, his face invisible. Still, on beholding him, my brave companion drew back, with deep breathing. She raised her hands swiftly to her head, then, rushing forward, she fell upon her knees beside him, took him firmly by the shoulders and turned him upon his back. One look at the face was sufficient; with a wild cry she drew back. The expression upon her face terrified me. Instantly, she was upon her feet; in a trice she disappeared from my bewildered gaze into the depths of the forest.

Many years had gone by since the going out of the lights at the German Turnfest. Many years had gone by since the last strain of music had died away upon the heavy summer night air. And yet, standing alone with the dead man at my feet, that early morning, upon the banks of the Cumberland, the cold rain saturating my garments, and the

cold air penetrating my flesh, that wondrous night, with all its abandon and revelry, with its strange commingling of refinement and grossness, sweetest strains of Heavenly music, and bitter beer, rose vividly before me.

Again I beheld the splendid woman, whom I had seen goaded on to desperation and violence, by the heartless taunts of a faithless lover, disappear among the trees, with a face full of agony. Again I saw her as I saw her that dreary morning, in a far distant land. All was clear to me now. I knew the dead man, too, who lay at my feet, uncared for—knew him too well. I could not stoop even to close his eyes; I understood the woman, now. She had bartered her soul; for what? for eyes that would never look upon the glister of her gold. For a heart that would never yearn for her in her splendor.

I never saw her again. I have often wondered whether she went down into the lowest depths of vice, or whether all happiness upon earth being denied her, she continued to labor in good faith for her peace in Heaven.

Annie Kerr.

A PYROMANIAC COMMUNITY.

IT is related of Jonathan Martin, who fired the Cathedral of York, that when the golden fringe and other ornaments of the church were found in his possession, he asserted that he had taken them with no intention of stealing, but to secure evidence that he had obeyed the command of an angel from heaven, who had ordered him to do the burning.

Of Maria Franc, a peasant girl, who had abandoned herself to habits of intemperance, it is said that whenever, being in liquor, she descried a fire, she was seized with an impulse to burn, and did burn, a large number of buildings; and though after each act she

was terrified and repentant, yet neither the penalties of the law nor the rebukes of conscience were sufficient to restrain her from repeating the act when excited by drink.

From the time Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, the annals of crime have illustrated the fact that individuals have been irresistibly impelled to incendiarism, while fully conscious of the nature of the crime and of the punishment attending its commission. Most commonly this propensity has been exhibited by persons passing the boundary from childhood to youth; but manhood has not been exempt from its controlling power, nor

age from its disturbing influence. Upon individuals, the effects of its indulgence have been as diverse as the dispositions and characters of the unfortunate victims. At the sight of flames which they had lighted, some have been filled with ecstatic feelings never before experienced, and others plunged into deep despair; while others still have exhibited no emotion, but looked with calm indifference on the destruction their hands have wrought.

This form of insanity, denominated pyromania, is a morbid propensity by which persons, otherwise rational, are impelled to acts of incendiarism without motive. The law-books teem with accounts of individuals thus unfortunately affected; but history makes no record of a community of pyromaniacs. Mad enough communities have often been; but it is rarely difficult to discover the motives which have driven them on in their insane ways. Ambition, hate, revenge, fanaticism, intolerance, these and other kindred spirits have possessed them, and driven them headlong into a sea of troubles. But who shall explain the mystery of the conflagrations that have devastated the great cities of the world, destroyed their commerce, and impoverished their inhabitants? Were not the flames that wasted Rome, Constantinople, London, Chicago, and Boston, all voiceless?

But instead of invading the fanciful regions of conjecture, let me relate a simple tale of fact:

The city of Utica, in the State of New York, was, in the year 1849, the quiet home of less than fifteen thousand people. The city is situated in a romantic and fruitful region, in the interior of the State; and at that time its principal business was with the country lying immediately adjacent. Its capital, which was by no means small, was invested in such goods as an agricultural population were accustomed to demand: in well-built houses for business; in bonds and mortgages, which yielded a moderate but not un-

certain return; in comfortable dwellings and luxurious grounds; in substantial public buildings and unostentatious places of worship. Quite remote from navigable waters, and from the inspiring influences of commerce, such exhibitions of enterprise as are common in commercial cities were very infrequently made; and the bare suggestion of a speculative venture was often repressed and frowned down by the staid and prudent inhabitants, as the rash and undigested scheme of a wild and innovating spirit.

The temper of such a people was, of course, manifested in its daily life, which was inert and prosaic in the extreme. The streets of the city were only filled on holidays and Sundays. Its marts of business were rarely thronged. No stock or grain exchanges were established; and there was then no occasion for the old inhabitants to denounce, or for the pulpit to thunder against, such demoralizing institutions as the theatre and the race-course—for, if there were those in the community who would have been so indifferent to public opinion as to patronize them, there were none so imprudent and injudicious as to import them. But, though devoid of most of the elements which contribute to the rapid accumulation of wealth, it must not be assumed that there was no progress, for the city maintained a slow but healthful material growth; and with such growth its people were quite satisfied. It brought with it none of the corrupt influences which accompany the advance of larger and more stimulated towns; but, in lieu thereof, there prevailed an almost universal love of order and respect for law; a genuine appreciation and liberal countenance of educational institutions; a fast respect for, and close observance of, religious ordinances; and more, and perhaps better, than all, an honest self-esteem, founded, not on the material wealth of the community, but on its intellectual and moral status, which was justly regarded

as its chiefest and most proud inheritance.

Such, a quarter of a century ago, was the character of the community in which the scenes I shall describe were enacted.

On a dark and stormy night, in the fall of the year 1849, the inhabitants of the city were waked from their slumbers by the exciting cry of fire, to witness the destruction of the oldest and most valuable church in their midst. It was an alarm, however, which they were then quite accustomed to hear; as for months previous the city had been visited by many unaccountable fires. As the burnings commenced in isolated barns, abandoned shops, and untenable dwellings, on the outskirts of the town, they had attracted little attention, being regarded as casualties incident to a city of the size of the one in which they dwelt. Nor, indeed, was the tranquillity of the people at all disturbed as the fires worked their way into the limits of the city, consuming buildings supposed to be remote from all danger—warehouses on the very banks of the canal which furnished the supply of water, stables in which no light had been used, well protected stores, and vigilantly guarded homes. A few of the more careful citizens had, indeed, expressed doubts of the efficiency of the night-watch; and some had been known to remark upon the singularity of the fact that the fires had occurred, without exception, on Saturday nights. But the doubts of the former were generally attributed to undue timidity and old-fogy notions; while little was said of the latter, except that they seemed to be superstitiously inclined.

Something was needed to arouse a people who were living in fancied security in the midst of the greatest danger, to a realizing sense of their situation; and to the production of that result, nothing could have been more effectual than the burning of the old First Church, which was endeared to many of the most respected citizens,

as a temple within the walls of which, after many a personal conflict, they had achieved a victory over the powers of evil; every nook and corner of which was filled with tender memories, and associated with thrilling experiences; the whole rendered doubly sacred as the religious school of their children, and the spiritual sanctuary of their fathers.

From such as these, as they gathered in crowds before the church, and followed, with anxious eyes, the tortuous flames as they climbed the burning steeple and shot out their hundred tongues from the spire, as they peered through the crackling windows, under the lifting smoke, upon the blazing pulpit and fire-enwreathed organ, there ascended a cry of terror and regret so deep, so universal and profound, as to leave no doubt that the community was at last impressed with a sense of the danger existing in its midst.

The night-watch had discovered the flames bursting from the steeple windows. The steeple was seldom visited, for the wary sexton was not disposed to gratify the curiosity of boys; and his ascents were only made when the rope needed adjusting, or the bell-hangings wanted oil.

It was soon learned that no one had been known to enter the steeple for many weeks, and the conclusion irresistibly followed that the church had been burned by incendiaries.

And now the alarm of the people was evidenced by their activity. The city fathers were convened in secret session; citizens met and appointed committees to, report plans of action; the night-watch was doubled, and secret police were designated; the fire department was urged to be vigilant. So busy were the authorities, and so great were their efforts for the detection of the criminals and for the prevention of further burnings, that a feeling of security appeared to be returning.

But when Saturday night came round, the city was again aroused by the fearful cry of fire; the bells rang out their

loudest alarm; the firemen hastened to the accustomed scene; but all to no purpose; another building was destroyed, and the incendiary yet abroad.

For months these scenes were reënacted, until a fire on Saturday night was as certainly predicted as the dawn of the succeeding Sunday. Appalled by the constantly impending dangers, the authorities called to their counsels the wisest and most fearless citizens. Public meetings were held, in which orators depicted, in vivid terms, the unprotected situation of the inhabitants; expatiated upon the incompetence of the police force, and the apathy of the governing power; and promulgated theories as to the best manner of detecting the incendiaries. But besides organizing a volunteer watch, nothing was done.

For weeks longer the citizens continued in painful suspense. Of nights, roundsmen patrolled their short beats, inquiring, with bated breath, as they came together, if anything had been revealed; moving lights were seen in many houses, indicating the anxiety of the inmates; insurance companies increased their rates; and still the fires continued. All efforts to discover the incendiary had been unavailing, and all hope thereof was nearly abandoned.

At such a time, and on a Saturday night, a watchman who was secreted on the principal business street of the city, espied a form stealthily moving in the shadows of the buildings, creeping behind boxes, and crouching to shun the light of the street lamps and the reflection of the moon, and advancing more rapidly and boldly when the darkness favored his progress.

With eyes painfully intent upon its suspicious movements, he watched the form until it disappeared in a neighboring alley, when, with muffled tread, he quickly followed on its track, imitating its guilty action — now erectly gliding through the shadows, then dropping down and worming himself along upon his belly, as though the curse of the serpent had been pronounced upon

him — until the scratch of the tell-tale match assured him of the flickering and doubtful light, screened by the careful hand of the unsuspecting actor; and then the blazing fagot revealed the features of the skulking incendiary, and by its lurid light disclosed the criminality of his purpose. The face was well known.

The deed done was the burning of a public stable, filled with valuable horses. At a glance, the officer's course was determined. He permitted the criminal to depart, immediately aroused the sleeping attendants, and gave the not unexpected alarm.

Quickly the bells of the city responded; the wakeful inhabitants thronged the streets, and were borne on to the scene, while the rapid rolling of wheels, the yells of the men, and the trumpet-tones of command announced the approach of the firemen. In the midst of a tumult, such as the firemen of that day only could create, hose were stretched, engines manned, and the steady, heavy strokes commenced.

When the fire was at its height, and every man was doing his utmost to prevent its spread, a squad of police, accompanied by the officer who had detected the incendiary, appeared upon the scene. The crowd, intent upon the flames, did not appear to notice the movement; but the captain of the force placed his hand upon the shoulder of one of the most noisy and active men at the engine-brakes, securely locked his sinewy wrists, and disappeared with him in the swaying throng.

In the midst of the uproar, not a word could be heard; but the mingled expression of astonishment and guilt which darkened the prisoner's face when he caught the eye of the officer, indicated his understanding that his career was run.

An event so fraught with interest was not long kept secret. In the morning the news spread, and the excited populace gathered in knots on the streets. The arrest was the only topic of conversation. It was known that the

prisoner had been seen to set the fire, and that his labors upon the engine were intended to avert suspicion. The officers of the law were profoundly silent; but a rumor prevailed that they had discovered a clew which was to be carefully followed.

Day after day passed, and no revelations were made; yet the confident expression of those in authority, the composure of the city fathers, and, more than all, the fact that a Saturday night had passed without the recurrence of a fire, gave assurance that the track of discovery had been entered upon.

In a few weeks another arrest was effected, a preliminary examination had, and the prisoner bound over to await the action of a grand jury. Many other apprehensions soon followed. The character and position of the persons taken surprised the whole community. Young men of liberal education and unblemished reputation, sons of exemplary and pious parents, heirs to great wealth, men possessed of a competence, and industrious and well-to-do mechanics, as well as the indigent, uneducated, and indolent, were among the number. Some were admitted to bail; others not so fortunate were incarcerated. Several were indicted; but only two, so great was the power of wealth and the influence of friends and of counsel, were ever brought to trial.

Orcutt, the man arrested at the engine-brakes, the son of a poor widow, of dissipated habits and low associations, and without education, was first tried. Detected, *flagrante delicto*, his short, sharp trial was followed by a certain conviction, and the severest sentence of the law, imprisonment for life.

But the trial of Conklin, the second person taken in arrest, excited the intensest interest. He was charged with arson in the first degree, under a statute which defines the same to be "the wilful setting fire to, or burning, in the night time, of a dwelling-house in which there shall be some human being," and which provides that whoever

shall be convicted thereof shall suffer death.

The prisoner was the son of a worthy mechanic, and had learned and followed the trade of his father. He had been religiously trained, and well educated, fond of books and the society of the intelligent, and his acquirements were much superior to those of ordinary men in his position in life. The indictment charged him with burning the dwelling-house of one Sayre. The fact of the burning being proved, the State placed its principal witness on the stand. This was Newell, who had been indicted with Conklin, and who had been accepted as State's evidence against him. As he ascended the stand, all eyes were turned upon him, and the court and jury and audience awaited his examination with breathless anxiety. A feeling of profound and personal interest pervaded the whole assembly. There were present citizens whose shops had been burned, whose goods had been destroyed, whose dwellings had been fired, and who were in utter ignorance of the perpetrators of the deeds, or of the motive which impelled them to their direful acts. This mystery the testimony of Newell was to unfold.

The examination in chief was as protracted and minute as the cross-examination was searching and merciless. He swore that the church, the destruction of which had aroused the citizens from their marvellous apathy, was fired by the prisoner and himself; that they had contemplated its destruction and had fully matured their plans long before they were enabled to fulfil them; that several times they had started out, with resolute determination, to do the burning, and been frightened from the accomplishment of their purpose; and that the opportunity long waited for came on a dark and stormy night, when the prisoner and himself entered a basement window, passed to the organ gallery, ascended well into the steeple, and there laid and fired the train which destroyed the church. He also swore

that they had fired the house of Sayre, for which deed the prisoner was on trial; that to insure the success of their plot, they had taken into their counsel a son of the owner, who agreed to unbolt the doors and lay the fuel; and that, relying on his coöperation, at the dead of night the prisoner and himself passed through the deserted streets of the city to the open door of the shed adjoining the dwelling, fired the train which had been faithfully laid, and retreated in the darkness to await the alarm.

During the recital, the intense feeling of the audience presented a striking contrast to the *nonchalance* of the witness and the indifference of the prisoner. Neither by word nor act did Conklin dissent from the witness' statement, but smiled, as he made his startling revelations, as though the ordeal of the trial was but a by-play to the great drama in which he had been an actor. It was shown that the prisoner and witness were not the only participants in the burnings; and despite the efforts of able attorneys, evidence enough was introduced to make it clear that others under indictment had been their accomplices. The evidence for the State completely dissipated the mysterious cloud that had so long impended over the city. This was the substance of the testimony:

Early in the spring, the fire department, that conservator of the public property, had received an acquisition to its equipment, of two engines. These engines had been purchased, not by the city authorities, but by members of two companies, which were styled independent, and between which a spirit of rivalry had for years existed. Proud of their new possessions, they soon arranged trials of the power of the machines and of the muscle of the men. Once in each month, they met on the banks of the canal, and strove in friendly contest. Whenever a fire occurred, the scene of strife was transferred to it, and to outstrip the other in reaching the fire, or to get

the vantage-ground, was a decided achievement. So exciting were these contests, that interest in the monthly trials entirely subsided. The engine-houses had, meanwhile, become a rendezvous for the members. There they met, to talk over their successes and defeats, to lay plans of future operations, and while away the hours of the night with cards and liquor. Always on the alert, the sound of the alarm-bell never escaped them; but its exciting clang was painfully infrequent. Their hearts yearned for more fires. Why might not worthless buildings be destroyed? Would not they be replaced by better ones? And would not the new buildings be a positive and much-needed improvement to the city? "The wish was father to the thought." So, at last, it came to be known when a fire was to occur; and though the name of the torch-bearer might not be breathed, yet all knew that he went from their midst. On such occasions the engine-houses were crowded, the card-playing lively, and the drinking deep. On rickety buildings and deserted shanties the first ventures were made. Fire after fire was lighted, and not one of their number suspected; but their activity and zeal was lauded by the public, and the heavy labors and bold exploits of the members received their meed of sympathy and approbation. At each alarm, they rushed from the doors of the engine-houses, flushed with the excitement which a fire always creates, and which a knowledge of crime seems to intensify. With each success, confidence increased. Caution gave place to heedlessness; fear to temerity. Deserted buildings were left to the bats. Firing barns became child's play. Shops and warehouses; the grandest church in the city; the well-stocked store of a brother; the dwelling house of a father; these, at last, were sacrificed to placate the demon that possessed these men.

On the trial of Orcutt and Conklin, the State was ably represented by one

who has since become prominent as a prosecuting officer in a much larger field, Judge Garvin, of New York; and the prisoners were defended by the late Joshua A. Spencer, then justly eminent as the most powerful advocate in the interior of the State. Others intrusted the conduct of their defences to counsel who were, even then, distinguished in their profession, and whose fame has since extended throughout our borders. I refer to Senator Conklin, of New York, and Justice Hunt, of the Supreme Court of the United States; and so adroitly did they manage the cases of their clients, that no trials were ever had.

Conklin was convicted of firing a dwelling house in the night-time. The fact was, he set fire to a shed which was no part of the dwelling, except that it was connected with it by a piece of scantling, one end of which was nailed to the back wall of the dwelling and the other to the end of the shed. Over this narrow bridge the technicality of the law marched to a conviction. Orcutt applied the torch to a building filled with hay, in which men were sleeping, and were accustomed to sleep, but not to a dwelling-house. The one expiated his crime upon the gallows; the other passed a

few years in the State's prison, and was deemed worthy of executive clemency. The majesty of the law was vindicated in both cases. Of the others, Newell turned over to the trustees of the church the few thousands he possessed, and was banished to the Botany Bay of that day, California. Sayre went into involuntary exile, and never returned to the city of his nativity. Another, who was indicted, still lives. For a time he shone ostentatiously as a militia colonel in the city of New York, and later, the sheen of his uniform out-dazzled McClellan's in the Peninsula campaign; but the chief of his conquests were made on dress-parade.

The insane spirit which swayed the actors in the scenes which I have described, was quenched with the life of Conklin. How it was born and nourished, and got its growth, in such a community, is a question upon which theorists may speculate and moralists dispute. And yet, in the end, will it not be true that the motives which impelled them in their mad career were so inadequate, that the unsatisfactory solution of the perplexing question will only be reached by declaring them a band of pyromaniacs?

Clarence Weld.

ROBERT AVERIL'S YOUTH.

I THINK Robert Averil must have been what in these days would be called a hearing medium. He had, at any rate, some curious and rather interesting experiences in communication with the world of spirits, at a period when such communication was regarded as coming from evil spirits, and therefore discreditable to the receiver. This popular impression, and the somewhat secluded life of the Averil family, may account for the fact that some sixty years after the occurrence of the events which I shall endeavor to

relate, they seemed to be remembered only as a vague tradition, referred to with a deprecating, apologetic air, as if the relator would not willingly be supposed to vouch for the truth, either of the facts or of their supernatural origin.

When the story came to my knowledge, I was passing the summer with my mother's friend, Mrs. Warner, a granddaughter of old Parson Blaisdell, who, in his day, probably knew as much about Robert Averil's life as anyone.

Mrs. Warner, when I visited her, was a

childless widow, and had abundant leisure, as well as inclination, to pet me to my heart's content. Dear soul! she has since gone to her rest in the fulness of years.

That whole summer seems to me now like a dream of enchantment. The long bright morning we spent in the south porch, where the breath of the honeysuckles floated in, and the door framed a most exquisite landscape. There were hazy blue hills in the distance, changing to green fields just the other side of the sparkling river, on which the white sails crept lazily along, while now and then a steamboat swept gracefully past, marking its white path in the deep blue water. The long slope from the house to the river was so thickly covered with trees and shrubbery that the dwellings of two or three neighbors were indicated only by the smoke occasionally curling upward. I believe Aunt Warner's industry during these delicious days was genuine; at least she laid aside article after article of finished work, while I imagined myself engaged upon an elaborate piece of embroidery, and, in reality, let the hours glide by, enjoying to the utmost the fragrance and the music with which the summer air was filled.

It was on one of the brightest of these mornings, while I was taking, as usual, a stitch in a minute, and watching the butterflies and humming-birds, that the sound of the slowly-tolling bell came over the hill, now full and now faint, but still repeating, "Gone! Gone! Gone! Gone!"

"It must be for Madam Whitby," said Mrs. Warner; "she is over ninety years old, and I heard she was very feeble. Ah, well! they are passing away. She is the last but one of our really old people."

"Then people do die, even here; but not till their time comes?" I commented, with girlish indifference.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Warner, with a quick, reproving look, "you will be quite ready to part with your mother, and with me, in twenty years from now?"

I felt the color rush over my face; and she added, "Of course you were not thinking. None of us are ever quite ready to bid farewell to our own, whether they are

old or young. It's easy to bear other folks' afflictions."

I began to work with increased diligence, to cover my confusion. After a while Aunt asked,

"Did you ever hear anything of our village tradition?"

"I never heard even that you had a tradition," I answered. "It must be delightful to live in a place old enough to have traditions."

"I don't know whether the story is indefinite enough to be entitled to that name," said Mrs. Warner. "The hero was not at all a shadowy personage. I remember seeing him during the last visit I made at grandfather Blaisdell's. He was a young-looking man, with curly brown hair and fresh complexion. He shook hands with me, saying, 'So this is Tom's little girl? She was a baby when I saw her last. They all change! They all change!' and then he sighed, turning from me with a pained look that I fancied expressed dislike. Grandfather looked a little grave as he answered, 'Yes, Peggy grows as fast as need be. I trust she may grow in goodness as well!' I did not see why Mr. Averil should sigh because I was growing; nor did I like to be reminded of goodness, which in my ideal was associated with gravity, while I was by nature a sad romp. So I slipped into the kitchen, where I might make myself heard as well as seen. I stood by the table, where the housekeeper—and servant as well—was busy with her pies, and watched her in silence for a while, at last breaking out with: 'I wish that man would go away, Hannah. Don't bake pies for *him*! I don't like him!' 'An' wherefore no, child?' she asked, with a keen glance. I thought she meant reproach, and broke out crying, for I was what people now-a-days call a sensitive child, and my excitable ways brought me many a word of blame for bad temper. 'He does n't like me to grow!' I sobbed out. 'Dinna like ye to grow?' 'No! he did so'—imitating his manner as well as I could, and repeating his words. Hannah tried her oven, saw to the fire, put in some pies to bake, and took up her rolling-pin, working with energy. I had got over

crying, and was peeping through my fingers, to see if I was likely to get a scolding, when she said, abruptly, 'His ain lad does nae grow, and happen the thocht o' it hurt him. The mon's nae canny, Miss Margaret, my dear; but I'm nae thinkin' he's that ill, to begrudge the life to his neeburs!' Just then grandfather opened the door from the sitting-room, and I ran out at the other. The next chance I could get I asked Hannah why Mr. Averil's little boy did not grow, and she exclaimed, 'Boy! A mon o' forty years!' Then, with a sudden change of tone, she said, 'Child, din na be speerin' at me anent the concerns o' ither folk!' I never could get her to say any more."

"But is that all?" I asked, as Aunty appeared to conclude her narrative.

"Really, I am afraid, now that I come to get my story into words, there is not enough of it to meet your expectations. I know that in some way I gained the idea that Mr. Averil was about the age of my grandfather, who was then over seventy; but I cannot be sure that there was any good foundation for such an idea. Grandfather did not live long after that time; and my father, of whom I remember very little—my mother I never saw—was lost at sea; so I was given into the care of my mother's family. There have been many changes since then!"

Aunt Margaret sighed, and seemed falling into a reverie; her eyes had that far-off look that I have since learned to recognize as peculiar to those from whom death has separated all nearest and dearest. But she soon continued:

"You know that I only moved to this place two years ago; and although I have occasionally mentioned my childhood impressions of Mr. Averil, I have really learned nothing to explain them. The few remaining of those who lived here in my grandfather's time, speak of Mr. Averil as 'the man who did not grow old'—'the man who never expected to die;' but what he really was, or what became of him, is more than I can tell. I am quite sure, however, that there is, or has been, a belief that he fell into the power of the Evil One!"

I can remember that a sort of shiver ran over me at this, and the bright day seemed suddenly shadowed; but I soon shook off the nightmare-like oppression, and changed to the more cheerful subject of the direction of our afternoon drive.

"I wonder if you would not like to visit Ma'am Chase?" said Aunty. "She lives quite at the other end of the town, in what is called 'the old settlement.' It is about three miles from here; just a pleasant distance."

"Of course I should like to go," I answered; "but who is Ma'am Chase?"

"She is the one remaining of our very old people; I do n't know exactly how old she is, and I suspect she does not know herself. When she was a girl she lived with the Harrimans; and then, after the old lady and her daughter died, leaving the Doctor alone, she came back there as Mrs. Chase, with a half-witted son. The old Doctor had no near relatives, so she kept house for him till his death, when he left her the use of the homestead and furniture during her life. She lives there in a snug, comfortable way, and her son knows enough to attend to the garden and field, after his fashion. I do n't suppose anything would convince the old woman that her 'boy Isaac' is not as smart as anyone, though he never did take to book-larnin'!"

"I wonder if she would not remember something about Mr. Averil?" said I. "She must have been old enough to know about him."

"I think it very doubtful whether she ever heard any more than I did," answered Aunty. "She probably remembers his name; and it is likely that she has a confused idea that he was strange or uncanny; but for some reason or other, his story, if he had one, was a forbidden subject. If the old Doctor were living, he might, perhaps, tell us something, if he would."

"If—perhaps—if—and he is dead!" I exclaimed. "It is clear that my curiosity is not to be gratified."

Just then the bell rang for dinner.

In the afternoon we drove through unfrequented roads, by a round-about way that doubled the distance, to see old Mrs. Chase. The bees hummed, the grass-

hoppers chirped, the mowers whetted their scythes; all busy sounds — yet combined with the rustling of the leaves and the scent of the hay - fields in the soft summer air, their irresistible effect was a dreamy, almost drowsy, languor. So we drove in silence — at least, Aunt Margaret drove, while I leaned back in luxurious content. Old Dick plodded on, sometimes trotting, more frequently walking, and occasionally — when he passed a spot in the road where the grass looked especially inviting — coming to a dead halt, and reaching downward for a bite. Disappointed in his expectations by the restraint of the check-rein, he would look round at us with a grieved, reproachful expression, and start on again, moving with a little more energy than before, as if in hope of comfort at his journey's end.

Just as we came in sight of the "old settlement," Aunt Margaret said, "You must remember one thing, my dear; Ma'am Chase is *not* deaf."

There was a look in her face that made me suspect mischief; but Dick had quickened his pace, and we were stopping at the gate of a low - roofed house that had once been painted straw-color. An old woman, with a broad cap - border, a big apron, and two or three double chins, was at the door, exclaiming, "It is n't Mrs. Warner! Isaac! Isa-a-ac!"

Isaac did not come — probably because he was not within hearing distance; so Auntie attended to Dick herself. I do n't think old lady Chase's tongue stopped once before we entered the house.

"And who have you got with you? 'T is n't one of Ned's girls?" she was saying when we reached the door.

"No," said Aunt Margaret. "Do you remember Sally Reed?"

"To be sure, I remember Sally Reed; she that married Philip Bernard from out York way. I've heard tell he took the Western fever, and carried poor Sally 'way off to Ohio. You do n't mean to say this is her daughter? Well, well!" and she shook hands with me vigorously.

"People say I look like my mother," I remarked, thinking I must say something.

"People liked your mother — of course

they liked her. She was a nice, pretty-behaved girl as ever I want to see — always had a good word for everyone."

"She has that still," I answered.

"Still? No, not so very still, she was n't. It's like she's grown to be that, since she's grown older."

I tried to explain, but was interrupted:

"Sakes alive, child, I ain't deaf! Ye need n't no ways raise your voice to me! Young folks always think old folks must be hard of hearing. I've got all my faculties pretty well yet, I'm thankful to say."

Aunt Margaret came to my rescue, with her low, clear tones:

"I am going to have a good talk with you about old times, Mrs. Chase; and I want Mary to see your garden."

"Yes, yes;" and Ma'am Chase waddled across the room, to take down an enormous pair of shears; "young folks like flowers. My boy Isaac's a great hand to raise 'm — has better luck with his flowers than his vegetables. There, child," leading the way through a passage to the back door, "just cut as many as you like — they'll soon fall off anyhow. May be you think it's queer to have flowers in the back yard. It was the Doctor's way, to keep folks from pickin' of 'em; and I've jes kep' things as they was when I was a girl." She gave me the shears, and went back to the keeping-room; I could hear her voice all the way.

Such a garden! I do believe every blossoming plant known in the neighborhood, and not requiring tender nurture, was to be found there; but without the faintest attempt at tasteful, or even orderly, arrangement. I wandered about, well enough amused, gathering blush and white roses, lily-of-the-valley, and pansies, with myrtle and sweetbriar; — flowers without fragrance I always considered no better than hypocrites. I had just finished a bouquet to my liking, when I heard Mrs. Chase approaching, remonstrating with all her might against Aunt Margaret's intercession of going home. She took the shears, exclaiming at me for being afraid to pick flowers where there were such a plenty, and began to cut monkshood, sweet-william, roses, bachelor's - button, southernwood,

London pride, etc., with an unstinted hand.

As soon as we were permitted, we took our departure. When we were fairly on the road, I burst into a fit of laughter, and Aunt drew a long breath; but when I made a pretence of endeavoring to lift, with both hands, the big bunch of flowers, she shook her head at me.

"See what else the old lady gave me," said she, moving so as to show me a large leather-bound volume at the end of the seat. "I asked her some questions about Mr. Averil, as you suggested; but, as I supposed, she could not tell much; though she was quite sure that the old Doctor knew all there was to know. She said she should not wonder if it was written in his great book, though she had never had time to read it. She was quite willing to give the book to me, for she said Isaac would never care to read it, and she had kept it only because it was the Doctor's. I suspect that neither the old lady nor her son possesses the ability to read writing."

I was all eagerness, but Aunt would not consent to have the book opened that evening, saying she was responsible to my mother for my health, and she could not allow me to excite myself over such stories just before sleeping. The next morning, however, we took it up, and found—not only what we were looking for, the story of Robert Averil's life, but so many facts and comments concerning other families, that Aunt Margaret decided that the volume ought to be destroyed. She felt sure that Dr. Harriman would have given instructions to that effect, if he had been aware of the approach of death; but as he died of apoplexy, of course it was impossible. She allowed me to copy what referred to the Averil family, since that could not give pain to any living person. It seems that the Doctor had written his diary as a sort of confidential friend—perhaps led to do so by the fact that he could not venture to speak of any private matters in his own house, his wife being a well-known gossip, going, indeed, by the name of the "Town Gazette."

The first allusion to Mr. Averil was this: "Strange hallucination—if it be an hallu-

cination! I *know* that Robert Averil is not many years younger than myself; yet the marks of age are strong upon me, while he is fresh and young, as I remember him twenty years ago. Is it possible that a strong belief, a fixed idea, should produce such an effect on the bodily frame?"

But I will not compel the reader to the same slow process of digging out the facts that I struggled through with, years ago. I believe you will thank me rather to narrate them in a connected form.

Mr. Averil was a gentleman of English birth, who emigrated to the Colonies while yet unmarried. Many were the conjectures as to the cause of his leaving his native country; and the prevailing opinion seemed to be that he had met with some disappointment or misfortune. However that might be, he was certainly not driven hither by poverty; for when, after a few years of a wandering, apparently aimless, life, he married Bessie Carroll, an orphan of good family and tolerable fortune, the home he prepared for her was not lacking in luxuries. He built a house at some little distance from the village, and laid out the grounds in English style, so far as was practicable in the newness of the country, and with the insufficient number of skilled laborers.

Mr. and Mrs. Averil were both considered haughty and unapproachable, by a majority of the towns-people. They were Episcopalians, which fact was, in the estimation of many, of itself a sufficient cause for their isolated life.

They had one child, Arthur; and it may well be supposed that all good things which affection could suggest and wealth procure, were lavished upon the boy. There had even been some talk between the parents of removing to England for his sake, as the progress of his education made further advantages desirable. To send him alone was not to be thought of. But all plans were brought to a pause, when Arthur was about thirteen years of age, by a sudden and alarming illness, which carried the boy, within a few days, almost beyond the reach of hope.

Worn with watching, Robert Averil one

day left the room in which lay what seemed but the shadow of his child, and threw himself on a sofa, in the hope of obtaining much-needed repose. But sleep does not come so readily to those in the anguish of suspense. He tossed wearily, seeking in vain to forget for a moment his hopes and fears. His thoughts ran persistently in the one channel. With everything to make life attractive and desirable, why should death come near him?

After some time had passed—it might have been months, it might have been hours—these words reached his ear, in a voice like the softest music:

"Why will mortals choose death, when they might have life?"

"Little choice have we," he answered, aloud and scornfully.

There was a pause; then the sweet tones were heard again:

"Robert Averil, I offer to you eternal life and immortal youth!"

"To *me*, alone? *No*. Of what value would life be to me without the presence of those I love?"

"And if they are included in my offer?"

"Who are you, that dare to claim power over life and death?"

"What does that matter? Test my power, if you will. I offer to you to arrest the process of decay that is the portion of mortals; and I make the offer not for yourself alone, but also for your wife and child!"

"To arrest the process of decay? Shall we not, then, change?"

"You will not change in feature. Your intellectual growth will be undisturbed."

"My wife and child"—said Robert Averil thoughtfully; "have I the right to choose for them?"

"You have the power at present. Can you really doubt that they would desire what you desire?"

"Ask them! Ask them! I entreat! If, indeed—"

"I have lingered too long already," answered the voice, grown sharp and stern.

"Did I not say truly that mortals *choose* death?"

"Nay, nay!" cried Mr. Averil, as Arthur's wan, wasted face appeared before

his mental sight. "Let me ask, once more, will you indeed restore to my boy his vigor and beauty, and grant to us, as a united family, immortal youth?"

"I have said it," the slow, soft tones replied. "Choose, or refuse!"

"Then, give us life!"

The answer came without delay:

"Earthly life and earthly good are yours forever!"

Then, thought and consciousness faded away, so that when Mr. Averil awoke, he remembered his dream, as he supposed it to be, with a pang of regret that it was but a dream. He hastened to the bedside of his boy, to find him in a sleep that seemed but a short remove from death. Yet when the waking came, after hours of motionless slumber, the physician, for the first time since the commencement of the illness, spoke of hope. As it proved, he did not speak without reason, for Arthur's recovery was nearly as rapid as his decline had been.

Mr. Averil told his wife of his strange dream, and she expressed the earnest wish that it might have been reality. "Of course," said she, "I know that to be impossible; but think of what we have just passed through, and may, perhaps, endure again; only the end might be different. And if it should not be so, then Arthur must, of necessity, have the pain of parting with one or both of us. How cruel it is that we, whose whole lives are bound together, should not be allowed to remain united here, nor even to pass away at the same time! How terrible to be torn asunder by the irresistible power that we call death!"

Robert tried to soothe his wife, and strengthen himself, by reference to their common Christian hope, and was met by the answer: "Yes, yes, I believe, but I do not feel! It is all darkness!"

The subject was dropped for the time, and the life of the family moved on in its accustomed groove. It does not seem that it occurred to either husband or wife to regard what had passed as anything but a dream; not even when, about a year later, Mr. Averil consulted a physician as to the possible effect of such an illness as Arthur had had in retarding his growth.

Year after year passed on, and the boy, though restored to perfect health, remained, in external appearance, precisely what he was when attacked by sickness. Strange fancies began to work in the minds of the parents. As time wore away, it became impossible to conceal from the servants, and the few friends who visited at the house, the fact that the bright, talented lad would always be a boy in stature. "No wonder," it was said, "after such terrible suffering! They might well be thankful that he escaped with life, and without deformity."

By and by people began to compliment Mr. and Mrs. Averil on their youthful appearance. "They must be standing still, to wait for Arthur." When such remarks were made in their hearing, Robert and Bessie sometimes exchanged glances, but oftener avoided the meeting of eyes. They withdrew more and more from society, and dismissed all their servants but a middle-aged couple. They would not have their son learn of the terrible phantom of apprehension that haunted them day and night. Eternal life-on earth had ceased to seem desirable, or even tolerable, since they had begun to comprehend what it must involve. To be separated, not only from other human beings—that might have been endurable—but from a possible future! To have no future, only an eternal Now! To live, and learn, and forget, and learn again! To have no hopes, because they could have no fears! To see the seasons come and go, and know that they should outlast them all! True, the falling of the leaves, the placing of seed in the ground, had ceased to be to them a token of coming death; but so had the springing forth of new life ceased to be a symbol and promise of the resurrection. They had life and youth immortal, and they found it a burden too heavy to be borne.

Still, they did not give up hope. They had had a severe shock; all would come right in time. Robert read diligently whatever narratives he could obtain relating to nervous and mental disease, and its physical accompaniments or consequences. Not till Arthur was nearly thirty years old, did his father make a confidant of Dr. Harriman; and some years it seems passed even after that, before Arthur was made

acquainted with the singular incident, or, as Mr. Averil persisted in calling it, dream or illusion, which had been brought about by his illness.

He heard the tale in silence, with his face buried in his hands. At its close, he sprang up with whitened lips, exclaiming, "What is done can't be undone, they say; but I shall try!" One look at his father, from eyes that flashed with anger, and he left the room.

Robert and Bessie sat late that evening, talking of probabilities and possibilities. The wife had never resented the disposal of her future made by her husband, and their common grief was a bond of union between them. Now, their one thought was how to soften the strange affliction to their son. But what could they do for the petted and spoiled boy that had not already been done? They could only promise themselves to aid him in the fulfilment of every wish, in the attainment of every possible good; and that, alas, would be nothing new. With a heavy heart the mother was passing Arthur's door, on her way to her chamber, when she detected a strange heat in the air. She tried the latch, but it did not yield, and she called her husband. He broke open the door, but they both started back from the stifling gas that rushed out, then sprang forward, to see a large pan of half-burned charcoal, and Arthur—quietly asleep. As they crossed the threshold, in leaving the room, Robert fancied that he heard at his side a low, taunting laugh.

No very minute particulars of their life afterward are given. It is only known that the son, their devotion to whom had cost them the loss of hope beyond the grave, showed toward his parents a fierce resentment. He seldom sat in company with them, and often left the house for weeks together. His violin was the only indoor amusement that he did not desert; and such music that wailed through the house! His studies were thrown aside—time enough for those after some hundreds of years.

Strangely enough, all these anxieties and troubles left no visible trace on the features of any one of the family. Young and care-free they remained, to all appearance. But

they were now seldom seen in the village; and they encouraged the coming of no visitors, except Dr. Harriman and old Parson Blaisdell—the healer of the body, and the helper of the soul. However, Mr. Averil probably regarded them less in the light of their official characters than as genial, sympathizing men, accustomed from their position to observe many things without comment. Parson Blaisdell, especially, was a good deal of a student; and, though he had his hobbies, he did not ride them on all occasions, nor with all people.

It was about this time that rumors began to circulate, charging the family with unlawful dealings with the invisible world; a character which, in those days, was sufficient to exclude anyone from respectable society. Still, it was said, as long as the parson visited them they could not be so very bad. Parson Blaisdell was subjected to numerous questionings; but his invariable answer was an admonition to the curious, to confine their attention to their own affairs. Dr. Harriman could not be made aware of any mystery: he "admired Mr. and Mrs. Averil; Arthur had been sick, and was peculiar, as everyone knew; people might be sure the family did not trouble themselves to question him about their neighbors; they had enough business of their own." Old Wilson, and his wife Ellen, their only servants, were not more communicative: they were "thankful they had neither itching ears nor wagging tongues."

Some dozen years after Dr. Harriman was first informed of the supposed supernatural cause for the singularly preserved youth of the Averil family, Robert and his wife were sitting, one evening, both occupied with books. It was often so; they sought, in this manner, the relief from their own thoughts, that Arthur found in a wild out-of-door life.

Suddenly, Mr. Averil's pulse stood still, at the sound of the well-remembered voice, soft and sweet as ever, but now recognized as cruelly soft and poisonously sweet.

"Earthly immortal, you have all that you could ask: are you content?"

"Fiend!" was the one word to which

Robert gave utterance; yet no sound came from his lips, for Bessie read on undisturbed.

"Fiends do not visit the children of earth uninvited, Robert Averil," said the low, taunting voice. "When, because their own individual plans and wishes are crossed, men murmur at a universal good, reproaching and rebelling against the Giver of good, they add strength to us, who are evil, and aid in the accomplishment of our purposes."

"You acknowledge yourself to be evil, then?" asked Robert.

"Do *you* doubt it?" answered the voice. "I am of the spirits of the earth and air, and have given to you what is in our power to give. Even burial will not destroy your life. Foul gases will not destroy it, as your son has discovered. Earthly troubles will not harm you—in truth, you can have none, except such as are within you; but fire will burn, and water will drown! Farewell! I shall not visit you a third time."

The loud, unrestrained, mocking laugh, rang through the room again and again; then grew more and more indistinct, till it died away in the distance. Bessie shivered, and remarked, without looking up from her book: "The wind must be rising: how it does whistle and howl about this old house!"

Soon after this occurrence it must have been, when old Wilson and his wife took passage for England. It was reported that they were homesick, and weary of the strange, solitary life they were leading. It may here be remarked, that the ship in which they sailed was never heard from afterwards.

The Averils did not hasten to secure other servants; perhaps they were aware that it would not be an easy task. But they began to dispose of the horses, cattle, etc., belonging to them. They offered, through the Doctor, to give two cows to a poor woman with a large family; but she rejected the gift. She would not dare take anything from that house, she said. So they managed a sale through an agent, who did not allow superstitious fancies to interfere with the transaction of business.

To the Doctor, Robert explained that they might not remain much longer in the place—it might do Arthur good to see the world; at any rate, they found it desirable to lessen their cares.

Arthur's dog, a great Newfoundland, was regarded as one of the family, and, they said, would go with them wherever they went; while the only other pet in the family, a parrot that had forgotten its speech, was given to Mrs. Harriman.

The demeanor of the different members of the family towards each other underwent a marked change. Robert and his wife had always appeared to retain their early affection; indeed, on his part, it was rather increased by his anxiety to make up to her for the wrong he had done her; while she never admitted that he had harmed her in any way, being ready and desirous to share whatever might befall her husband and child. Yet, of late, silence had fallen between them; and their mutual regard had been evinced rather in a careful attention by each to the comfort of the other, than in looks or words. Now, however, they resumed a manner more in accordance with their apparent age; they were even gay, with a tender, subdued gayety. And Arthur, who had so long held himself aloof, shared in these renewed demonstrations of affection. His mother's hand was often clasped in his; and he never left her without a kiss. He did not forsake his rambles; but he went no longer alone. Many of the delicious June days were spent, by the whole family, in the open air, either in exploring the woods, or in sailing on the pond—Averil's Pond, as it was called.

This state of affairs may have continued for a month or more. Dr. Harriman visited the family frequently during this period. He was tormented by apprehensions for which he could not account. He had, at the time of it, been told of Arthur's futile attempt upon his life, but he had not yet heard of the later communication with the tempting voice. Business at this time made it necessary for him to visit a neighboring town, and he was absent some ten days. On his return, he found a letter awaiting him from Mr. Averil. It contained an ac-

count of the last visit of the Invisible, and a farewell; but there was no more definite intimation of his purposes. On the same afternoon Dr. Harriman rode out to the mansion. There were weeds of a week's growth in the flower-beds; and, with a sinking heart, the Doctor lifted the knocker. The summons, twice repeated, brought no answer. He tried the latch, and finding the door unfastened, he passed into the family sitting-room. Thick dust lay on the furniture; the house-plants were withered for want of water. Dr. Harriman did not search further; he had a feeling as if not alone; and his relief was indescribable on once more reaching the open air. Half ashamed of his retreat from the house, he rode down to the pond and for some distance along its border, seeking, yet dreading to find, confirmation of his fears. The little pleasure-boat floated past, keel upward. At the same moment a cloud passed over the sun, and the shadow rested on the water like a pall. The air, to the Doctor's excited imagination, was full of weird voices; yet, when he compelled himself to listen intently, he could distinguish nothing but the sigh of the wind through the pines. He started his horse in a gallop, and rode from the place, feeling, as he confessed in his diary, as if a legion of evil spirits were following him.

At the time when Robert Averil disappeared—weary of life, though surrounded with comforts, and favored with the companionship of those dearest to him—he could not have been much beyond three score and ten.

Dr. Harriman, not caring to become involved in an investigation, kept his knowledge of the affair to himself; so the townspeople did not immediately learn of the desertion of the Averil mansion. One night, however, the sky was lighted up with a reddish glare, and it was said it must be Averil's house; but no one showed any disposition to offer aid. On the following morning, a party of young men, led either by curiosity or by humanity, rode out to see what had happened, and found only a heap of smouldering ruins. There were traces of a gipsy camp at a short distance; but

whether the fire was accidental, or was set for the purpose of concealing robbery, could not be known.

It appeared that Mr. Averil had withdrawn all his money from the hands of those to whom he had been in the habit of trusting it for business; so that many be-

lieved that he had left the country in a secret manner, in accordance with his known inclination to avoid notice.

As for the land, I believe there was search made for the heirs, but I never heard that any were found.

Mary Bernard.

RECOMPENSE.

O ROLLING years, rushing years, cease awhile your hasting!
 O silent years, shadowy years, cheating me of youth;
 Ever stealing hopes, grasping good, you leave the bitter-tasting:
 What joy shall reassure me in my ruth?

O heavy years, heartless years, shattering golden day-dreams!
 O cruel years, crafty years, bearing off all bloom;
 All subtle sweets, tender ties, where love's rarest ray gleams,
 You scatter, break remorselessly, in gloom!

Yet, fleetest years, flying years, while you hush my singing,
 O fertile years, fuller years, nearer to the sun,
 I watch for you, welcome you, a wider wisdom bringing,
 And clasp you to my bosom, every one!

Yet, gathering years, binding years, bowed 'neath harvests hoary,
 O trusted years, truthful years, still you win my love!
 Each coming one shall garner some richer, riper glory,
 Where life's lost treasures wait for me above!

Celeste M. A. Winslow.

OUR GREAT FRESH-WATER LAKES.

IF to err is human, then certainly the man who penned the following, which we clip from a newspaper, may claim a high notch in the scale of humanity. It has gone the "rounds" of the papers, with slight modifications, several times within the past few years, always as far from the truth, and always without an effort at correction:

"The size of our fresh-water lakes is as follows: Lake Superior—Length 385 miles; breadth 160 miles; mean depth 688 feet; elevation 627 feet; area 42,000 square miles. Lake Michigan—length 300 miles; greatest breadth 180 miles; mean depth 900 feet; elevation 507 feet; area 23,000 square miles. Lake Huron—length 100 miles; breadth 160 miles; mean depth 600 feet; elevation 274 feet; area 20,000 square miles. Lake Erie—length 250 miles; breadth 80 miles; mean depth 84 feet; elevation 555 feet; area 6,000 square miles. It will thus be seen that Superior is the largest, the most elevated, and contains the largest area; that Michigan is the deepest and broadest; that Huron is the shortest, and has the lowest elevation; that Erie is the narrowest, the shallowest, and contains the smallest area; and that Superior and Huron are of the same breadth."

That these errors are not accidental or typographical is shown by the comments: Lake Michigan the broadest and the deepest; Lake Huron the shortest and lowest! It would be idle to attempt to show that the waters of Lake Michigan have no fall of 233 feet, in passing through the Straits of Mackinac to Lake Huron; nor that they run up hill—from 274 feet to 555 feet above the sea—in passing from Lake Huron to Lake Erie.

Though these data are so obviously incorrect, it would be impossible to substitute others that shall be entirely free from uncertainties, until the completion of the United States Survey of the Lakes; a sur-

vey which has been in progress, with more or less rapidity, since 1841, the date of the report of Capt. W. G. Williamson, by whom this very important and highly useful work was commenced, at the mouth of Green Bay and in the vicinity of Mackinac. In the autumn of that year it was transferred to Capt. T. J. Cram. He was succeeded by Capt. J. N. Macomb, who completed the survey of the "Straits." In 1858, Capt. George G. Meade took charge, and introduced many important changes, among them the recording of the winds and the weather at a number of stations, and the use of self-registering tide-gauges, by which the various changes of water-level are duly recorded by a continuous curve. The late war called Capt. Meade to more important service: to promotion, and to the tracing for himself a glorious "war record." Capt. Meade was succeeded in the superintendence of the Lake Survey by the late Col. J. D. Graham, by Gen. F. W. Reynolds, and by Gen. C. B. Comstock, who is in charge of the Survey at the present writing.

That this survey is being done in the most thorough manner, may be inferred from the following statistics of the operation of one of the parties in a single season:

Number of buoys set,	- - -	335
Stations built,	- - -	544
Pointings of the theodolite,	- - -	8,547
Readings of the theodolite,	- - -	10,345
Shore line run—in miles,	- - -	157
Lines of soundings,	- - -	2,181
Casts of the lead,	- - -	39,101
Observations for meridian,	- - -	15
Observations for magnetic variation,	- - -	118
Triangles measured and computed,	- - -	39

In one of the annual reports, showing the whole amount of work, by all the parties, in one season, we find such items as the following: 263,688 casts of the lead from small boats; 2,504 from a steamer; number of miles along which these soundings were taken, from the steamer 1,586; from small boats 5,278. Surely, such in-

dustry is commendable, and cannot but be productive of good.

The "Sun Telegraph" was used by officers of the Lake Survey, in 1865, which is believed to be the first time when the Morse alphabet was used for conveying messages, by means of flashes of sunlight from the "heliotrope." While using this instrument on Green Bay, in that year, Assistants Wheeler and Robinson commenced communicating with each other, by cutting off the light from this instrument in such a way as to make a telegraphic alphabet, to be read by sight instead of sound, the distance being about twenty miles; thus utilizing the practice by which we, in our school-boy days, plagued the girls by reflecting the sunlight stealthily into their eyes. It may detract some from the self-gratulation which these officers no doubt indulged, to find that the Indians have long been in the habit of communicating in a similar way with their friends at a distance. So all claims to originality are disputed.

It is matter of much regret that the important scientific and practically useful results of this survey are not more fully made public, from year to year, as they are acquired; the annual reports being chiefly confined to a statement of the season's work. The really valuable results, so far as they are published, are the very accurate and beautiful charts with which every lake vessel is supplied, and which are an indispensable aid in the safe navigation of the lakes. Much very valuable information, no doubt, lies buried in the archives of the survey at Detroit, liable to be forever lost by fire, or overlooked by change of the *personnel* of the survey. Had these results been published more freely and fully, it would not now be so difficult to find correct information respecting the dimensions and physical features of the great American lakes. Let us hope that this matter will receive the attention which it deserves from those in authority, and that the needed information will be supplied.

The following statements, though not entirely reliable, may be deemed a much closer approximation to the truth.

LAKE SUPERIOR.—Length, on a curved

line, 400 miles; greatest breadth 150 miles; area 38,875 square miles; area of water-shed, or of all the country—not including the lake surface—affording water-supply to this lake, 51,630 square miles; discharge at outlet 90,783 cubic feet per second; length of coast line, counting its sinuosities, 1,700 miles; temperature of surface water in summer, 50 to 55 degrees Fahrenheit; of the water below 200 feet, 39 degrees, which is about the mean annual temperature for the latitude of this lake; deepest sounding 1,014 feet; elevation of its surface above the sea, 600 feet.

LAKE MICHIGAN.—Length 320 miles; greatest breadth — from Milwaukee to Grand Haven — 84 miles; area 20,838 square miles; area of water-shed 37,678 square miles; deepest sounding found on any chart yet published, 870 feet; elevation of surface above the sea 578 feet.

LAKE HURON.—Length 250 miles; greatest breadth 100 miles; area 29,383 square miles; area of water-shed, 31,712 square miles; discharge at outlet, 233,726 cubic feet per second; deepest sounding 702 feet; elevation of surface above the sea 578 feet.

LAKE ERIE.—Length 240 miles; greatest breadth 60 miles; area 9,522 square miles; area of water-shed 21,371 square miles; discharge at outlet 242,894 cubic feet per second; deepest sounding 204 feet; elevation of surface above the sea 565 feet.

LAKE ONTARIO.—Length 180 miles; greatest breadth 55 miles; area 7,181 square miles; area of water-shed 21,587 square miles; discharge at outlet 325,839 cubic feet per second; greatest depth about 600 feet; elevation of surface above the sea 232 feet.

The items above, showing the area of the several lakes, their water-sheds, and the amount of discharge, are taken from an elaborate report by D. F. Henry, made in 1867, while connected with the Lake Survey. The grand total area of the lakes (including several smaller lakes) is 108,631 square miles; of the water-sheds 175,571 square miles. These figures show that our lakes constitute about one-third of all the fresh water of the globe.

The action of the waters of these lakes upon their shores, wearing them away in some places, accumulating sand-beaches, and even sand-hills, in others, with the great changes of level in ancient times, indicated by sand-beaches far above the present water-level, afford much food for geologists to digest. Dr. Edmund Andrews, of Chicago, has already tried his hand upon this very interesting branch of the subject, and has shown very clearly that these North American lakes may be considered as chronometers of Post-Glacial Time. After a detail of numerous carefully observed facts, the Doctor arrives at the following conclusions with respect to the past history of Lake Michigan, and doubtless applicable to the other lakes:

1st. The uppermost beach began to form immediately after the Boulder Drift Period, and continued to accrete for about nine hundred years.

2d. The waters then fell suddenly to about their present level, where they remained until a thin bed of peat accreted upon the marshy slope vacated by the waves; a period estimated to be five hundred or a thousand years.

3d. The water rose again, submerging, for a short time, the upper beach, but soon fell to the line of the middle one, where it remained about sixteen hundred or two thousand years.

4th. The water, which had already slowly fallen some feet, now retired more rapidly to near its present level, which it has maintained, with only moderate fluctuations, ever since.

5th. The total time of all these deposits appears to be somewhere between five thousand three hundred and seven thousand five hundred years.

For the facts and arguments sustaining these conclusions, reference must be had to the elaborate memoir of Dr. Andrews, which has been printed, but only partially published, the stereotype plates from which it was to have been printed, as part of the second volume of the transactions of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, having been lost in the great fire. It is to be hoped that this memoir may soon be reproduced, with such additional facts as may have been accumulated.

One more term should have been introduced into this formula, as a modification of the fourth, indicating that the water then fell not only to its present level, but continued to fall until it was some twenty feet or more below it. This is very clearly shown by the fact that the lake water now sets back into the valleys of the principal streams, forming extensive marshes and (especially on the east shore) small lakes. These could only have been excavated when the water stood below its present level.

It is often asked why the sand forming the lake beach along the west shore of Lake Michigan, is constantly travelling towards the south, accumulating on the north side of the harbors, forming bars across their channels, and finally accumulating in the form of numerous parallel beaches, separated by narrow strips of marshy ground across the south end of the lake. It is not due to currents along the shore, as many suppose, for there are none of sufficient force and constancy to accomplish this result, but rather to the action of the north-east storms, so much dreaded by lake navigators, which, by causing the waves to strike the shore obliquely, throw the particles of sand slightly southward upon the beach. This very slight movement, by constant repetition, causes the travelling motion alluded to, and gives occasion for annual "harbor appropriations" by our general government.

The suggestion that there may be a regular lunar tide on the lakes, has often been made, from the time of the early French explorations down to August, 1849, when careful observations made by the writer at Milwaukee, at a place peculiarly favorable for detecting the minor fluctuations, fully settled the question. The fact was announced in the newspapers at the time, and the observations, in full, communicated to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The height of this tide being only one-tenth of a foot, is too small to be detected, except by minute, regular, and continued observation. The self-registering tide-gauge afterwards, under the superintendency of Capt. G. G. Meade, fully confirmed this discovery, and corresponded almost exactly as to the amount of the fluctuation.

Observations under the direction of Col. Graham, at the harbor at Chicago, also confirmed the same result, and showed a slight increase of the tide at that place over what had been found at Milwaukee.

It has been stated, upon the authority of the Indians, that there was a regular seven-year period of high and low water in the lakes; but modern observations do not confirm the statement; indeed, we have no evidence that the Red Man had the interest in this matter, or the industry, necessary to enable him to determine a fact of so much importance. This change appears to be entirely irregular in its recurrence, dependent, no doubt, upon the varying amount of rain-fall in different years; a succession of rainy seasons causing the waters to rise, while a succession of several dry seasons would, from lack of water-supply, cause a corresponding depression of the lake level. The highest water known since any definite records were made, was in July, 1838; the lowest in March, 1848; the difference (on Lake Michigan) being about five and a half feet. These facts are of the greatest importance in many engineering projects, especially the location of bridges, mills, and sewers, in cities on the lake side.

Besides these, which may be called the secular fluctuations, there is another, which completes its period within the year. The waters of the lakes are uniformly low during the winter months, and high during those of the summer and autumn. This has its origin in the ever-recurring changes of the seasons, causing low water and floods, as in all rivers; for these lakes are only expansions, so to speak, of a great river, and therefore subject, in many respects, to the laws governing rivers. This annual change seldom amounts to as much as two feet.

Again, the varying winds, especially the high winds, storms, and tornadoes, also produce their changes of the level of the waters of the lakes; changes which are as fickle as the winds. A westerly wind causes an accumulation of water upon the east shore; and when the direction of a wind-storm corresponds with the longer axis of the lake, this accumulation is very considerable, as is often found to the great inconvenience of

the people of Buffalo, at the easterly extremity of Lake Erie. A wave thus produced is thrown back, causing an oscillation that will often continue for many hours after the wind has gone down; and may extend to places where there has been no wind.

It will thus be seen that the waters of the lakes are subject to four different kinds of fluctuation:

1st. The Secular, caused by successions of wet and dry seasons.

2d. The Annual, caused by the yearly changes of the seasons.

3d. The Irregular, caused by the changes of the wind.

4th. The Lunar Tide, caused by the difference in the moon's attraction when these lakes are on the side of the earth nearest to, or furthest from, that luminary.

A very curious discovery was made in the summer of 1870, by the lamented Dr. Wm. Stimpson, of certain minute crustaceous animals, quite analogous to those found by him in the North Pacific Expedition; and the same, or very similar species, are found in Lake Wetter, in Sweden. Dr. Stimpson's * explorations were made, in company with other naturalists, in Lake Michigan, off Racine, from a tug chartered for the purpose. The same species were afterwards (1871) found by Prof. Sidney I. Smith, in Lake Superior, while accompanying a dredging party of the Lake Survey. We place but little faith in the suggestion that these are marine animals, held in the lakes, when the waters of the ocean, gradually subsiding, left the basins of the great lakes filled with salt water, which has been so gradually replaced as to enable these crustaceans to become adapted to the use of fresh instead of salt water. Surely, if the ocean had ever covered the region of the Upper Lakes, since the Drift Period, it would have left more decided marks of its occupancy.

The rapidly increasing commerce, finding an easy channel over the broad surface of these lakes; the rapidly diminishing

* It is a matter of regret that the names given to these animals by Dr. Stimpson were not adopted, as they should have been, by later writers.

fish product; the more or less interesting scenery along their shores; the health-giving atmosphere, attracting tourists by the thousands in the summer; the influence of the waters upon the climate, modifying the extremes of temperature, both of winter

and summer; the effects of storms causing the destruction, annually, of vast amounts of property, and many precious human lives; and numerous other topics of great interest and importance, we are compelled to omit.

J. A. Lapham.

THE INHERITANCE.

From the French of Eckmann-Chatrain.

AT the death of my worthy uncle, Christian Haas, burgomaster of Lauterbach, I was chapel-master to the grand duke Yeri-Peter, and I enjoyed a salary of fifteen hundred florins a year, the which munificent allowance did not preserve me, as the saying goes, from rubbing noses with the wolf.

Uncle Christian, who very well understood my position, had never sent me a kreutzer; judge, then, how difficult I found it to refrain from shedding tears when I heard of his posthumous generosity. I inherited from him, alas! two hundred and fifty acres of good land, vineyards, meadows, a corner of forest, and his great house of Lauterbach.

"Dear, prudent old uncle!" I cried, in a transport of emotion, "now, indeed, do I discern the depth of your wisdom! Suppose for a moment that you had opened your heart and purse-strings to your unworthy nephew, years ago, according to his prayer, where now would all these tokens of your kindness be? Verily, in the hands of the Philistines and the Moabites; whereas, by your forethought, like another Fabius Cunctator you have preserved the commonwealth." After which handsome expression of gratitude to the deceased, I set out on horseback for Lauterbach.

A strange affair! The demon of avarice, who had never before meddled in my concerns, suddenly at this juncture made a throw for my soul.

"Kaspar," he whispered in my ear,

"behold, at last you are a wealthy man! Hitherto you have only pursued vain phantoms. Love, pleasure, the arts; all these are but smoke. The disciples of glory are madmen. There is nothing substantial but lands, houses, stocks, and money loaned upon first-mortgage bonds. Renounce your illusions! Extend your ditches, cultivate your fields, heap up your dollars, and you will be honored, feared, respected; you will become a burgomaster like your uncle, and all the world, seeing you pass, will touch its hat and say, 'That? Why, that is Monsieur Kaspar Haas. Haas, the great landed proprietor. Haas, the millionaire.'"

These ideas came and went in my head like the changing figures of the magic-lantern; but I confessed to myself that their air was grave and reasonable.

It was the middle of July: high up in heaven the lark wound off his interminable song, the harvests undulated over the plain, the warm puff of the breeze brought me the voluptuous cry of the quail and the partridge in the wheat, the Lauter murmured under the shade of the great worm-eaten willows; and I saw nothing, I heard nothing, of all this. My thoughts were in other regions. I rounded out my stomach, I puffed out my cheeks, I muttered to myself, "Haas, the great land owner! Haas, the millionaire!—gee-up, Bletz! gee-up!" And my little mare galloped.

I was curious to try on Master Chris-

tian's three-cornered hat and great scarlet waistcoat.

"If they fit me," I said to myself, "what use in buying others?"

Toward four o'clock in the afternoon the little village of Lauterbach glimmered into view, at the bottom of the valley, and it was not without deep feeling that I fixed my eyes for the first time upon the large and beautiful mansion of Christian Haas, my future residence, the centre of my hopes, and domains. I admired its picturesque situation upon the great tawny highway, its immense roof of grayish shingles, the sheds, covering with their vast wings, the carts, the ploughs, and the crops; in the rear the court-yard, then the little garden, the orchard, the vineyard on the hillside; the meadows in the distance.

I trembled with pleasure at the sight. And as I descended the long village street, behold, all the windows were filled with wondering figures! Old women with noses and chins like nut-crackers, bare-headed, unkempt children, men wearing caps of otter-skin, and smoking short pipes garnished with silver chains. And all these good people stare at me, and salute me:

"Good-day, Monsieur Kaspar! Good-day, Monsieur Haas!"

I am already at home. I seem to have been always a citizen and notable of Lauterbach. My life as chapel-master is a departed dream; my enthusiasm for music, a folly of youth! How money does modify a man's ideas!

Meanwhile, I halt at the door of the notary, Monsieur Becker, who holds the titles to my property, and from whose hands I now propose myself the pleasure of receiving them. I fasten my horse to the ring of the gate, I ascend the steps, and the old scrivener, his bald head uncovered, his thin, spare body wrapped in a long flowered dressing gown, advances across the threshold to receive me.

"Monsieur Kaspar Haas! Have I indeed the honor to salute you?"

"Master Becker, I am your very humble servant."

"Will you have the kindness to enter, Monsieur Haas?"

"After you, Master Becker; after you."

We cross the vestibule, and I discover, at the end of a comfortable and airy little hall, a well-served table, and near the table a fresh, graceful young girl, her cheeks reddened with the blush of modesty.

"Monsieur Kaspar Haas!" says the venerable notary.

I bow profoundly.

"My daughter, Lotta," adds the worthy man.

And whilst I feel my old artistic instincts reviving in me—whilst I admire the little rosy nose, the ripe lips, the great blue eyes of Mademoiselle Lotta, her willowy figure, her little plump hands, Master Becker invites me to take my place, saying that I have been waited for, that my arrival has been expected, and that before discussing serious matters it may be well to recover from the fatigues of the road, to sip a glass of Bordeaux, etc.; remarks the justice of which I fully appreciate, and which I endorse with all my heart.

We seat ourselves about the table. We discourse upon the beauties of the country. I make myself agreeable to the old papa, and speculate upon what the office of notary may be worth at Lauterbach.

"Mademoiselle, will you do me the favor to accept a wing of the fowl?"

"Monsieur, you are very good; with pleasure."

Lotta drops her eyes. I refill her glass; she dips her ruby lips in it. The papa grows merry; his talk runs upon field sports.

"Monsieur Haas will doubtless follow the custom of the neighborhood. We have well-stocked warrens; rivers abounding in trout. We hire the privilege of hunting from the Forest Administration. The evenings are passed at the brew-house. Monsieur the Inspector of Waters and Forests, is a charming

young man. Monsieur, the Justice of the Peace, plays a superior game of whist, etc., etc."

I listen. I find this calm and peaceable life delicious. Mademoiselle Lotta appears to me a very eligible companion. She talks little, but her laugh is so sweet, so *naïve*!

At length the coffee arrives—the Kirsch-wasser—Mademoiselle Lotta retires, and the old Notary passes insensibly from pleasantries to the affairs of business. He speaks of the property left by my uncle, and I lend an attentive ear; not a legacy, not a bequest, not a mortgage: everything neat, clean, regular! "Happy Kaspar!" I say to myself; "happy Kaspar!"

Then the scrivener opens the door of the little office in which his official documents are stored. The close air of this apartment, the great rows of paste-board boxes, the bundles of musty papers labelled and bound with tape, all these quickly recall me from my amorous dream. I seat myself in a great arm-chair, and Master Becker, with a pensive air, fixes his horn spectacles upon his long, aquiline nose.

"This, Monsieur Haas, is the title to your prairies of Eichmatt. You have there a hundred acres of good land, the best, the most productive, in the commune. They will furnish you two, perhaps three, mowings a year. Set down the income to be derived from this property at four thousand francs. Here is the title to your vineyard of Sonnetthal: thirty-five acres of vines. You will make there, one year with another, two hundred hectolitres of wine, which will sell on the ground at from twelve to fifteen francs the hectolitre. The good years will compensate for the bad. Here, Monsieur, we have the title to your forest of Romelstein. It contains, say a hundred acres of marketable timber. This represents your property at Hacmatt; this, your pastures of Thieffenthal; this, your farm at Grunewald; and here, lastly, are the papers which give you possession of your house of Lauterbach, a very desirable resi-

dence, the largest in the village, and dating from the sixteenth century."

"Diable! Master Becker, its age is not in its favor."

"Hum! No!" says the Notary, "that depends. Jean Burckart, Count of Barth, was the builder. It served him, as the archives will show you, in the capacity of a hunting-lodge. True, several generations have succeeded him in the occupancy, but the repairs have never been neglected. It is in a perfect state of preservation."

I thank Master Becker for his explanations. Our business is concluded; and now there remains nothing to do but to take possession of my own.

"If Monsieur would join me in another glass of the Bordeaux—"

"Thanks! Master Becker, it grows late."

Finally, I press the worthy man's hand, and having locked up my papers in a strong portfolio, which he insists on lending me, I take my leave of him, more than ever convinced of my new importance.

Mademoiselle Lotta is invisible as I pass out, but along the street the wondering figures still stare at me from the windows. I acknowledge their presence by a benignant smile.

At last I arrive before the house—*my* house; I insert the key in the lock, and, stamping upon the broad doorstep, I cry with enthusiasm, "Mine!"

I enter the hall—"Mine!" I open the closets and view the heaps of linen—"Mine!" I ascend the broad stairways—"Mine! mine!" I repeat, like a madman, "All mine!" Yes, all my anxieties for the future, all my apprehensions for the morrow, are forever at rest. I no longer figure in the world by tolerance, by a caprice of fashion, but by the real actual possession of those goods which the crowd covets.

O poet! O artist! Who and what are you compared with the mighty owner of the soil, the lord of lands and tenements? You are simply the linnet which sings in his rose-tree, the statue which decorates his garden! It is

yours to ornament his banquets, to divert his *ennui*. The crumbs from his table nourish your inspiration. Why should he envy you the pitiful vapor of fame, he who possesses the only realities of this world?"

At this moment, if the miserable chapel-master Haas, had appeared before me, I should have shrugged my shoulders and said, "What poor devil is this? Give him a kreutzer to take his ugly, starved countenance out of sight." I opened a window; night approached; the setting sun touched my meadows and orchards with gold. On the summit of a neighboring hill a few white stones marked the cemetery.

I turned again to the interior. Before me, as I stood with my back to the sun-smitten casement, a vast Gothic hall, its ceiling ornamented with heavy moulding, stretched away into obscurity. I was in the hunting pavilion of the Count of Barth.

An ancient spinnet occupied the space between the windows. I drew my fingers idly across the slackened chords; they clashed and quavered with a strange, ironic sound, like toothless old women humming again the airs of their youth.

At length, at the very extremity of this lonesome apartment, I came upon the old-fashioned arched alcove, with its great red curtains and its canopied bed. This sight reminded me that I had been six hours in the saddle; and with the reflection came an overpowering desire to try the effect of sleeping between one's own sheets.

"And why not, forsooth?" I said to myself, consulting my watch; "the hour is somewhat early, but let the world choose its own bed-time; henceforth I belong to the happy number of those who eat when they are hungry, and sleep when they are fatigued." The thought was no sooner formed than it was in process of execution. I drew off my dusty garments; I yawned and stretched my arms about me with a delicious sense of ownership and independence, and at length, just as the

lights were beginning to twinkle along the little village street, I climbed into the great state couch of Jean Burckart.

The sun had already disappeared, and only a few slanting golden rays marked his course down the heavens. I felt my eye-lids droop voluptuously. Not a leaf murmured; in the distance the noises of the hamlet were hushed one by one—I slept.

Now, whether it was the novelty of the situation, the magnetism of my Uncle Christian's silken coverlets, or some yet more mysterious influence connected with the time and place, I shall never know. It is possible that sometimes while the body sleeps, the spirit, like a sentinel, yet stands guard, and whispers to its heavy-brained companion on the approach of danger. However this may be, certain it is that, toward the noon of night, in the midst of a profound and unusual stillness, I suddenly awoke, without any apparent cause, and opened my eyes. The dew on the lawn sparkled in the moon, and the air blowing through the open shutters was impregnated with the vague perfumes of summer. I looked about me in surprise; then I thought of shutting the window, but, incredibly to relate, whilst my head was perfectly free, my body seemed bound in a leaden sleep. To all my efforts to rise, not a muscle responded. I felt my arms extended by my side, my legs stretched out, immovable.

With the perspiration starting from my forehead, I fell back on my pillow. "Am I indeed then stricken with paralysis?" I said to myself, in a fit of trembling.

I closed my eyes. I reflected with horror upon this singular phenomenon, and my ears followed the anxious pulsations of my heart, the precipitous murmur of the blood over which the will had no longer any power.

"Great heaven!" I repeated to myself, "my body, my own body, refuse to obey me! Can it be that I, Kaspar Haas, the master of so many vineyards

and fertile pastures, am unable to move this miserable bit of clay which serves my soul for a habitation?"

And as I thus mused, suddenly a feeble noise attracted my attention. The door at the foot of the alcove stood open, and a figure had entered the hall—the figure of a man! He was clad in a heavy stuff similar to felt, like that worn by the monks of Saint Gualber, at Mayence; a gray hat, ornamented with a falcon's plume, was tilted above his ear; on his hands were great gauntlets of buff leather. His visage, thin and bony, with cavernous eyes, wore the horrible greenish hue of a corpse three days old. He traversed the hall with a measured, metallic tread, like the tic-tac of a clock, his hand resting upon the hilt of an enormous rapier; and I marked his eye range with a grim and satisfied smile over the walls of my new abode. Then a voice—a voice harsh and discordant, like the clank of rusty machinery, fell upon my ear:

"Mine! Mine! All mine! With my gold I built it; by my means and my might I hold and defend it forever! I, Jean Burckart, Count of Barth!"

My flesh crept with horror. But at the same instant the opposite door opened, the figure glistened for a moment in the moonlight, and disappeared into the adjoining apartment where I heard it descend an apparently never-ending flight of stairs. Fainter and fainter grew the sound of its retreating footsteps, and died away, as it were, in the bowels of the earth.

And as I still listened, hearing nothing, behold, in the twinkling of an eye the vast hall was filled with a shadowy crowd! A strain of music resounded; wild, bacchanal voices, rising in chorus, chanted the praises of wine, of pleasure, of love.

I looked, and I saw against the bluish background of the moon, a group of young women reclining listlessly about the spinnet. Cavaliers, perfumed and elegant, their dresses decked after the fashion of by-gone days with jewels and fabulous laces, sat here and there

about the apartment, cross-legged, on tabourets fringed with gold. They smiled, they dawdled, they wagged their dainty heads, they pressed their delicate hands upon their hearts. It was an exact copy of one of the sixteenth century prints of the school of Lorraine.

I made fresh efforts to rid myself of this ghastly nightmare. I fought and struggled with my invisible bonds. In vain! At this moment one of the wanton group about the spinnet cried,

"Messeigneurs, this is our home! Here, in this fair domain—"

The sentence remained unfinished. A silence like that of the grave followed her words. I looked again. The phantasmagoria had disappeared!

Then the sound of a trumpet struck upon my ears. Horses pranced outside on the stones of the court-yard; dogs bayed; and the calm, meditative moon, as before, looked steadily down through the curtains of my alcove.

The door flew open as though impelled by a blast of wind, and fifty huntsmen, escorting stately dames in trailing robes, young two centuries ago, defiled majestically from one hall to the other. Four henchmen followed, bearing upon their sturdy shoulders a litter made of branches of oak, on which, all bloody, with wan eyes and frothing tusks, lay the body of an immense wild boar.

I heard the trumpet outside redouble its *fanfares*. The melody shrilled and faded like a sigh in the woods; then—silence!

And as I reflected upon the strange vision, looking by chance into the silent shadow I saw, with amazement, the scene occupied by one of those old Protestant families of other times, calm, dignified, and solemn in their manners. There was the white-headed patriarch, reading from the great Bible; the aged mother, tall and pale, spinning the household hemp, her form straight as a distaff, her high collar standing about her ears; then the children, chubby and sober-eyed, ranged

about the table in profound silence; the old shepherd's dog, attentive to the reading; the ancient clock, in its wooden case, counting the seconds; and, farther off, a group of young men and women, the former with black hats and waistcoats of drugget, discussing in tender tones the loves of Jacob and Rachel.

And this honest family seemed to rely implicitly upon the truth of the holy Word. The old man, his voice trembling with emotion, pursued the edifying history:

"This is your promised land—the land of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob—the which I have destined for you from the beginning of the centuries to the end, that in it you might increase and multiply like the stars of heaven: and no one shall be able to take it from you, for you are my well-beloved people, in whom I have put my trust."

The moon, obscured for a few moments, again shone forth. Its calm, cold rays lit up an empty hall: not a figure; not a shadow! A tide of amber glory searched every cranny of the mosaic floor, and in the distance the foliage of the trees stood out against the luminous hillside.

Then suddenly the high walls were lined with shelves of musty books; the ancient spinnet gave place to the desk of some savant, whose ample peruke I discovered looming above the high red leather back of his study-chair. I heard the scratching noise of a pen. The man himself, lost in thought, was immovable; the silence grew oppressive.

But judge of my amazement when, slowly turning in his place, the book-worm faced me, and I recognized in his leathery features the portrait of the jurisconsult Gregorius, as it hangs under its number, "253," on the walls of the Gallery of Darmstadt.

Merciful Providence! how had this dusty periwigged counselor of antiquity escaped from his frame?

This was the question I asked myself,

as in a thin and piping voice he read from the parchment in his hand:

"Dominium, ex jure Quirito, est jus utendi et abutendi quatenus naturalis ratio patitur."

Even as this formula escaped his lips his figure paled, paled. At the last word it no longer existed.

What more shall I tell you, my friends? During the following hour, I saw twenty generations come and go in the ancient mansion of Jean Burckart: Christians and Jews, nobles and peasants, ignorant and learned; and all proclaimed their legitimate ownership—all believed themselves sovereign masters of the domain. Alas, Death, with a little puff, blew them like withered leaves from the door!

I became at last accustomed to the strange phantasmagoria. Each time that one of these worthy people cried, "Mine! mine!" I murmured to myself, with a smile: "Patience, comrade! Patience! You will vanish like the others."

Finally, weary and faint with watching, my eyes were closing in a fitful slumber, when far, very far off, among the happy farms of Lauterbach, a cock crew.

The claron of the cock announces day. His piercing voice awakens all sleeping things.

The leaves stirred; a tremor ran through my body; I felt my limbs detach themselves from the couch; and rising on my elbow, I let my eyes wander with relief over the silent fields. But what a view was that which met my gaze!

There, along the little road leading to the cemetery, advanced all the strange procession of phantoms which had haunted me during the night. Step by step, under the vague corruscations of the dawn, the silent army mounted toward the worm-eaten portal. The Lord of Barth; the cavaliers of Ivry; the huntsman; the Huguenot; the Jew; the scornful beauties of the past, with their painted lips and

haughty, wanton smiles—all were there!

And last of all, a more familiar figure: a sober man, in a suit of black, his hands crossed behind him, his head bent forward on his breast, his eyes searching the ground, as with painful steps he followed in the rear of the ghastly *cortege*: it was my Uncle Christian.

I watched him with bated breath. Under the mossy gateway he seemed to turn and beckon. A voice, far off, ironical, cried to me:

"Kaspar, Kaspar, come! This, also, is our inheritance!"

Then all disappeared.

A band of purple, stretching along the horizon, ushered in the day.

It is needless to say that I did not profit by the invitation of Master Christian Haas. Some other hand must beckon before I take that road; and yet I must admit that the remembrance of my sojourn in the castle of Burckart has singularly modified the good opinion which I had formed of my new importance; for the vision of that night seems to me to signify that, though the fields, the orchards, the

meadows, may not pass away, the *propriety* pass—a thought which is worthy of very serious consideration.

Furthermore, instead of loitering in the delights of Capua, I have returned to music; and I count upon producing, next year, on the stage of the theatre at Berlin, a new opera, of which, in good time, you shall give me your opinion.

And, finally, let us be candid and confess, the chimera called glory is yet the most solid and durable of possessions. It does not cease with life. On the contrary, death confirms it, and gives it a new lustre.

Suppose, for example, that Homer should revisit the earth: certainly, no one would think of contesting with him the merit of having written the "Iliad;" and each of us would hasten to render to this great man the honors which are his due. But if, by chance, the richest proprietor of the day should return to claim again the fields, the forests, the pastures, which were his pride, ten to one that he would be received as a robber, and perish miserably under the dagger or the bludgeon.

W. W. Young.

THE EAST AND THE WEST.

I.

THE East is asleep or is dead;

Her life is a storied tradition;

Her laurels are faded and fled;

Her faith is a dim superstition.

Recumbent, enervate, supine,

Unheeding the Occident's dawning,

She swoons with narcotical wine;

Her eyelids are heavy with yawning.

Her children are hungry and wan,

She gives them nor nurture nor notice;

The love of the mother is gone,
She is crazed with the poppy and lotus.
Her thoughts are all tangled and lost;
Her soul is a vagrant; her fancy
Is burned in a hot holocaust
In rites of occult necromancy.

In lands that are desert and waste,
'Mid ruins of stately fruition,
She lies with her senses debased,
The slave of the priest and magician.
The conjuror becks with his wand,
Invoking his weird panorama;
Familiars rise up and respond
And order the mystical drama;
While down from the sky comes the jinn,
And up from the earth troop the giants,
Whose work is a service of sin,
Whose bonds are an evil alliance.
Great cities are built without sound,
Their roofs are resplendent, supernal;
And skies that were brazen and brown
Are mellow and purple and vernal.
The heat of the month Ramadan
Is tempered with dews that are nardine,
Till earth is a broad Gulistan,
The land is a roseate garden,
Through which, as in conquests of yore,
When Cyrus and Nimrod were victors,
She walks with her heralds before,
Her heralds, her satraps, her lictors.
But lo, 'tis a vision—a spell,
And after the dream comes the waking!
She wakes, and her heart beats a knell,
Her senses are drowsy and aching.
The one that was sceptered and proud
In days of Darius, her vicar,
Now sits in her sackcloth and shroud,
Sits quaffing the hemp's drowsy liquor.
Let pity be poured out upon
This queen without portion or party.

Whose faith is the book Alkoran,
 Whose stronghold, the planet Astarte.
 By curses of beggars oppressed,
 Of greatness she holds but a vestige;
 Her genius has gone to the West—
 Her genius, her empire, her prestige.

II.

O beauty of beauties, the West!
 O richest of richness, her prairies!
 Where man is no serf, but a guest;
 Where meadows and orchards and dairies
 Are bought with a year and a day
 Of hearty and willing exertion,
 And Nature her tribute doth pay
 With coaxing, nor waits for coercion.

Her highways are tasseled with corn;
 The pilgrim inhales its aroma,
 And, strong as a Samson unshorn,
 He shakes off his stupor and coma;
 He broadens the walls of his breast,
 His heart-beats are quicker and warmer;
 Free manhood is writ on the crest
 Of him—the Freeholder and Farmer.
 His forehead is brushed by the blade
 Of corn, as he rides down its alleys;
 Its touch is a soft accolade,
 And, queen-like, it lovingly dallies
 As queens do, when smiting with steel
 The shoulders of men in their graces,
 They bow o'er the knighted and kneel
 And cover the smart with their faces.
 He rides through his pastures and herds,
 The spring-time is under and over;
 He drinks in the music of birds,
 The breath of the newly-blown clover;
 His soul is made peaceful and good
 Nor feeleth a stigma in labor,
 For here in this broad brotherhood
 Each man unto man is a neighbor.

The genius and soul of the West
Looks back on mankind as a mother,
And here on her catholic breast
Each man unto man is a brother.
No beggars with piteous palms
Are scorned by the wheel on her highways;
No paupers nor askers of alms
Grow faint in her lanes and her by-ways;
Her garners are bursting with bread,
The latch-string is out to the needy;
They have but to ask and are fed
By hands that are willing and speedy.

The hem of thy garment we kiss,
Thou matron as fair as a maiden,
Whose realm is a region of bliss,
Whose children with largess are laden.
Not she, the sweet goddess of fame,
The lady of harvest, Vacuna;
Not he whom the Vedas proclaim,
The tender and righteous Varuna;
No mythe that the dreamer has seen,
No jinnee, nor giant, nor faërie,
Can rival our tutelar queen,
The genius and soul of the prairie,

Frank Carpenter.

LAKESIDE MISCELLANY

CHICAGO HEARD OF ABROAD.

THE West is definitely American. From this soil is to issue whatever the future is to fulfil of that forecast of the present day which contemplates for America a social polity, a literature, and a type of personal character, as peculiar, original, distinctive, and new in the world, as have been, in their day, what is Roman or Greek or Hebrew. And as "the spirit of the West, like morning light, is polarized at Chicago;" as "what the United States are to the rest of the world, Chicago is to the United States—the concentrated essence of Americanism," it would seem that, to identify Chicago with the vague but glorious promise of our beloved country, it is only requisite to ascend to that plane of contemplation from which all true greatness, whether of Science, of Art, of Letters, or of Men, has ever been discerned. How inspiring for a citizen of Chicago to reflect, then, that the majesty of a nationality which all nations trust is to transcend previous experience on the planet, so far from belittling his local pride, is the very warrant of its exaltation, and the proof of its sobriety! But, in a less intoxicating atmosphere, what intelligent person is ignorant that the general recognition, in Europe, of this typical character of Chicago as the American city, will render it the objective point of the most enlightened and potent enterprise—no longer only of the Eastern States, but of the world? The prodigious and accelerating increase of personal property, in modern times, has

confounded political economy. The wealth of mankind is in bills of exchange and checks. It seeks, on the globe, the best point of investment, as inevitably as the magnet seeks the pole. Would Chicago go on paying ten per cent. interest, if English and German investors, getting three and four per cent., knew as well as Eastern Americans where to place their loans? In presence of such reflections, it cannot be doubtful from whom Chicago, in every form of her prosperity, will acknowledge the largest practical benefit: it must be from those who make her best known abroad.

It was in this spirit that the conductors of THE LAKESIDE MONTHLY projected the unique "Chicago Number" of last autumn; and in barely announcing the success with which they engaged the thoughtful attention of the foreign press to the splendid achievements of this city, they select and print, below, a single article, but from the journal which, perhaps, beyond any other in the world, is read at the clubs, exchanges, reading-rooms, and public parlors of Europe—the supercilious "London Saturday Review." In further illustration of the success with which distant favor has been created for Chicago, we subjoin, also, an extract from the Montreal "Canadian Illustrated News." It comports neither with the public object in hand nor with the practice hitherto of this publication, to reproduce commendations of itself printed in our own country.

NEW CHICAGO.

From the London Saturday Review.

The second anniversary of the great Chicago conflagration has been celebrated by one of the local magazines, *THE LAKESIDE MONTHLY*, in a special number containing seventeen papers, every one of which bears a title of this kind—"The Chicago of the Educator," "The Chicago of the Business Man," "The Chicago of the Manufacturer," and so on. In short, we have seventeen special Chicagos considered in a review of the big general Chicago, whose name has already been so widely "advertised" (as the inhabitants themselves say) by the remarkable rapidity of its growth and the suddenness of its destruction.

What the United States are to the rest of the world, Chicago is to the United States. It is the concentrated essence of Americanism. The peculiar state or temper of the human mind in which material growth and extension are its only objects, and all its forces are concentrated with the utmost intensity on these, has never been so perfectly developed as in the United States; and if we were asked what city in that country showed that temper in its most energetic form, we might possibly think once of Boston or New York, but should certainly relinquish them for Chicago. Just as the United States are the newest of great nations, so Chicago is the newest of great cities; and as the States look forward to an almost indefinite increase of wealth and population in the future, so Chicago expects in its own mind to become the biggest and richest city on earth. In this condition of temper and feeling, it is not surprising that we should hear a good deal of exultation. A people very busy and prosperous, and just enough educated to be capable of reading and writing incessantly about itself in a multitude of cheap periodical publications, is sure to develop a continual supply of brag. Such a people is very much in a condition that is known to us by specimens in our own country, the condition of the clever and active Manchester or Bradford man who, beginning with nothing but native strength and ability and a very little elementary education, fights his way to a brilliant material success, and naturally looks back upon his career with a self-complacency that expresses itself in boasting. American brag has been long quite familiar to us, and we imagine that there must be a use for it, that it must have been ordained amongst the inscrutable intentions of nature. It acts no doubt as a stimulus, and keeps the Americans well up to their work. The

Americans are like very strong boys who are always wanting to show off their strength, and who look upon every piece of physical labor to be done as an opportunity for athletic display. We really believe that when Chicago was burned down the inhabitants inwardly chuckled over the calamity as the finest possible opportunity for proving to the world the pluck and energy that was in them. The building of a new city was a match against time. So they set to work as if they had made bets with all other cities that they would rebuild Chicago in a couple of years, and they labored all along with the idea that they were watched by the whole world.

The Chicago papers of *THE LAKESIDE MONTHLY* begin with a poem by Mr. B. F. Taylor, imitated in some degree from Macaulay's manner, but decidedly above the average of magazine verses. Mr. Taylor had rather a perilous kind of subject to deal with, for it is difficult to do the tremendous in poetry when there is hardly a refuge in anything else, and this writer, we should imagine from his graceful beginning, would have done more justice to a quieter theme. Here is the central passage of the poem, in which the conflagration is described, but with rather incongruous imagery:

The stately piles of polished stone were scattered
into sand,
And madly drove the dread simoon and snowed
them on the land,
And rained them till the sea was red, and scorched
the wings of prayer!
Like thistle-down ten thousand homes went drifting
through the air,
And dumb Dismay walked hand in hand (with
frozen-eyed Despair!)
The thunder of the fiery surf rolled human accents
dumb;
The trumpet's clangor died away a wild bee's
drowsy hum,
And breakers beat the empty world that rumbled
like a drum.
O cities of the silent land! O Graceland and Rose-
hill!
No tombs without their tenantry? the pale host
sleeping still?
Your marble thresholds dawning red with holo-
caustal glare,
As if the waking Angel's foot were set upon the
stair!

There is a very sensible paper by Mr. John M. Binckley, called "The Chicago of the Thinker," in which the writer really does try to think out certain interesting questions about Chicago which suggest themselves to an intellectual inhabitant. He says that "it is the prevalent practice to ascribe the development of Chicago to the uncommon enterprise of spirit of its inhabitants;" and he then immediately inquires whether there is a constitutional difference of character between the Chicagoans and the inhabitants of smaller towns in the

North-West equal to the difference in the size of the towns they live in. The answer is that "when a man is known to be from the North-West, there is little about him to show whether he lives at Chicago or elsewhere." And then come some observations about one point in Chicago character which are well worth quoting at length:

Perhaps if any characteristic of Chicago is personal enough to strike a stranger, it is the settled mental habit of taking ulterior good for granted—a business optimism in which solicitude is reserved for particular expedients, and not indulged upon comprehensive doubts, or the sometimes startling possibilities that generalizations foretell. Were a Philadelphian to experience conviction that manufacturing was to become unprofitable in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, nothing could rescue his peace of mind from destruction. But if a Chicagoan could be convinced of a time when grain and live stock would no longer seek his market, I think he would accept the event with composure, trusting, with tranquil confidence, that by the time it should come other and better trade would occupy their place.

Mr. Binckley, however, is convinced that this is "a matter of superinduced habit, not of temperament." He considers this faith in a good future as the result of an exceptionally favorable experience. It took some time to imbue the Chicago people with this trustfulness. It is true that land was sold dear, or withheld from sale when it would have fetched high prices, in the early period of the city's prosperity; but Mr. Binckley does not think that this proved the foresight of the landholders, only the disposition to make as much as possible out of what seemed to them the folly of eager enthusiasts. Even down to 1857 there remained something of the stolidity of the early settlers. The ground had been appropriated as early as the beginning of this century, but the hydrographic schemes on which the future of the place depended do not seem to have awakened the interest of the settlers. In 1830 an official came to lay out a town in the interest of the canal, yet the event "seems to have made no impression until immigrants came from the East, seeking so promising a site." From this year dates the beginning of speculation at Chicago, though not yet of any healthy trade:

The rapid influx of emigrants, the Government work on the harbor, the location of a public land office, the presence of laborers on the harbor and canal, and the incursion from older communities of scores of adventurers, awakened not a spirit of enterprise, but of sheer speculation. For years nothing was produced for sale; and supplies from the East, even including flour, were paid for out of the proceeds of extortion upon strangers, or with money and goods unconsciously got from the Indians on occasion of their receiving annuities or in traffic. More than once legislative interference was requisite for moderating hotel charges and the like. The inhabitants held the future of their own town in such contempt that the wharf rights and school lands, worth a hundred millions to-day, were sold and bought for a few nominal thousands, the former as late as 1835, and probably never paid for at that; the supposed necessity consisting of the equally sig-

nificant fact that the town, then with a population of four thousand, and no considerable municipal debt, had not a public credit for \$2,000. In 1836 the port of Buffalo received a million and a quarter bushels of wheat, including a thousand brought from a petty town across the lake in Michigan; and yet even the experiment of a few bags by lake to Buffalo was not ventured on for two years later, without which the Chicago business mind could not comprehend the opportunity. To be sure the next year (1839) witnessed that the experiment warranted the trade, if it did not amaze the experimenters, and it went on until last year it was nearly a hundred million bushels of grain.

Even in 1851, when the population was already thirty thousand, Chicago supplied itself with water by means of an engine of twenty-five horse-power; and the contractor was to receive no profit for ten years but the excess power of that engine. Nobody had the least confidence in the future; and the people would not listen to projects which were based upon an anticipated increase of population. In 1849 there was no gas in the place. Mr. Binckley affirms that "a less enterprising population have seldom been found in America than that of Chicago, until a series of the most unique and irresistible constraints that ever flattered an undeserving people had made the city great." It was a people "dull, unspiritual, and strong, conditioned so as to be necessitated to execute the ideas and participate the hopes of a more fertile, polished, and luminous people." There occurred "a kind of translation of one man's ideas into another man's motives." This resulted from "the extraordinary fact that the policy of Eastern enterprise involved as an incident, at national expense, the creation of a harbor, the digging of a canal, and the endowment of a great railroad, and the building of vast plexus of railroads by private enterprise, all tributary to a place having not the least aspiration for greatness." Mr. Binckley has some exceedingly interesting observations on the influence of the first inhabitants of Chicago, showing how it has maintained itself to this day in various habits and customs which, being already established in the little town that was called Chicago, have perpetuated themselves in the great city. We are glad to observe that he sees how necessary culture is to the life of such a city as Chicago is now rapidly becoming. Perhaps he is even too severe upon its present deficiencies in this respect. European experience proves two things which ought to be a consolation for every inhabitant of Chicago who has aspirations in this direction. It proves that culture does not establish itself firmly just at first in an enterprising trading community, and it proves also that any town that is very rich and populous, and inhabited by men of European blood, is sure to have a cultivated society

in it before very long. The misfortune is that the cultivated class should be so much apart and have so little influence on the general public of the place, especially on the wealthiest traders. We do not doubt that Chicago is sure to become, in the course of a generation or two, as cultivated a place as Manchester is now; that is to say, there will exist some cultivated groups of citizens in the place, and a few public buildings for the three great divisions of culture—a library for literature, a museum for science, and a gallery for art. But the bulk of the community will resist culture there as it does in Manchester. The merchants and manufacturers and their wives may have a kindly feeling towards culture, and be willing to do something for it (and even this is hoping a good deal, for there is apt to be some jealousy of cultivated people); but they are not likely to see culture otherwise than from the outside, or to have that perfect and true sympathy with it which is only possible for those who really have a share in it. No one can have a share in culture without long-sustained intellectual labor; and it is difficult for men who are occupied in trade, and for women who are occupied in the duties or pleasures of a vulgar existence, to set to work strenuously for the improvement of their minds. Even in great capitals, although the society there has the advantage of external polish and refinement from the presence during a part of the year of the national aristocracy, the really cultivated people are a few little groups who have not very much influence on the general mass of the inhabitants. We have all possible means of culture in London; yet how many well-to-do Londoners live without making the least use of them! There is a paper in this series by Dr. Powers, the well-known Episcopalian clergyman, in which he expresses a similar desire for culture, more especially of an artistic kind:

While the reconstruction of Chicago is such a marvel, it cannot be denied that its aesthetic aspect is dispiriting. The city, as a city, does not wear the crown that her position and resources would seem to entitle her to. No one can view her magnitude and business, or read the truthful descriptions of her material greatness given in the present number of *THE LAKESIDE*, without a sense of incongruity and disproportion. She does not lack brain, but symmetry. She is brawny, ill-balanced, almost grotesque, with all her splendor. The city does not suggest cultivation and refinement, but immense material energy.

Whilst fully sharing the desire which Dr. Powers expresses for a better aesthetic culture in Chicago, we think that he cannot reasonably expect much more for the present than what the place has already attained to. He says that "the idea of art, of a great multitude, seems to be limited to fine tailor-

ing, upholstery, and crockery." All this is very natural; it is not quite satisfactory, but it is quite in accordance with the usual habits and tendencies of human nature. A prosperous business community likes tailoring, upholstery, and crockery, and likes to see its wealth reflected in these things. Even when it begins to buy pictures and engravings it likes to see something for its money. The art that it most enjoys is highly finished handicraft, such as the gilding and painting on a pretty dinner-service, or the clever painting of a fine carriage. We think that Dr. Powers gives an example of good taste to his fellow-citizens when he objects to the modern American custom of arranging shops and counting-houses in such enormous palatial blocks. They have considerable grandeur, no doubt, but as Dr. Powers judiciously observes, they interfere with the effect of the real public buildings, which are dwarfed by them. There is scarcely a church in Europe which would not be either dwarfed or at least considerably injured by the immediate neighborhood of a block like the new Sherman House at Chicago. It would do harm even to the loftiest cathedral.

There are some interesting statistics in the paper on Education, by Mr. Leander Stone. The value of school buildings and their furniture is nearly thirteen hundred thousand dollars. There are fifty-one buildings and between five and six hundred teachers, with an actual attendance of thirty-five thousand pupils. The Bible has been removed from the public schools of Cincinnati and St. Louis, but is still read in those of Chicago, the teachers being "careful to select such portions as are not controverted by any body of Christian people; and up to the present time no serious objection has been raised to this course." Besides the children in the public schools, there are more than fourteen thousand in private educational institutions. Then there are medical schools, a law school, and a university. Notwithstanding all this rich provision for education, there would still however be room for the action of a School Board, as 28,000 children ought to be in school and are not. "But this," says Mr. Stone, "though a large number, should be considered in connection with the fact that, in the bustle and whirl of our great commercial activity, very many children are removed from school and put to work as soon as they obtain a knowledge of the most elementary branches."

Mr. Stone tells us that all the places of worship, without exception, that were destroyed by the great fire have been rebuilt, or are in process of rebuilding, in a manner very superior to their former style.

This is what always happens after destruction by fire, when a community is wealthy enough to seize the occasion. Men seek in the improvement a sort of compensation for their loss, and find a satisfaction in reflecting that, if a great misfortune has deprived them of what they had before, at least they have improved their condition by erecting in its place a structure either more useful and commodious or else more in accordance with their ideal. It is natural that when all the "business blocks" are re-erected on a scale of unprecedented magnificence, the churches must be larger and handsomer than they were before. For reasons already given, all public buildings in a city like Chicago, where the "business blocks" are so imposing, have a difficult part to sustain, and need both size and beauty, but size especially. Different writers agree in telling us that there is an unusual degree of mutual respect and forbearance among the sects at Chicago. It is said "that Chicago contains the most liberal orthodox and the most orthodox liberal clergy and people to be found anywhere in the world."

Under the head "The Chicago of the Business Man," Mr. Sheahan tells us that there is a clearing-house to which go daily the checks given in the course of ordinary business; and whilst they do not represent the entire expenditure in buying and selling, any increase or decrease in this volume indicates the increase and decrease of the general buying and selling in the daily trade of Chicago. Comparing a period in 1872—namely, from the week ending May 5, to the week ending September 20, inclusively—with the corresponding period in 1873, we have the following figures, which are interesting as evidence, in a very compressed form, of the amount of business done and the proportionate increase:

1872	-	-	\$439,794,329
1873	-	-	505,358,386

Chicago is a great centre of periodical literature. It supplies seven hundred different country editors with newspapers printed on one side, leaving the other blank for the local news. Thirty monthly magazines are published in Chicago; and the daily papers appear also in other forms, three times a week or weekly. There are very large morning and evening journals with very long telegraphic despatches; and the wonder is how the Americans absorb such a huge supply of periodical literature of all kinds. Another American peculiarity is the great amount of good hotel accommodation. There are forty of what are called "principal" hotels (we know not how

many others), and these forty offer more than five thousand rooms amongst them.

We are sorry not to have space for more details about Chicago, its tunnels far out under the lake to get pure water, its vast system of sewers, its river, whose current was actually reversed and made to flow from the lake instead of into it for sanitary reasons, its great number of railways, its docks, wide streets, good lighting, smooth pavements, tramways, manufacturers. In all the practical setting-up of a great modern city the Chicagoans have proved themselves not less clever and decided than the builders of modern Paris. We can readily excuse a little boasting, which is natural under the circumstances, whilst it does nobody any harm; and we heartily wish the people of Chicago a long enjoyment of the fine new buildings they have just erected, and prosperity in the future to add indefinitely to their number.

From the Canadian Illustrated News, Jan. 24, '74.

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In the current number of THE LAKE-SIDE, J. Gilliland Davis commenced a series of papers entitled "Professor Josiah Hidebound and his Friends," in which we find many choice bits and clever hits. The character of these papers resembles that of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," or more closely still, the style of Charles Dudley Warner's "Back Log Studies." The friends with whom the Professor discourses, are six in number: Miss Foolesum, ex-head of the village academy; a young Banker, a round, jolly bachelor of thirty; a small girl called Betsey; Professor Theorem, a long gaunt man, with three or four first class planets full of wisdom in his face; Miss Lucy, Professor Hidebound's eldest daughter, sixteen years old, and "as pretty a girl as the town contains;" and, lastly, Dr. Dynamix, a judicial minded person, with a fine capacity for catching the sense of the meeting. The discussion turning on honesty, Miss Foolesum delivers the following startling opinion:

What is the use of pretending to be honest, when you can't be if you wanted to ever so much? I used to get my girls into corners and make them lie; and all the time they knew that I knew that they were lying. I believe it is the great first paramount duty of every man and every woman to get on in this world. Those that do n't get on will have to answer for wasting their talents. I do n't believe the Lord likes these squeamish saints that are always failing in life because they are too proud to fib and cheat just as their neighbors do.

And in support of her theory, this energetic lady requests us to "look at Moses and Jacob and David—they were not above deceiving and cheating—and see how the Lord prospered them." A remarkable

woman is this Miss Foolemsum. Professor Theorem starts a subscription for the victims of a strike, and requests her to contribute. After satisfying herself that the names of subscribers will be published, she replies :

Then put me down for five dollars. It is worth that as an advertisement of my name. What admirable provision of Providence it is that one can, by giving wisely, get value received for his free gifts. That is what I call having a double blessing in charity. I never see a notice that some person has given a large sum to a good cause, but withholds his name, without feeling that the particular giver is a bad kind of a Christian. He cheats himself out of the reward paid by Providence for liberality, and cheats the Lord out of the example. If his neighbors only knew that it was he that gave, some of them would be moved to give also.

But it would be unfair to give any more

extracts from this excellent paper. Those who wish to know further respecting the Professor and his friends had better subscribe to THE LAKESIDE. A better magazine money cannot buy. The articles all bear the trace of earnest thought and honest labor, and there is an entire absence of the padding that too often disfigures magazine literature. Besides the papers already mentioned, there are in this number six short stories, two serials (one of these a translation of Julius Grosse's story "A Revolutionist,") two very good poems, an account of the battle of Franklin, and an elementary paper on Protection *vs.* Free Trade. The latter should be carefully read at the present political juncture in this country.

THE NATION'S DANGER.

It has been remarked by the philosophical historians that when a people was on the downward road, their wisest men have seldom been able to detect in the multiplying evils of bad times the true causes of national decay, and thereby the means of arresting the course of ruin. It is this usurper, or that faction; here, a heresy in religion; there, an innovation in manners; a particular war that was exhausting, or a particular peace that was humiliating or untimely; every reckoner would have his own view of the mischief, and, of course, of the methods proper for reparation. But all this time, some obscure cause, so unobtrusive and inconsiderable that it would have been ridiculed as the origin of a national dissolution, was working, not to be suspected until the moss of ages should rest on the ruins of the past. In our day and country, who is so dull as not to see, or so stupid as not to deplore, the manifest and numberless evils that threaten our national well being? Nearly all agree that, whatever be the efficient causes, they are *moral* causes, rather than material. It is a case of "corruption." But what causes the corruption? Let it not be doubted that when its true causes are found, be they what they may, they will be resolvable ultimately into some kind of tampering by men with their own bodies. Some change in their habits of living, eating, drinking, etc., whiskey, opium, and the like. Such are not really small things. They look small only to those who see small. But given, a certain increase in the use of a physical agent capable of modifying mental states among a given people, and the alteration of their habits, morals and fortunes—in a word, of themselves—could be predicted with confident and fearful accuracy.

In the light of such reflections, there is a fact of transcendent interest to the American people, which, from not being curdled into sounding phrase for public harangue, or capable of conversion into newspaper drollery, or familiarized into camp-meeting cant, is allowed to lie cold and inexpressive in its yet terribly significant figures, by the stump, the tripod and the pulpit, in whatever form they essay, the work of national salvation. That fact is, that the *opium habit is on the increase in the United States*.

From recent official statistics, especially those of the State of Massachusetts, the most startling results declare themselves. The number of persons who habitually used opium in this country, a few years ago not outnumbering the insane, or the deaf and dumb—are now estimated all the way from 250,000 down. Suppose there be 200,000, or less still, the great question is not how many of them, but whether they are diminishing or increasing? If increasing at the compound ratio of ten per cent. per annum, it would double the vice in less than every eight years; so that in one generation, nearly the whole population of 40,000,000 would be victims to opium. But what is the fact? The opium importation into the United States is increasing at a ratio exceeding 33 1-3 per cent. per annum; and of this the soundest opinion in the country denies that any considerable proportion beyond the

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three per cent. annual increase of population, goes to medical use, as indeed the rapidly increasing homœopathic horror of doses renders obvious, leaving us to infer that this enormous increase but little exceeds the increase of opium vice, and we have seen what less than a third part of such an increase would do!

The statistics of private folly, particularly when practiced by the most polished and intelligent part of the community, are not easily procured. So much more grave they become. But the aggregate of opium, in all its forms, which is used strictly as a medicament, is not harder to get at than of quinine, strychnia, arsenic, or other drugs; nor is the total of all consumption of opium a figure of any difficulty. From the latter figure, then, subtract the former, and the remainder is, of course, the amount of the drug in vicious use. This amount is sadly great; but the rate at which it is annually increasing—which is singularly steadfast, regular, and irrespective of geographical locality—is the appalling fact. What is quicker forgotten, yet what ought to be of more constant and anxious remembrance than the fact that the measure of increase in the vicious use of opium is the measure of the decrease of moral dignity of the people? No one will dispute that this is so. But if it is so, what is the sense of angry and solicitous discussion about tariff, freights, constitutions, and even forms of government, when, by the silent influence of little bits of gum, the people themselves are radically altering? "Slowly," says one. But what is "slowly" for a nation? Rome was a thousand years old when her Augustan Age came. We are not yet one hundred. Why are constitutions ordained? It is not for the living generation. They could "make their piles," and "feather their nests," etc., better under the license of merely provisional, than with any other kind of government. But provisionalism will not stand. It is a conspiracy of contemporaries against the peace of posterity. A century hence is, by universal acclamation in this country, an absurdly short period for our national development. Who would raise his children in a country that was destined to perish in one hundred years? Yet an annual compound rate of five per cent. on the opium consumption of to-day would make us virtually a nation of opium inebriates in less than ninety years!

Now, this is, practically, the public intellect and morals reduced to a question of physics—nay, it is an issue of still more fearful simplicity, viz.: The American *soul* reduced to a question of time—and short time at that!

Such are the facts. If things go on so, our philosophical, theological, politico-economical, sociological, commercial, educational, and every other kind of enlightenment, are threatened as a glim to be doused by general stupefaction. According to existing tendencies, we are becoming a drugged nation, to reel down the street of progress in the bloom of our youth, and to tumble into the gutter of shame and death amidst the jeers of the world.

Can nothing be done to avert this evil? Certainly. And it will be done. Medical science alone does not assure safety. The promise is in measures practically adapted. Without prompt measures, science will be too late. As the house aflame calls forth the fire engine, so this prodigious increase of opium intoxication in this country has called into existence a class of medical specialists devoted exclusively to the war against this evil. As dentistry arises from the prevalence of diseased teeth, chiropody from commonness of corns, the aurist is made by deafness, and the oculist by blindness, so, for the first time, there comes into existence of late years, and in this country, the medical specialty of the Narcologist, the physician for the express treatment of patients suffering from the baleful and ruinous narcotism of opium.

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Their astonishing success in business, wherever actual experience of their ministrations and medical specifics has established them, is a wonderful proof of how timely was their advent, as well as a gratifying promise of headway against the evil—headway not only in curing the individual fallen, for his pay, thereby making him also an active instrument of warning; but it is in the impression made on the general mind by the accumulation of known and illustrative cases, both of disease and cure, and the like, that our people are made to realize the true state of the mischief. When the fact is notorious that one "Opium Doctor" in a small western place, after several years' practice, with an antidote of his own invention, has a correspondence which requires three or four secretaries, no thoughtful man fails to see a new profession rising to meet a new affliction. Every advertisement, every pamphlet, poster or other publication of this class of medical specialists, circulates, besides the advertiser's claims, a knowledge of incalculable public use, by implying the shocking prevalence of the most insidious and fearful of all vices, to corrupt the people in their very hearts and heads.

It is remarkable to what extent the public good is often subordinated to the private punctilio of individuals popularly supposed to be devoted to their countrymen and their age. The foremost men in medical science, in this country and Europe, are well acquainted with this great evil of increase of opium habit; but no express and systematic measures have ever been concerted to avert the ruin which impends to nobody's apprehensions more clearly than to their own. And what is the reason of this? Simply because it might look like charlatanry to deal in detail with a particular evil, not to be practically reached without advertising. The effect was, of course, to turn over the confiding public to the charlatans. "Better that ten thousand of you might perish at the hands of impostors than that one (I being that one) should do anything in the same way that an impostor might do it"—that is the sentiment at bottom, and a mean and selfish one it is. It is fortunate that men not impostors, but honestly believing themselves appointed to the mission, were not afraid of being called such, or the opium-sick in the country would to-day be practically without anything to help them. Like nearly everything good, differentiation of medical practice, from the time when the barber and the surgeon were the same individual, to the time when the dentist rose into a collegian with his special diploma, from having been a despised artisan, the new specialty of Narcology must rise against all the superincumbency of prejudice of that profession, celebrated for ages for its extreme pedantry, jealousy and intolerance—though happily growing more liberal every day. We care not how imperfectly the votaries of this branch of doctoring may meet the exactions of their chosen class of ills; so that they strive honestly for it, they must be encouraged. But certainly, according to the weight of evidence, some of them have discharged their public duty in a highly successful manner, giving promise of a memory to leave behind them in common with the discoverers in science and useful art, who are gratefully remembered by succeeding generations.

It is suggestive, that, in every instance which has come to our notice of successful treatment of the opium or alcohol habit by a medical specialist, the two following elements of the theory were always forthcoming, viz.:

1. *The will as a medicament.*
2. *The medicine as a support.*

All "tapering off" is a delusion. The philosophy of this kind of cure is plain.

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Vice of this description is a disease of the will itself. Bodily disease that does not extend to the will offers a radically different class of phenomena. But the physical effects of the narcotic, being repeated until habitual, permanently alter the physical basis of the will, *and, therefore, the will itself*. Now, as long as this physical alteration exists, the broken will exists. To attempt to cure the former by the latter, therefore, is putting the effect first and the cause afterwards—it is having the buck fall first, and afterwards the rifle shot. On the other hand, the will powerfully acts—strictly, *reacts*—on the nervous centres, with all the character of a medicine; and it is a fact of physiology of the highest interest, that, beyond any drug or physical agent whatsoever, the will is capable of healing the physical disorder characterizing a case of chronic opium poison or other narcotism. What, then, is to be done? The answer is obvious: The doctor must administer the patient's own will as he would a dose of salts. How? There's the rub, and there's the triumph!

The will must be got back to its pedestal, so to speak; and as its diseased state prevents it from *staying* there, where it can work for the healing of the body, it must be *supported* in that posture, by the physician, long enough to take effect on the patient's body. How supported? The particular therapeutic agents are the secrets of their successful discoverers; but we know very well on what principle they do their astonishing work, viz.: As *nutrients*.

We do not "live by bread alone"—nor by meat added. We consume a large quantity, for example, of oxygen—not through the stomach, but through the lungs, and even the pores. The writers on Narcosis—Professor Johnstone, Anstie, Marcet, Carpenter, Von Tschudi, etc., etc.—all recognize the analogy, and, more recently, the actual identity of certain active agents, in certain conditions, with food—particularly for the nourishment of the brain and nervous tissues. The medicine, therefore, that the successful Narcologist prescribes is not something to keep up the intoxication in some form less horrible than that of opium, nor to keep up any intoxication at all, but to *nourish the nervous centres* in the only way their diseased, opium-drugged condition admits of.

The effect of a treatment so rational might be confidently expected, viz.: The will, restored to its proper standpoint, is supported there *normally*, and, like a battery captured from the enemy, is turned against him.

It is obvious that if any compromise was made with the habit, this method would be completely frustrated. The will would be alternating—one moment, the abject reflex of opium delirium; the next, an ineffectual sufferer of pain and sacrifice. The diseased will would stay diseased, for, to recover, the process of improvement must be in a ratio like the growth of money at compound interest. As intervals and breaks in time would destroy all the miracle of the compound interest ratio, so the like breaks in the succession of "little victories" of the will would destroy the operation of the cumulative principle on which the whole theory rests.

From a perusal of the *THERIAKI*, a magazine "Devoted to the interest of the Slaves of Habit," published at La Porte, Indiana, by Dr. S. B. Collins, and from information derived through persons who have been cured by this most celebrated of the American Narcologists, it is sufficiently obvious that Dr. Collins' famous "Antidote" is predicated on the sound results of the best researches in physiology and physiological chemistry of Todd and Bowman, Carpenter, Laycock, Brown-Sequard, Maudsley, Bence Jones, Anstie, Marcet, Owen, Leidy, etc., etc., who, with Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, and all the physicists and biologists of the day, have shown the power of the will in reacting on the organism in a diseased state, at the same time that they

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have shown its absolute dependence upon its own appropriate physical basis ; so that when the sick man's sickness sickens the will itself, the remedial agent must be directed to the physical basis of the will first ; and after restoring that, the will becomes the great instrument of curing the vicious tendency in the blood of the patient.

We have prepared these reflections and remarks on the Opium Vice with an engraving in which the Chinese Opium Smoker, with his paraphernalia, is seen. The poor wretch is taking his happiness in an attitude better befitting the imbecility and vacuity of mind to which opium drunkenness brings its victim, than the exalting and magnificent illusions for the enjoyment of which the most stately and dignified among Americans and Europeans are most tempted.

If the question be asked, What class of our countrymen are most exposed to the insidious and horrible inundation of opium drunkenness, the answer is one of the most mournful and bitter expressions that one good citizen could hear from the lips of another, viz. : It is the clergymen, who lead us to the better world ; the ladies, who impart tone and refinement to our society ; the men of genius, who brighten the intellectual sky of the times—nay, with yet darker significance—the most gifted and noble of our youthful college classes at Harvard, Yale, Bowdoin, Amherst, and the rest of our institutions of learning—poisoning, in their very sources, the hopes of the country. Those whose business necessitates knowledge of this description, are flush of facts of the most startling portent. They tell us that of such classes of the community are the most of their customers, if they are druggists—their patients, if they are physicians.

But reflect a moment on the consequences of such vice in the selectest part of the community. Does any man suppose the morals of the lowly have ever survived demoralization among the learned, the talented, the exalted in life and character ? What is to restrain the common man when his model, whether as gentleman, christian, physician, lawyer, teacher, editor, or minister, dreams through his days with pallid cheek, with wasted nerves, with vacant mind ? Will their places be taken by fresh and untarnished men ? But if they, against example have fallen, will not the rising young who are to succeed them fall the quicker ?

If it was the mere case of alcoholic intoxication, how feeble does experience show are the restraints ! But then, alcoholic drunkenness is beastly, violent, disgusting ; it degrades—not obscurely, but palpably and visibly. So unnatural and disgusting is a drunken man, that in ancient Greece it was the practice to make slaves drunk so as to preserve the young sober ; it being found that the latter were so disgusted at the revolting spectacle that they had no disposition to imitate it. But would the Athenian fathers have ventured to try the experiment of disgusting their young men with opium, by exhibiting Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Xenophon, and such men, discoursing in the lofty and magnificent rhapsody of 'opium intoxication—slow, stately, lifted above the earth, and talking in a world of pure phantasy ? Men, indeed, looking beyond the illusory moment, by help of their own experience and better judgment, into the fearful reaction ; the quivering nerves, the prostrate intellect, the withered form, and the certain death in early store, might revolt at the scene ; but boys would be captivated by it. Such an experiment would have brought Greece down from its matchless splendor to be a vast assemblage of opium inebriates in a single generation.

Thus may be measured the greatness of the peril to the country, not

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arrested by the special class, who, in the distribution of society's various duties, are charged with the express mission of arresting obscure evils of this description—the physicians; for their habit of making themselves popular with patients, by assuaging their pain, at the expense of their souls and bodies, with opiates not called for by the diagnosis, is hardly on the decrease, though recent publications in medical periodicals themselves, show that to this abominable practice may be imputed thousands of fresh cases every year, of acquired habit, particularly among the females. Yet the entire resources of the profession, outside of the specialists, utterly fail to effect cures of the affection which their culpable folly so often entails.

Dr. Samuel B. Collins, of La Porte, Indiana, is confessedly foremost among the successful Narcologists of the country. His Opium Antidote is really efficacious. It has virtually rescued several thousands of these victims, who, with the poet had cried :

"Chained in a dungeon lies my struggling soul,
For hateful habits hold o'er me control."

He it is who has entered that dungeon, struck from the struggling soul the clashing fetters of a fearful slavery, and bidden the captive arise a freeman. His Antidote, like the angel at the Roman prison, bursts the barred gates of iron-bound habit, and releases the man's better nature for that apostleship of duty for which it had been bestowed by his Maker.

We find in the "*Theriaki*," a magazine published by Dr. Collins, before referred to, devoted exclusively to these subjects, a multitude of testimonials of cure; and we are struck by their tone and spirit in general. They often have that air of strange reserve which shows how perfectly restored minds are able to look back with detestation to the shame from which they have been rescued; but an undertone of deep and feeling gratitude which cannot be mistaken. Frequently, they add that any person suffering from opium indulgence will receive explicit particulars of their own cases if he writes privately. Now and then a thankful patient is more direct and demonstrative. One S. G. Gates, of East Wallingford, Vermont, strikingly exemplifies the joy of a slave on regaining his freedom—a slave, not born in bondage, but to glorious liberty, and sold a captive into the slavery of the soul—the soul, chainless still, under all oppression of men, but here the very thing that wears the chain.

"I look back," says Mr. Gates, "on the last two years as lost; and it all seems like a troubled dream; but, thank God and you, *I am free* again—in the words of another, 'Free as a bird of the mountains.' I hope every opium eater in the land will become acquainted with the fact that there is a *genuine cure*, and a *painless* one, in your hands, thus saving themselves from that *damnable ruin which awaits them*."

Another writes: "I have a near neighbor, who, after taking a few bottles of your remedy, was entirely freed from his terrible bondage, but, like many others who have been cured by you, will not allow his name to be made public."

How few of the eminent Clergymen, Senators, Governors of States, leaders at the bar, on the tripod, and in the medical profession, are willing to break a reserve imposed by that pride which comes of rank, station, and, most inviolable of all, the sensibility of noble natures? But the most affecting cases are those of women. How often the fullest hearts among them are dumbest in public!

THE NATION'S DANGER.

But to the physicians as a class this delicacy should be subordinate to a noble zeal for science, for the amelioration of affliction, and for the just credit of invaluable remedies. It is not so much his sensitive pride that keeps many a physician of high repute from placing his testimony as a cured patient at the service of others who still suffer, as it is the proverbial pedantic affectations of the profession. From this class, however, is to be excepted a Surgeon of rank of the United States Medical Staff, for whose certificate so much respect is due, in view of the responsibility of his station, that we insert it entire.

U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL, ST. LOUIS, MO., }
March 15, 1873. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS—

My Dear Sir:—In response to your note of the 6th inst., I would acknowledge my obligation to you, through the prompt and happy relief to myself, and to quite a number of my patients, by means of your "Opium Cure."

While travelling in Europe, in 1869-70, I had repeated attacks of sciatica, that were only relieved by minute doses of morphine, used hypodermically. After returning to my home in Springfield, Ill., late in 1870, I suffered more than I can express in words or in writing, from *prolapsus ani*. This was an old trouble with me, from which I had constantly suffered, more or less, during twenty years. It became so serious as to protrude even while I was confined to my bed and wearing an anal pessary—entirely covering and hiding the instrument. During 1871 the prolapsed part was entirely and skilfully removed with the *ecrasseur*, in the hands of my friend, Dr. B. M. Griffith, of Springfield.

Although I had employed the hypodermic syringe but a few times in Europe for the sciatica, and readily and positively abandoned its use, I remembered its pleasant and curative effect, and unfortunately resorted to it again to relieve the agonies daily suffered from the prolapsus, and, after the operation for the removal of this, for the intense pain I continued to suffer for months, especially in the necessary evacuations of the bowels. Long before I recovered from the wound and the shock of the surgical operation, I had become confirmed in the habitual daily use of sulphate of morphine, but always and only *epidermically*. In about a year the amount daily injected was gradually augmented from a quarter of a grain to three grains per diem. I then heard of you, wrote to you for your medicine, received it, and broke my syringe.

Your excellent preparation, "Theriaki, or their Last Dose," proved a most pleasant and efficient *opium cure to me*. From the moment that I took the first dose, I ceased to have the least desire to use opium in any way, and my health rapidly improved while I was taking the four or five bottles you sent to me. I have administered your medicine most satisfactorily to several patients who had placed themselves under my care for the cure of the opium habit; and I shall continue to do this as often as employed by such sufferers. All these declare, with me, that your medicine is pleasant to take; that it removes all desire for opiates, produces a pleasanter effect than any preparation of opium, and very rapidly improves the general health.

The above is at your service, to be used in any way you may please.

I am, dear sir,

Very truly yours,

GEO. T. ALLEN, M.D., Surgeon in Charge.

THE NATION'S DANGER.



A CHINESE SMOKING OPIUM.

LAKESIDE MISCELLANY

THE EXPOSITION.

The great Chicago Exposition closes after a run of more than fifty days, during which there has been much severe inclemency of the weather, and one of the most instantaneous and widespread financial agitations that ever operated along narrow channels or overthrew so few houses of business. With no prevalent depressions of trade and industry during the autumn, such as are more than likely during this winter, or such as characterized the great revulsion of 1837 and 1857, the Jay Cooke panic as suddenly took the breath of our currency as the not fatal overthrill of an electric battery does from the human throat. Yet the undertaking, as a whole, seems entitled to the inevitable applause of success; and to those who think that a representative assemblage of the products of manufacturing industry and of art this far west of Boston and Philadelphia, in a structure erected by an association incorporated for that purpose, was a somewhat chimerical pretention, the realized result must be matter of astonishment. The articles exhibited, in variety and excellence, could bestow or withhold but little inherent local interest, since the scope of contribution was neither more or less than the country at large. In no place are many thousands expected to collect at a Fair without the Chickerings and Hamlins being on hand with their pianos and organs, the McCormicks with their reaping machines, and the Waltham and Elgin people with their watches. But there is a much greater significance of the more local questions of the spirit and effect with which the scheme has been carried out, the relative degrees in which particular classes of articles excited greatest interest, and, above all, the character and extent of the crowds attracted

by notification of such a spectacle at Chicago.

A brief mention of a few of the more prominent and important of the articles which have attracted most attention at the Exposition is made below.

FINE JEWELRY AND SILVER-WARE.— MESSRS. GILES BROTHERS & CO.

"In his birch canoe exulting,
All alone went Hiawatha,
Through the clear, transparent water
He could see the fishes swimming
Far down in the depths below him.
At the stern sat Hiawatha,
With his fishing-line of cedar.
On the bow, with tail erected,
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo.
Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none had he, nor needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him.
*Swift or slow, at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.*"

The last two lines from the above extract from Longfellow's beautiful poem of "Hiawatha," are inscribed, in raised letters, on the base of an elegant emblematic design in silver, and called "*Hiawatha: A Poem in Silver.*" This exquisitely elaborate and chaste device represents a silvered lake, about four feet in length, on which floats a silver canoe three feet in length and six inches high. "At the stern sits Hiawatha" with bow and arrow in one hand and fishing-line in the other, while the squirrel, "Adjidaumo," is perched upon the bow. Upon the bank of this miniature lake are seen weeds, grasses, frogs and turtles; and in the water grows "the yellow water-lily." The conception is a fine one, and is most beautifully and successfully worked out. The entire piece is of solid silver, artistically formed and carved, and is valued at \$5,000. Of course, it is one of the attractions of the Exposition, and is always the centre of an admiring crowd of spectators.

Much praise is bestowed upon the artistic taste of Messrs. Giles Brothers & Co., the well-known jewellers of this city, and the exhibitors of this wonderful and beautiful work of art. This firm also have on exhibition, in handsome and capacious show-cases, a very extensive assortment of rich and costly articles in their line, among which were noticed, especially, two very fine diamonds, weighing six carats each, the pair being valued at ten-thousand dollars. They also display *fac similes* of the largest of the crown-jewels—a very interesting study to the lover of precious stones. A beautiful assortment of silver-ware—from the plainest to the most rich and costly in character, and varying from the simple knife and fork to the beautiful and elaborate tea-set of many pieces—is included in their display, and makes a fine appearance.

A full and elaborate set of coral jewelry, made to order for and imported by this house, and worth six hundred dollars, is also exhibited by them. Besides a full assortment of silver-ware and jewelry of all kinds, their display includes many novelties which attract no little attention, among which may be mentioned a Swiss watch costing five hundred dollars, giving on the face, besides the time of day, the day of the week, the day of the month, and the month. Also in this case was a Masonic emblem, presented to the Grand Master of the State of Illinois. It is about six inches in length, and displays all the various emblems of the Order. It is a fine piece of work, and very creditable in design and execution.

Messrs. Giles Bros. & Co. keep at their store the most elegant and latest designs; and no readers of this should purchase until they have visited their establishment—Nos. 266 and 268 Wabash avenue, where they will be cordially received—and examine their stock of precious stones, bronzes and presentation goods. Their store is almost a complete Exposition in itself, being one of the most elegant and extensive in the whole country, fitted up in the most costly and artistic manner, and stocked with an immense assortment of all the beautiful things to be found in a first-class jewelry-house. Messrs. Giles Brothers & Co. are well-known business men in Chi-

cago, and their high reputation for fair dealing and reliability is built upon the solid basis of unswerving integrity and faithfulness to representation. A reputation like this is of itself a fortune to a man or a firm engaged in a legitimate business. The certainty of purchasing goods of the precise character represented, at a fair price, makes a purchaser a constant customer. These things are true in all branches of trade, but more especially so in that of watches, diamonds, and fine jewelry, where a customer is forced to depend, in a great measure, upon the honor of the dealer.

WATCHES.—AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY, OF WALTHAM.

The handsome show-cases of the American Watch Company, with their contents of beautifully-polished gold and silver watches, received their full share of attention and admiration from the vast throngs of sight-seers in the Exposition. This Company exhibited samples of thirty different watches, in gold and silver cases, varying in value from \$20 to \$300, and including both key and stem-winding, ladies' and gents' watches, of all kinds and styles of finish. The watch-making industry, as developed by this Company at their extensive establishment at Waltham, is something enormous among the great manufacturing interests of the world. Commencing twenty years ago, in what was regarded almost universally as the *experiment* of making watches by machinery, the Company has gone on and flourished, until a vast establishment, filled with machinery superintended by one thousand hands, and producing some ninety thousand complete watches a year—more than the product of all England, and three times that of any similar establishment in the world—is the proud result of their labors. This is the only establishment in the country where the complete watch is produced, case and all; and the American Company's watches are not surpassed as *reliable time-keepers* by any manufactured—the Company having expended much time and study in perfecting and rendering accurate every detail of the works. In fact, this watch is as near *perfection* as the idealist could well desire;

and its immense popularity may be shown by the fact that during one year *seventy-five thousand* of them have been sold. This fact alone is sufficient to establish the supremacy of the Waltham watch, as it shows conclusively that the verdict of popular approval has been given in its favor.

These watches are for sale by all respectable dealers everywhere. Messrs. Robbins & Appleton, the agents of the Company, are located in the "Tribune" Building, Chicago.

MOWERS AND REAPERS—C. H. McCORMICK & CO.

If there were any doubt about the success of the celebrated McCormick Mower and Reaper at the various exhibitions and fairs in different parts of the world, it is dispelled by the display, at the Exposition, of the various *original* medals and premiums given to this world-renowned machine. This is the first public exhibition of all of these valuable original awards. A brief description of each will doubtless be of value to the reader. They are twelve in number, as follows:

1. Gold Medal of American Institute, 1849.

2. Council Medal of the London Exhibition of 1851, of which the London "Times" says: "The most valuable contribution to the Great Exposition, and of sufficient value to compensate for the expense of the whole Exposition."

3. Grand Gold Medal of Honor, Syracuse, New York, 1857, "for the best Reaping Machine," after a trial of nine days' duration.

4. Grand Gold Medal of Honor, Paris, 1855, "for the best Machine exhibited in a field-trial, and as a type after which all others were made."

5. Silver Medal of the Royal North Lancashire Agricultural Society, England, 1862, "for the best Reaping Machine."

6. Prize Medal of the London International Exposition, 1862.

7. Gold Medal, Brussels, Belgium, 1863, "for the best Reaping Machine."

8. Gold Medal of the Great International Exposition, Hamburg, 1863, "for the best Machine."

9. Gold Medal of the International Ex-

position, Lille, France, 1863, after a field trial of Reaping and Mowing Machines, "for the best Machine."

10. Grand Prize for Reaping Machines at the Great International Exposition at Paris, in 1867. This elaborate medal weighs three-fourths of a pound, troy, and is a fine piece of work: On one side "Napoleon III., Empereur;" on the reverse, two cherubs, bearing a card inscribed, "McCormick." To this medal was added by the Emperor the "Cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor." At the Great Exposition at Paris this machine won its highest honors, Hon. Cyrus H. McCormick, according to the "Moniteur," the official paper of the French government, not only obtaining the grand prize for his invention, but being nominated by the Emperor Knight of the Legion of Honor.

11. Cross of the Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, by Emperor Napoleon, at Vincennes, in 1867, after two great trials, as well as at a private trial of the same on his farm, at Chalons, made at his own request, for his private satisfaction.

12. Grand Gold Medal of Merit at the World's Exposition at Vienna in 1873, after a severely-contested trial in the field. This is the highest premium of the Exposition, and was awarded to the "Advance" Reaper, and was the *only* medal awarded by the Exposition for "Reaping Machines." There was also awarded a similar Medal of Merit for the same machine, as a "Combined Reaping and Mowing Machine." Thus, the *only two* gold medals awarded for any single article fell to this machine; and all American citizens may well feel proud of this distinction and honor conferred upon an American inventor.

The factory of the McCormicks is the largest of the kind in the world. They make nothing but the Mower and Reaper, or both combined. The works cover an area of twenty-one acres, situated on the South Branch of the Chicago River. Some idea of their extent may be formed from the fact that there are six acres of floor-room. These machines are sold to the farmers on the most liberal terms, giving ample time and easy terms to the poorest,

so that there need be no monopoly in its use.

The Messrs. McCormick are foremost in public improvements, and have erected more fine blocks in Chicago, since the fire, than any other firm. Not less than sixteen massive blocks present their handsome, substantial façades along the principal business streets.

PIANOS.—CHICKERING PIANOS TAKE THE HONORS.

Reed & Sons, of the Temple of Music, early recognized the importance of our Exposition, and that thousands from all parts of the Northwest would visit the great fair, thus affording unusual facilities for the exhibition of fine goods. Accordingly, the firm erected a miniature temple, in the very centre of the vast Exposition building, and, painted in the gayest colors, decorated with brilliant banners and flags, cases of gold medals, busts of eminent musicians and manufacturers, this little show-house formed the most attractive stand in the whole building.

This little show-house, we say; but after all, it was not so very small; for, facing on four aisles, thus open to public gaze on four sides, or main passage-ways, it was capable of holding six pianos of the very largest size, with ample room between for performers and visitors, should any wish to step within for a closer and more critical examination of the instruments.

The pianos exhibited were marvels of elegance in style, finish and tone, and were from the celebrated factory of the *Chickering*s, who have been making these instruments over fifty years, and know by this time how to make the very best.

First, there was a magnificent Grand piano, inlaid with the richest and rarest of woods, of all the colors of the rainbow, and brought from every quarter of the globe. Then, too, fine bronzes, and heavy metal trimmings of gold-color. In a word, the most lavish use of every material that could be used and put together by skilful mechanics who have spent the last half century in bringing to perfection just such a piano as this.

And then, the tone—so rich, so soft, so clear and gentle, when the ivory keys were

coaxed and gently pressed; then, did the player attack them with strength and force, how grandly rolled out a strain of music that could be heard in the remotest part of the vast Exposition building, above all the din of bands and people.

Reader, would you like to buy that nice piano—price only three thousand five hundred dollars?

Besides this, there was exhibited a splendid upright piano of the same style of finish, for which was asked two thousand five hundred dollars, or six thousand for the pair. That these are the two finest pianos ever made in the world, nobody doubted who saw them.

Lest, however, these extreme high prices should frighten our readers of more moderate means, we will just hint that four other plain rosewood pianos, like those in common use, were also exhibited, whose tone and inside works were in every way as good, and which a king might be proud to own and use, while it would take only five or six hundred of Uncle Sam's greenbacks to buy.

Chickering's took the honors at the Exposition; and they deserved them.

SEWING MACHINES.—THE DAVIS IMPROVED.

The success of the Exposition is owing, in a measure, to the efforts of the exhibitors to make an attractive display, and in placing before the public, in the best light, the relative qualities and merits of their goods. To none is more credit due in this respect than to the Davis Sewing Machine Company. Great taste has been shown by them in furnishing and decorating their booth. The cabinet-work of these machines is of the finest and best quality, being of heavy black walnut, veneered, and put together in a durable and substantial manner, many styles of which attracted great attention from their elegance. The machines are beautifully mounted, being silver-plated and pearled in the highest style of the art. Some remarkable feats in sewing have been done by the Davis, all of which are the wonder and admiration of the visitors, and many, we think, impossible for other machines to do. Four heavy plates of lead and four of tin are sewed

together with ease. Two heavy table-spoons were sewed together through the bowl. The specimens of fine work are really beautiful. Bobinet lace, wool delaine, and other goods, were cut in scollops and points, and were bound; gathers were made and sewed to two bands at one operation; and various kinds of work were done too numerous to mention. A remarkable feature of the Davis is, that in no case is the work basted. The question is often asked the operator, "Why can you do this work so much better than is done on other machines?" The answer invariably is, "Because the Davis has the Vertical Feed." A brief description of this Feed may not be out of place:

First, The presser-foot is always raised from the fabric when the feed takes place, thereby presenting no resistance to seams or ridges while feeding.

Second. The needle being in the fabric, moving with the Vertical Feed - Bar—with its full pressure on the goods—renders the feed sure and strong, and the stitch uniform in length.

Third. The needle being in the goods at the time the feed takes place, renders it impossible to full one piece while the other is stretched.

Fourth. The Vertical Feed - Bar being behind the needle, renders it capable of sewing elastic goods, making a smooth and flexible seam, with stitch alike on both sides, thus enabling the sewing of any number of thicknesses without basting, and operating with equal facility on the heaviest as well as the lightest fabric.

The Davis Machine is very simple, being composed of very few parts, and is compact, strong, and durable. It has become thoroughly established in public favor, and its sales are very great. The Company is composed of the heaviest capitalists of the East. The manufactory is at Watertown, N. Y.; the Western Office at 358 and 360 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

SCALES.—FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.

We confess our surprise at the great variety and beautiful finish of an endless number of different mechanisms for accurately determining weights, as exhibited by the world-wide Fairbanks. Scales that at

first look seemed alike, on close inspection were found to be made for Spanish, French, Portuguese, Russian, Chinese, and other nationalities, to which countries large numbers are sent; each nation, the reader will bear in mind, requiring and using a different system, or scale of weights. No less than six thousand of these were sold last year to other than English people. The Fairbanks manufacture all possible varieties of weighing machines, from the beautiful silver-plated druggists' scale, weighing one-half a grain, up to the railroad scale, one hundred and fifty feet long, capable of weighing a whole train of cars of one hundred tons. The pork-packers' scale is, of course, largely used in Chicago, and is made especially for their use, with all the weighing part of the scale above the platform, so as not to be affected by the grease and dirt. Fairbanks' is the only scale used in the great stock-yards of the West. One has lately been put up in the Chicago yards, to weigh fifty tons, and is forty-two feet long. The hopper-scales are used in the Chicago elevators; and some of those lately constructed have as many as twenty in use of this pattern. The scale with six beams, we found, on inquiry, to be for weighing six different ingredients at the same time, and is used in blast-furnaces.

The several departments of the United States Government are supplied with these scales, nearly two thousand having been furnished this year, which is certainly one good evidence of their accuracy and reliability. They are simple in construction, delicate in operation, and made of the best material—strong, durable, and accurate—and are protected by no less than twelve patents.

Last year, at their factory in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, they manufactured over forty-five thousand scales, of three hundred different varieties, and this year the number made will be much larger. Six hundred men are employed at the factory; and the consumption of pig-iron to supply the necessary castings has reached the large amount of twenty-five tons per day. The yearly sales amount to over \$2,000,000, and the annual consumption of lumber is four million feet. Thirteen thousand tons of iron, to say nothing of other metals, are

used annually. The Fairbanks' Scales received the first premiums—two medals—at the Paris Exposition, in competition with thirty-four other manufacturers from all parts of the world, and also the Medal of Progress at the Vienna Exposition. A *fac simile* of the latter has just been received, and is on exhibition, reading as follows: "Fairbanks' Standard American Weighing Machines: Awarded the highest and only medal awarded for this class of manufactures."

HATS.—PARKER & TILTON.

On a raised platform, covered with a rich velvet carpet, stands the beautiful showcase of Messrs. Parker & Tilton, Hatters, which is by far the most elegant and costly in the Exhibition display, being elaborate in design and finish, combining, in proper contrast, French and American walnut, with veneering of butternut and amboyna. The case is surmounted by a carved emblem of a crown and tiger's claw combined, which is the trade-mark of this popular firm. In this case are displayed a great variety of hats and caps, of all grades, from the plainest to the finest and most costly. No establishment in their line could get up a finer display of goods, or a more tasty arrangement of them.

The store of Messrs. Parker & Tilton, No. 83 South Clark st., opposite the old Court House, is an establishment well worth visiting, it being one of the finest and most extensive hat-stores in the whole country—elegantly fitted up, the floor being of tessellated marble, and the cases of black walnut, finished in the most handsome manner. The finest mirror in any store in the city is contained in this establishment. Their stock of goods is always large, and contains everything to be sought in a first-class hat-store; and additions are constantly being made of all the novelties and latest things in their line.

One style of silk dress-hat, a specialty of this firm, weighs but three ounces. Their seal-skin caps are just the thing needed when facing a lake-breeze, or riding in the prairie wind. They produce only the best qualities and most stylish hats for gentlemen's wear, and have already acquired a standing as introducers of fashions equal

to any in this country; and their goods are the finest in the West. In addition to their own hats, they import from the principal English manufacturers.

A visit to their beautiful commercial palace, No. 83 Clark street, will amply repay one for the time expended; and no stranger should leave Chicago without calling at this establishment, where every courtesy will be shown them from the proprietors.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.—W. H. BANKS & CO.

A very considerable space in the Exposition is devoted to the display of inventions for agricultural purposes. Any machinery intended to aid in handling the great staples of the West is eagerly sought for. In the extensive display of farming tools, we notice the house of W. H. Banks & Co. as having the greatest variety; for it would seem from their display that there could be no important agricultural implement that was not kept by this firm.

They are well known in the West, and are among our most prominent and reliable merchants. They handle only first-class and well-tried implements, whose utility is well established. We can only mention a few of the many on exhibition at the Exposition: Eagle Corn Shellers, Fan Mills, Farm Grist Mills, Railway and Sweep Horse Powers, Furnaces and Cauldrons, Lard Presses, Sausage Machines, and many other smaller articles.

We also saw at work in the Exposition a valuable invention, sold by this firm, called Dodge's Excelsior Hay Press, the characteristic of which is the compactness with which the material can be baled; and being in cylindrical form, can therefore be easily handled. The hay is not liable to be broken into small pieces, and wasted in feeding. It is constructed of iron, very strong, but can be easily moved by one man and team. Its capacity is ten tons per day, making bales thirty-two inches in diameter, and any length not more than four feet. It is evidently a machine of great value.

Their warehouse, at 34 and 36 South Canal street, is filled with an almost endless variety of implements used in agricultural pursuits, and we advise no reader to make purchases without first examining

their stock, where they will be very cordially received.

From Chicago Evening Journal of Aug. 9th, 1873.

THE MAGNIFICENT CLOTHING-HOUSE
OF WILDE, BLUETT & CO.

At the confluence of those great thoroughfares, State and Madison streets, stands the Dore Building, a massive five-story marble-front edifice, one of the handsomest that the new resurrection has given birth to. It is located on the northwest corner of State and Madison streets, covering sixty-eight feet on the former and one hundred and six on the latter. Its proportions are of the most imposing character, its sky-line being at a lofty height in proportion to the ground which the edifice covers. In architectural beauty of design and perfect execution, it is unsurpassed, while its immense strength and solidity make it a monument of durability.

The entire ground-floor of this mammoth building has just been taken possession of by the custom-work and ready-made clothing-house of Wilde, Bluett & Co., one of the heaviest and most popular firms of this kind in the United States. Fifteen years ago, G. T. Belding & Co. established themselves in Chicago, opening up a line of fine ready-made clothing, in almost every respect equal to custom-made work. They were the pioneers of that class of goods; and their success was unprecedented. The successors were Edwards, Bluett & Co. (the Company being James Wilde, Jr., & Co., of New York). For the past three years this firm has fully maintained the reputation of its predecessors, and has enlarged its business until it can number its patrons by thousands. Since the fire, the firm has kept two large stores in operation, one on Madison, corner of Clinton street, and the other at 308 State street. Mr. Edwards having just retired, the firm is now Wilde, Bluett & Co.

Mr. William C. Bluett is a Chicagoan, a business man of large experience and undoubted honor. His partners are at the head of an immense manufacturing establishment in New York, a fact which enables the Chicago house to keep well stocked with goods of the best manufacture and the latest styles.

The great salesroom, located on the best corner in Chicago, is a model of immensity and beauty. Long rows of black walnut and ash counters and tables groan under the weight of every description of men and boys' clothing. Solid black walnut standing-cases ornament the sides, while low partitions of the same rich wood surround the cashier's office, the custom department, and dressing-rooms. Thirteen massive marbleized iron columns support the lofty ceiling. The floor is of matched hardwoods. At night the store is lighted by thirty chandeliers.

The custom department is in charge of experienced cutters, and is stocked with a full line of cloths.

The furnishing department is of the completest description, embracing the best of everything belonging to such a department.

So admirably located, and so favorably known as gentlemen of integrity and liberality in business matters, the firm, with its increased facilities, cannot fail to surpass all of its former successes. Carrying a stock valued at \$150,000, surely every taste can be gratified; and no pains will be spared, we are assured, to please everybody. A gentlemanly and pains-taking corps of salesmen will use their best endeavors to promote the interests of the firm by satisfying every customer.

UNION PACIFIC LANDS.

Nothing better exemplifies the healthy tone of both the carrying and the producing interests, notwithstanding the unsettled questions of transportation and the like, than the continuing tide of immigration and settlement along the lines of the great railroad routes. The true harmony between the farmer and the railroad man is the basis of the liberal and most successful policy of the Union Pacific Railroad Company in the sale of their lands. Contemplate the following sales of Union Pacific Railroad lands, from August 1, 1869, to Oct. 1, 1873. Here are the astonishing figures:

Total, 799,748 73-100 acres, for \$3,595,460.63; averaging \$4.50 per acre, and averaging 153 acres to each purchaser.

The sales for 1872 were almost entirely to actual settlers, averaging but 123 acres

to the purchaser. For the year 1873, so far, the average is less than 100 acres, showing the rapid settlement of the lands along the line of this road.

The months of July, August and September, 1873, show a very large business. Acres sold for that time were 63,703-59-100, for \$423,642.33, an average of \$6.65 per acre, and but 104 acres to the purchaser. The sales for the present month, October, will exceed those of any of the months mentioned.

The traffic on the road is increasing rapidly, showing the development of the vast region west of us.

NOISELESS BRISTOL WASHER.

No longer is there necessity for our housewives to dread that abomination, *wash-day*; for, after many attempts, there has at last been found a labor-saving washing-machine—not only saving labor, but doing the work satisfactorily, and saving time and the wear of clothes. The superiority of the Bristol Washer over all others consists in its near approach to the principle of hand-washing. With this machine the boiling of clothes is dispensed with, as well as all the unpleasantness of having boiling "suds" in the house. The machine is manufactured and for sale by a prominent Water street firm, which is a guarantee of its worth, and that all representations made in reference to it can be depended upon.

R. J. MORSE & CO.

Our best known importer of Diamonds,

R. J. Morse, who formerly had his magnificent establishment on Wabash avenue, with such a modest outward show that only the critical few knew where to find his rare, rich and choice goods—plate, jewels, gems and watches—took the hint of the times, and now finds his mission in the broader field of a location on the southeast corner of Clark and Lake streets, where all the world may see that beautiful store, one of the foremost west of New York.

THE MUSIC HOUSE OF J. HOWARD FOOTE

is well known throughout the land; in New York, at 31 Maiden Lane, as the oldest of its kind in the country; and in Chicago, at 154 and 156 Clark street, as the first and only exclusively importing and wholesale musical house in the Western metropolis.

The Chicago house having recently moved into new and more commodious quarters, with a salesroom unsurpassed in the perfection of its arrangements and beauty of samples displayed by any similar establishment in the country, we feel confident that all who honor him with a visit will concede that in his *Exposition Musicale* he has added a special attraction to the many objects of interest that greet the visitor to our resurrected city. In addition to full and complete lines of Band and Orchestral Instruments, Mr. Foote makes fine Musical Boxes a specialty, and carries the largest and finest stock of these charming instruments to be found in the city or in the West.

LAKESIDE MISCELLANY

THE PALMER HOUSE.

The tardy spring has belated the great new hotels—the Sherman and the Grand Pacific in turn coming to the front, however; and now the Palmer House is approaching early completion, and will be open perhaps in time for the return tide, after the close of the pleasure season at the fashionable resorts.

This Hotel (a satisfactory view of which has been achieved by the engraver, and serves as a frontispiece to this number) is strikingly different in architectural design from any of the others, having been conceived on a plane of taste easier to recognize than to classify. If comparisons are odious, the Palmer Building need provoke no uneasiness, as its admirers—to which large yet discriminating number we claim to belong—offer their praise to an object which, though distinctly classic, is yet relatively unique. In imposing unity, massive proportion, and stateliness, the palm is due the Palmer House over any edifice in Chicago, without exception. On the other hand, the airy elegance, the almost frolicsome abundance of ornate detail—of which rebuilt Chicago affords many examples—graceful tributes to the fashion of the times—are less conspicuous in the graver mien of this noble structure, with its three twin-pillared colonnades rising in successive ranges, admirably subordinated to the *façade* as a beautiful whole. The following particulars may enable the reader to judge of the establishment with respect to its uses as well as its beauties:

It stands on Monroe street, extending from Wabash avenue to State street, having a frontage on Monroe of 248 feet, on Wabash, 131 feet 4 inches, and on State, 254 feet 4 inches. The height from the sidewalk to the roof is 106 feet. By alleys,

from Adams street in the rear and from Monroe street and Wabash avenue, the carriage-courtyard, 60 by 80 feet, in the centre of the structure, is reached. The elevation is divided into eight stories, besides a ninth in its rear for water-tanks, etc. The seventh and eighth stories are included with the modified Mansard roof and central and corner towers, with the glass dome. Below, the six stories are divided into three colonnades, the highest being fashioned in the Corinthian spirit, the second in the Composite, and the lower, of course, in the grand and simple Doric. There is a touch of ostentation, we think, in the sculptures over the grand State street entrance; but on the whole the effect is impressively pleasing. The offices are 64 by 106 feet, with ceiling 24 feet 6 inches high. The main dining-hall is 65 by 76 feet, and its ceiling 27 feet high. There are 670 rooms; four elevators, three by steam; three iron stairways, and a grand marble one from basement to top story. All girders, joists, lintels, etc., are iron, and the proprietors claim that the building is as near fire-proof as it is practicable to make one.

The interior of this grand Hotel, in magnificence, richness, and variety of choice and costly marbles, from nearly all parts of the world, will compare favorably with the finest palaces and churches of Europe in its Medicean age, and will doubtless surpass the interior of any hotel in existence. The grand stairway, reaching from the first floor to the upper stories, is self-supporting, and is a marvel of symmetrical beauty, being of beautiful white Carrara (Italian) marble, highly polished, with panelled backs. Each flight is provided with a landing ten feet square, composed of a solid stone, the under side also panelled and carved with rosettes, the jointings of

the "treads and risers" being beautifully and ingeniously made. The wainscoting of the grand dining *salon*, the ladies' and gentlemen's ordinaries, halls, vestibules and billiard saloons, together with the office counters, floors, etc., are all inlaid with the choicest and rarest marbles from Italy, Spain, France, Belgium and America. Among them may be named the *Verde Antique*, Spanish and Italian *Brocatelles*, Carrara ordinary, *Griotte*, Belgian black. The tessellated floors, with the broad borders around them, are of several varieties of Vermont and Italian marbles, all harmonizing in color and glittering with a resplendent polish. This splendid work of Nature's choicest gifts, wrought into useful and pleasing forms, and polished off by the cunning handiwork of man, was furnished by a Chicago firm—the Schureman & Hand Mantle Company, located on Michigan avenue, corner of Van Buren street. Most of the work, including the stairway, was done by the skilful workmen of Carrara and Belgium, and much of it at their own establishment. We are sure that when the discriminating public are allowed to view the work we have attempted to describe, the merits of this firm, and the individual members composing the same, will be duly appreciated, and that their already extensive and prosperous business in all the branches of Marble and Granite work will be largely and profitably increased, and prove an honor and benefit to the entire community.

The exterior of the Palmer House was produced by the popular contractors, J. Price & Co., whose extensive works are located at the corner of Polk street and Fifth avenue. The material used is the Amherst stone. The drawings for these elevations were furnished by the original architect of the Hotel, Van Osdel. We have already alluded to the beauty of the State and Monroe street elevations. Messrs. Price & Co.'s work in the production of these two fronts amounted to one hundred thousand dollars. Price & Co. have also furnished all the cut stone for Pike's beautiful buildings on the south-west and north-east corners of State and Monroe streets; for Rawson's building on State street, north of Monroe; for Bowman's block, south-east

corner of State and Madison, and the large building occupied by Ross & Gosage, on State street. Among the most important of the many contracts executed by Price & Co. are the two beautiful Honoré buildings on Dearborn street, extending from Monroe to Adams street, and the Honoré block, corner of Michigan avenue and Adams street; the Union Bank building, one of the most important structures in the city, and lastly St. Paul's church, on Michigan avenue, near Sixteenth street. The entire contract for the building of this church was taken by Price & Co. at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars. They produced all the work mentioned in this article during the first year after the fire. The average number of stone-cutters employed by them is three hundred, including besides these the same number of masons, bricklayers and laborers. The gross amount of business done by this firm since the fire is but little short of one million of dollars.

CHICAGO & PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The northern tier of counties, embracing Jo Daviess, Stephenson, Winnebago, Boone, McHenry, and Lake, with Cook, Kane, Ogle, and Carroll, occupy the best part of the State of Illinois, if regard be had to health, drainage, elevation, and picturesque surface, as well as to quality of soil, contiguity to natural channels of intercourse, and the other conditions most important to the pioneer. But now that the general development no longer leaves marvellous water-courses to guide the settler, his choice may fall in this highest and handsomest region in the State, where in time may be expected the densest and happiest population of the region. The great city of Chicago, lying at the eastern end of this clean, airy, undulating region, between the waters of Lake Michigan and the Mississippi River, is certain to plant her multiplying suburbs in this direction, of which the timely—and not premature—assurance is betokened by the Railroad now in active progress, straight through the whole district. This road will pass over the highest land in the State, Bartlett Station, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Elgin, having an altitude of 241 feet above Chicago. To illustrate the comparative excellence of this stretch

of country, the most significant contrast with other equally near neighborhoods is in the matter of altitude, with which we may condense information as well, of distances from the Court House in Chicago of several stations, their elevation and the travel-fare on the Chicago & Pacific Railroad, viz.: Pacific Station, $6\frac{1}{4}$ miles, 21 feet, \$6.50 for 100 rides, or at the rate of an old-fashioned "fip" a ride, by commutation; Kelvin Grove, $7\frac{3}{4}$ miles, 33 feet, \$7.75; Galewood, $8\frac{3}{4}$ miles, 67 feet, \$8.75; Mt. Clare, $9\frac{3}{4}$ miles, \$9.75; Orison, $10\frac{3}{4}$ miles, 59 feet, \$10.75; River Park, $12\frac{1}{4}$ miles, 48 feet, \$12.25; Tioga, 17 miles, 98 feet, \$17.00; Ithaca, $20\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 110 feet, \$20.50; Ontario, $27\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 218 feet, \$27.50; Bartlett, $29\frac{1}{4}$ miles, 241 feet, \$29.50 (a cent a mile; or, by the year, \$88.50 for a ticket good all the time). Thence, the ground slopes by degrees till at Elgin, 35 miles from the city terminus, the altitude is about 170 feet, and the price of an annual ticket is \$100.00. Between Chicago and Elgin there are 23 stations, or an average of about a station to every mile and a half. These particulars sufficiently show how prevalent is coming to be the recognition of this choice region as the field for selecting homes for prosperous Chicagoans in all the walks of life. So quietly has this most appropriate enterprise gone forward, that the cheapness of the lands on the route has continued until very recently, though the speculation which will shortly be rife is already beginning with activity. Particularly is this observed at Galewood, River Park, Itasca, and Roselle. At the latter station, situated 192 feet above the Lake, is a charming rolling land, where most beautiful sites for residences invite on every hand. This point is only 24 miles from Chicago, at the intersection of four very rich townships, and cannot fail to become an important suburban town. An artesian well is to be sunk, and a tract of 1,000 acres is laid out in lots every way desirable, whether for the groves of native trees of suitable size to be beautiful, or for the good drainage, or the diversified surface.

Likewise, we may especially mention Galewood, only $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the Chicago city limits, and 67 feet above the Lake.

Here begin groves of trees and rolling prairie, and all the pleasing variety of that combination. Pure spring water is obtained by digging but twelve feet. Within the next four miles beyond Galewood are four stations. The entire section is certain to become valuable property, because of the beauty of the ground, nearness to the city, and elevation, overlooking it and the surrounding country. At each of these stations elegant depot buildings have been erected, many thousand trees planted, streets graded, and the erection of hundreds of houses is in immediate contemplation. At River Park the road crosses the Aux Plaines river, at a distance of only about eight miles from Chicago. Here is fine timber, and facilities for drainage superior to any place so near Chicago. Hourly trains from this point, carrying passengers at low rates, will offer inducements for residence that will in a few years build up a pleasant suburb, probably the most fashionable of all that surround Chicago.

Already three trains daily leave the corner of North Halstead and North Branch streets, to within a mile or so of Elgin. The chartered right of way will enable the Company to locate their own city depot near the La Salle tunnel, a point of striking convenience for the country trade. By any other existing route the passenger to Elgin travels eight miles further. Excepting a controversy in court about the crossing of the track of the Northwestern at Elgin, practically determined against that Company, the serious impediments in this enterprise are now all surmounted by the very able and reputable men who are at the head of it. They conceived the project amidst the smoking ruins of the great fire, and really deserve a handsome greeting for so inspiring a faith in the unfaltering revival of the city.

The President, Thomas S. Dobbins, Esq., backed his forecast with his means, in true Western spirit, in which, also, Mr. George S. Bowen, Vice-President, was equally ardent and indomitable. The Board of Directors, besides Messrs. Dobbins and Bowen, consists of R. M. Hough, Walter L. Pease, John S. Wilcox, George Youngs, and Wm. B. Howard, all of whom

deserve in this enterprise the credit they have severally long enjoyed in previous matters of usefulness and thrift. The practical management is now in the capable hands of R. C. Tate, Superintendent. Mr. Geo. H. Daniels is the General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

We have thus far spoken of this road as a matter merely cognate to the local region of country, and its early prospects for population, wealth, and embellishment. But the road itself, considered as a through route, independently of its character as the carrier for an interesting locality, is a plan of much general importance. Indeed, some of the most sagacious men of Chicago expect to see this road outstrip all rivals, early and permanently, as the route from Chicago to the Pacific Slope and intermediate regions. Its Mississippi terminus is but a few miles below Dubuque, Iowa; and the most cursory glance of the map shows it, besides being the shortest, to have other supreme advantages for reaching either the Northern or Southern through routes to the Golden Gate. The local accommodation is most ample, and through a country hitherto without a railroad, a matter of which residents and purchasers along the route will not be slow of apprehension; but to the projectors the comprehensive idea of this great through travel is the incentive and the ambition. It will doubtless be fully realized.

VIEW ON STATE STREET.

(See Illustration.)

We present, in the present issue of *THE LAKESIDE*, a perspective view of a series of fine buildings on the south-east corner of State and Madison streets, forming one of the grand architectural piles of New Chicago.

CLEMENT, MORTON & Co.

The large building in the foreground was built for the well-known manufacturers of clothing, Messrs. Clement, Morton & Co. This firm occupy the entire building in the manufacture and jobbing of men's and boys' Clothing. The firm commenced business in 1867. They have grown from a small affair to one of immense proportions, and

now stand as one of the leading houses in their line of business west of New York. Every novelty known in fabric or style is employed. Their garments are to be found in the stock of every first-class dealer in clothing throughout the Northwest.

Having a long experience in the wants of the Western Trade, manufacturing all their stock in Chicago, having their business reduced to a perfect system, and carrying an immense stock of fine and medium goods, this firm are largely increasing their business every year, and, if the past is any criterion for the future, will soon outstrip all competitors in their line of business.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & Co.

In this row we find the Chicago offices of Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., publishers of the *AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL SERIES* of School-Books, in which are included such well-known and popular textbooks as Sanders' Readers, Robinson's Arithmetics and Higher Mathematics, the Union Readers, Kerl's Grammars, Spencerian Copy-Books, Fausquelle's and Woodbury's Series, Webster's School Dictionaries, and many other class-books of the highest reputation, some of which may be found in every school-house in the Union. Among the more recent publications of this house is Swinton's condensed History of the United States, which, within the two years since it was published, has found its way into hundreds of our best public and private schools, and gained a popularity never before accorded to any similar work. This firm has recently published Dr. Hatfield's Church Hymn and Tune-Book, which is meeting with so much favor among our Presbyterian and Congregational brethren. They also manufacture the celebrated Spencerian steel pens. Over four and a half million of a single style of these pens (No. 1) were sold during 1872. Messrs. I., B., T. & Co. occupied these premises before the fire, and upon returning to them fitted up an elegant office, with inviting opportunities for teachers and educators to examine and compare school-books, look through the educational periodicals, and exchange views upon educational topics. A hearty welcome is always extended to school men.

BENJ. ALLEN & Co.

This extensive establishment occupies the second floor of the beautiful building Nos. 137 and 139 State street (see frontispiece). The house is one of the oldest in the trade in Chicago, having been established by M. T. Quimby in 1864, on Lake street, opposite the Tremont House, and from a small beginning has worked up the business to over a quarter of a million dollars annually. Mr. Allen has been identified with the house from its first opening, and thoroughly understands the wants of Western trade. Besides having a large line of customers in the West and Northwestern States, the business extends over Michigan, Indiana, and even in Ohio and Pennsylvania. Importing a large part of their foreign Watches direct from the factories in Europe, and being wholesale agents for the Elgin and Waltham Watch Companies, they can give good inducements to the trade. The stock of Jewelry and other goods comprise all grades, from the cheapest to the best quality, this house aiming to keep a complete assortment of everything needed in a Jeweller's store.

HOVEY & Co.

This firm occupy the building represented in our illustration, situated at 141 State street. They were formerly at No. 57 State street. After the loss of their extensive establishment, by the great fire, they located at Nos. 17 and 19 Harrison street, and have been in their present quarters but a few months. This house has at all times maintained the foremost position as importers, growers and dealers in field, garden and flower seeds; they carry a large stock of Horticultural implements, Lawn Mowers, and Rustic work. It is one of the oldest and most favorably known houses in its line in Chicago.

Messrs. Hovey & Co. have lately added to their already extensive business the sole agency for the sale of Wakefield's celebrated legitimate East India Cane Furniture, an article vastly superior to the ordinary willow ware. Wakefield is the sole manufacturer of legitimate Cane Furniture in the United States. The various articles embrace Reclining Chairs, Settees, and Children's Chairs and Rockers. It is extensively used in the

East in furnishing summer residences, and for verandas and lawns.

We call the special attention of the readers of THE LAKESIDE to these admirable articles. Messrs. Hovey & Co. have also become the sole agents for the sale of Brusie's Lawn Sprinkler, the most perfect article of the kind ever put upon the market. With the usual force of water furnished by city water-works, it will sprinkle a space forty to eighty feet in diameter, *uniformly*. It can also be used to the same advantage as a force pump. This is decidedly one of the most seasonable articles our attention has been called to. Everyone, in town or country, having a lawn to be preserved, should secure one of these wonderful, efficacious and useful Sprinklers.

DENVER VILLA PARK.

The Andes of the North will soon dispute with the Appalachians of the East the palm of attractions to the dweller in the great Mississippi Basin, when he seeks solace and repose, or communion with Nature on her mountain thrones. Already, friends separate at Chicago, one to go to the White Mountains or Niagara, the other perhaps to Yo Semite or Denver, for the heated term.

The climate of Colorado is noted for its mildness. Humid days and sultry nights are unknown at Denver. The constant blue sky and genial sunshine are seldom hidden. The atmosphere, pure and dry, is wonderfully clear and exhilarating. "Damp night air" is unknown, though coolness is not; and one may sleep with doors and windows open the year through without taking cold. The atmosphere is beautiful and enjoyable, and an almost certain cure for asthmatic diseases and overworked bodies and brains, by ensuring plenty of refreshing sleep. Experience and observation have fully settled these characteristics of Colorado, easily credited upon its known dryness, nearness to the mountains, and elevation of a lineal mile above the sea level.

With all these natural conditions and advantages, there was still needed the aid of man to complete the happiness of the health or pleasure-seeker. This, we are pleased to record, has been accomplished

by locating a Park of 800 acres, lying directly west of Denver, and only a mile and a quarter from the Postoffice. It is planned in ornate style for residence property—not laid out on paper, but an actual reality—not a stiff, angular design, but a beautiful ornamental landscape. The first and invaluable requisite where rain so seldom falls, is water; this is met by a canal bringing the pure mountain water to a reservoir, on the highest elevation in the Park, covering three acres and a quarter, at an average depth of 25 feet, from whence it is distributed, and will furnish an ample supply for fountains and for irrigating and domestic use. The Park has now more than 20 miles of completed, smoothly-graded roads, winding in every direction, forming streets, avenues, and drives, along which have been planted 30,000 forest, shade, and ornamental trees. These, added to the natural situation and undulations of the ground, make this Park admirably adapted to residence purposes. Within the Park the hills are about one hundred feet above the lake, and are laid out into lots of various sizes for villas. On two boulevards it is intended to lay a street railway to connect with those of the city of Denver. In the northwest is a reserve of 46 acres, for buffalo, deer and other animals, and encircled by a trotting-drive of a mile. From the piazza of the Villa Park Hotel, a neat little building erected in the Park, may be seen extensive views of the surrounding country, including the magnificent foothills and cañons of the Rocky Mountains for over three hundred miles; and so clear is the air that snow-capped Pike's Peak seems but a morning walk away. For grandeur, variety, and extent of scenery, the Rocky Mountains are not excelled; and the countless ravines and cañons, with the innumerable streams of clear water filled with speckled beauties, afford an unlimited field for the lover of the piscatory art.

The design of this vast Park is by J. F. Nicholl, Esq., landscape engineer, of Chicago, and has been conceived and carried on mainly by Chicago energy and capital; and the amount already invested in purchases and improvements is more than \$200,000. The gentlemen

interested are noted for making a success of any enterprise they inaugurate, and are Geo. S. Bowen, Mr. A. Butters, Gilbert R. Smith, and Chauncey T. Bowen, of Chicago, Geo. Elwanger, of Rochester, and A. A. Mason, of Providence, R. I., whose names guarantee its character, and that every contemplated design will be carried out as planned. When managed by such men, there is little doubt of complete financial success. We understand that only a limited amount of this property is now for sale; but the public are invited to visit through and inspect the grounds.

JULIUS BAUER & CO.

The most attractive feature in the front elevations of Palmer's Grand Hotel is the north-east corner of State and Monroe streets, where the beautiful tower-like curvature, starting from the first story, rises grandly to the beautiful dome.

The store-floor of this corner has been leased by the leading firm in Musical Instruments in the West—the great house of Julius Bauer & Co. Their salesroom will have 180 feet front on the two streets, and will be fitted up commensurate with the extensive business of this firm and the elegant hotel which they have made their headquarters. Their splendid establishment at Fifth avenue and Sixteenth street, New York, will seem like a secondary affair when Messrs. Bauer & Co. open their elegant Musical *Salon* at the Palmer House. The favorite Knabe Piano is the specialty of this firm; but its own Improved Church and Private Organs have taken solid hold on public favor; and Musical Instruments of the first order, of every description, home-made and imported, comprise their stock in trade. Bauer & Co.'s New York and Chicago establishments combined, carry more stock in each of these several departments than any similar establishment in the United States.

Until the completion of the interior of their immense salesroom at the Palmer House, Messrs. Bauer & Co. have the temporary use of a large store on the south side of the grand entrance to the hotel, and also retain their extensive and elegant establishment on Wabash avenue.

JOHN B. MAYO, AT THE PALMER HOUSE.

Messrs. John B. Mayo & Co., the well-known Jewelers, at present located in the beautiful building No. 360 Wabash avenue, are to have one of the elegant stores of the Palmer House, near the grand entrance on State street. There seems to be no department of trade in Chicago more fully developed than that pertaining to Jewelry. We have a greater variety of elegant establishments devoted to this interest than any city in the United States. Messrs. John B. Mayo & Co. propose to add another grand salesroom to the list when they open up at the Palmer House store.

THE CHICAGO MARBLE M'FG CO.

In the description of the Grand Pacific Hotel, in THE LAKESIDE for June, it was stated that the marble mantels for the house were furnished by the Chicago Marble Company. This should have read the *Chicago Marble Manufacturing Company*, as the former Company is an entirely different concern. The Chicago Marble M'fg Co. are successors to the Sherman Marble Co., and Mr. O. Sherman is Gen'l Superintendent, and Mr. Fred. J. Sherman Secretary of the more recent organization.

The name of Sherr is one well known in the marble business of Chicago, Mr. O. Sherman having been engaged in the business here for years. Many of our finest hotels, banks, business houses, &c., have been fitted up under his supervision; and the Chicago Marble Manufacturing Co., under his management, naturally occupies a leading position in their branch of business.

Their present quarters are at 713 and 715 Wabash avenue, where some of the finest and most beautiful marbles ever shown in this city may be seen.

THE GREAT THROUGH LINE BETWEEN CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

It has been well said that the mere Railroad system of a modern nation is a governmental organism of greater complexity and moral power than an ancient Empire, though but a chartered creature of the State. Whatever should come to pass as to the ownership, the *management*, like

that of the military of a people, must remain in the hands of the qualified few. The prodigious aggrandizement and enterprise of such great Roads as the Pennsylvania Central, and Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago, for instance, at once argues in the past and assumes for the future the highest professional ability and skill on the part of their managers. The simplicity of a practically single management throughout from New York to Chicago, is the highest assurance of that safety and comfort which have vied with the magnificent scenery, and the 61 miles greater nearness, in making this the most popular route between the East and West. The route passes through the north of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, about midway between Columbus in the latter and Lake Erie, and passing into Pennsylvania enters Pittsburgh; thence, through the heart of Pennsylvania, nearly due east to Harrisburg, it offers a noble variety of mountain, plain and river, reaching at one place the sublime, as it sweeps around within a vast amphitheatre of mountain ridges, with a broad, open distance of fading blue, and a valley of startling and tremendous depth and gloom. From Harrisburg, it cleaves the rich region of the doughty Dutchman of old-fashioned Pennsylvania, to Philadelphia; and thence to New York. If the passenger is bound to New England or Canada, he and his baggage are delivered at his next depot, through New York without change. Arriving at New York at 6.35 P. M., the morning train from Chicago is in advance of any other route. The night train is peculiarly commodious in its appointments, departing at the convenient hour of 5.10 P. M., arriving at New York at 6.50 A. M. — about the time a Pullman Palace sleeper awakes. There is a third daily through train, leaving Chicago at 9 P. M.; making three daily through trains by this line. Much credit for these convenient and important arrangements is due to J. N. McCullough, Esq., the General Manager of the Western end of the line, and to F. R. Myers, Esq., General Passenger and Ticket Agent — both located at Pittsburgh; not forgetting to mention that veteran railroad man, W. C. Cleland, Esq., Assistant General Passenger Agent at Chicago. The

new Chicago offices of this line — located in the Ashland Block, on Clark street, opposite the Sherman House — are worthy of special note, for the chaste and elegant completeness of their outfit and arrangements. There are here none of those repulsive signs of sordidness in the quarters of a railroad's business which so justly offend the taste of the traveller; but, as he enters for his ticket, he perceives in every inch of space mute but significant tokens of the unsparing elegance and provident comfort which await him on the train.

HOMES AND FARMS FOR THE PEOPLE.

The great Platte Valley coincides with the 41st parallel of north latitude, and in mean annual temperature with the middle of the north temperate zone. Standard hydrographers accord it special praise amongst American districts of country. It is, indeed, a garden, and makes almost the very geographical centre of the United States. For stock-raising, or grain-cropping — the elements of Western agricultural success — it is a really exceptional region, now rendered accessible by the Union Pacific Railroad. Here, the soldier seeking his homestead under the land-laws may choose, out of infinite tracts in easy reach of a railway, a market for his produce. The Railway Company, to whom the Government granted 12,000,000 acres, are selling out 3,000,000 acres along the line of the Road, to actual settlers and colonists, on ten years' credit at eastern, that is, 6 per cent. interest. All purchasers on credit get land at the same price. Purchasers who pay cash down get a reduction of 10 per cent. Purchasers of land will be carried on free passes. It is said that the sales are multiplying, as well as homestead settlements, all which promises to make Platte Valley "blossom as the rose" at no distant day."

WESTERN SPORTING GAZETTE.

We know of no Chicago enterprise in the newspaper line deserving of more hearty approbation than the latest venture, entitled, "Western Sporting Gazette," an elegantly gotten-up journal, devoted to the interests of legitimate sports and amusements. The "Gazette" is ably edited by Mr. T. Z. Cowles, who has had much ex-

perience in sporting matters. The evident ambition of the editor is to produce a journal which shall be an authority in all its departments, and, at the same time, unexceptionable in its character as a journal of polite literature. The dramatic department of the paper is exceedingly well written.

N. MATSON & CO.

Directly opposite the Palmer House, on the south-west corner of Monroe and State streets, is the large and elegant Jewelry establishment of N. Matson & Co. In looking over the great area of the store, filled with the choicest stock in Gold and Silver-Ware, and in Diamonds and Precious Stones, one is reminded of the great stores of Tiffany & Co., and Ball, Black & Co., of New York, and of the famous Bailey, of Philadelphia. Three elements have combined to make the representation of this house: Perfect knowledge of every department of their business, surrounding themselves with superior workmen, and salesmen, and profuse liberality toward the press. No one house in the West is more thoroughly advertised than that of N. Matson & Co.; and the ability to do all that they advertise to do, and the doing it in the highest sense of honor, is the secret of their great success in business.

THE STANDARD BED OF THE U. S.

The Woven Wire Mattress Co., of Hartford, Connecticut, have so perfected their machinery that they now produce a Mattress which, in every possible respect, may claim to be the "NATIONAL" BED. The work produced by this Company has always been the best woven wire ever made; but not content with their early triumphs over all competitors they have continued to tax the ingenuity of their skilled workmen, and the result is the production of the very best Bed, or Mattress, ever manufactured in this or any other country. Whoever will give ten minutes' consideration of the Woven Wire Mattress, as produced by this Company, will be satisfied of its superiority over any species of Mattress ever yet devised.

Samples may be seen at the Company's office in Chicago, No. 286 State street.



GET THE BEST.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY.

10,000 Words and Meanings not in other
Dictionaries.

3,000 Engravings; 1,840 Pages Quarto. Price, \$12.

ETYMOLOGY.

Etymology, "that branch of philological science which treats of the history of words and grammatical forms, tracing out their origin, primitive significations, and changes of form and meaning," self-evidently lies at the foundation of all correct English lexicography; and that Dictionary must be the best which is the most accurate and thorough in this department:—

"Dr. Webster spent thirty years on this Dictionary, ten of which were devoted to the *Etymological* department alone; and he has accordingly thrown much additional light on the origin and primary sense of words, and on the affinities between the English and many other languages."—*London Imperial Dictionary*.

"It is impossible to refer to any one page without discovering that Dr. Webster is a capital *etymologist*."—*London Sun*.

"Dr. Webster has entered more deeply into *etymological* researches, and with greater success, than any of his predecessors, in the same vocation. * * Indeed, on this ground, he stands not only unrivalled, but alone."—*N. Am. Review*. [Said of earlier edition.]

"The *Etymological* part surpasses any thing that has been done for the English language by any other laborers in the same field."—*Hon. George Bancroft, the Historian*.

"In the exhibition of the *Etymology* of the language, it is superior to any other Dictionary."—*President Woolsey, of Yale College*.

"The *etymological* department throws new and striking light on the history of language."—*The late President Day, of Yale College, President Bates, late of Middlebury College, and eleven Professors in those Institutions*.

"A work of extraordinary merit and value. On the great head of *Etymology*, I know nothing to supply its place."—*Hon. Daniel Webster*.

"Unquestionably the very best Dictionary of our language extant. Its great accuracy in the definition and derivation of words gives it an authority that no other work on the subject possesses."—*Hon. John C. Spencer*.

"In the department of *Etymology*—the only part of a lexicon requiring great labor and profound erudition—he is, by common confession of scholars, without a rival either in this country or in Europe."—*John G. Saxe*.

"It was my happy fortune to be a member of the family of Dr. C. A. F. Mahn, in Berlin, while he was engaged in preparing the *etymological* work in the revised edition. I consider Webster's Dictionary the best lexicographical authority extant in that department of our language."—*Prof. Edward S. Joyes, Washington and Lee Univ., Va., May 3, 1871*.

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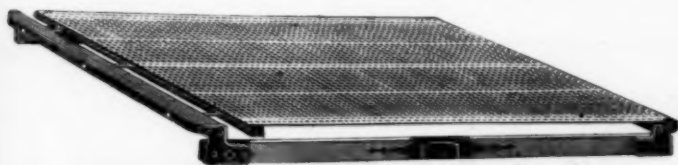
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LAKESIDE MISCELLANY

A PALACE OF ART AND BEAUTY.

IN age, the test of character is achievement; in youth, tendency. By this standard, the mortifying supremacy of grain and pork in the millionaire imagination of Chicago is relieved by the gratifying fact that every day adds to the evidence of growing taste. Pictures which, a few years ago, from the stateliest walls, looked boldly at the selectest companies in Chicago, now hide behind the doors of beer saloons. Plaster, *papier-maché*, and machine carving, enjoy the weighty quality of cheapness with rapidly diminishing advantage over the inspired work of the chisel, the knife, and the pencil. The tendency is decidedly to culture, in Fine and Decorative Art.

It would be well if dealers in ornate merchandise were imbued with a higher sense of their mission as the Aaron to the Moses of the Beautiful in a community. They promote or retard public taste, just as they keep a little ahead or fall behind it. The former is their true interest, as well as their true pride. They may be teachers, exemplars, and purveyors of taste, or mere sordid hucksters of vulgar vendibles. By flooding the town with spurious gems, job-painted pictures, stock statuettes, and mean bronzes, they inevitably disgust those few who, irrespectively of fortune, are the governors of the patronage of a city for works of art and *vertu*.

With respect to these higher concerns of business, we cannot but accord praise to the proprietors of the Jewelry Store opposite Potter Palmer's Hotel. No *connoisseur* steps out for a stroll without seeking to turn the corner of Monroe and State streets, to see what fresh work of Art may salute

him from the broad windows. Recently the store itself has been refitted to a point of costly but most chaste and modest embellishment, which makes itself a work of art. The meretricious gaud of fresco work is here remarkably tempered; and it must be confessed that such heads as the artist has given his figures of "Industry" and "Commerce," respectively, in the ceiling, are seldom seen in distemper color this far from Paris. Aurora sipping the morning dew from the cup of the *leirion*, a classic conceit, has been happily transplanted. The wooden counters are carved to the severest taste; and the marbles that under-set them, and all the appointments of convenience, have been brought to a perfect keeping. It is the same with the goods of Messrs. N. Matson & Co. Their specialty is in rich and costly articles. Their Cameos, Etruscan Gems, Pearl and Diamond Goods, and Plate, are studiously conformed to the very highest species of demand. Cheaper jewelry, of which they wholesale abundantly, is not introduced into their retail business. They have the sole agency for the Charles E. Jacot (Chaux de Fonds), and Patek Phillippe & Co. (Geneva) Watches. Visitors of taste miss the magnificent bronze statuette from the antique, Perseus and Andromeda, from the window of the Matsons, it having gone, temporarily, to adorn the Exposition Art-Hall.

It has long been known that the most elegant and tasteful jewelry-stores in America were not in New York. We are perfectly sensible of what is claimed for Chicago, when we aver that this store is worthy to be classed with the very best in Philadelphia.

W. W. KIMBALL'S NEW PIANO AND ORGAN WAREHOUSE.

Of the many fine buildings in Rebuilt Chicago, none attracts more attention than the structure at the southeast corner of Adams and State sts., occupied by a well-known and prosperous merchant, W. W. Kimball, the great Piano man of the West. It affords regular storage and exposition for a half million dollar stock of instruments; and the statement of a morning paper that no single exhibition and display of Pianos and Organs on a scale of like magnitude, supplying a similar extent of trade, can be seen at any music warehouse in any city in the world, is no exaggeration, and no strain on facts or words.

Among the instruments of which Mr. Kimball early became the Western agent and champion before the people, is the Hallett & Davis Piano, of Boston, now used in twenty-five thousand American homes, whose reputation has crossed the seas and reached the proud kingdoms of the old world. It was concerning this Piano that a writer in the "Evening Post" eloquently says:

"It has been introduced into the palaces of England and France, and been covered with honorable and immortal praises by the great masters and composers of Germany, the cradle and the native land of song—where music is a popular and universal inspiration—the home of Liszt, and Richter, and Kullak; Joseph Joachim, Franz Abt, and Bendel; Reichardt and Gottschalk, and Ferdinand David—men of eminent genius and wide renown, whose names are as high as fame and authority can write them—the illustrious genii of music who write those sweet hymns and high and solemn anthems in which the religious soul finds its largest expression of joy and won-

der—all of whom have united in an acknowledgment that this American Piano of Hallett, Davis & Co. is the best and most perfect instrument ever invented to articulate the glorious harmonies with which



those glorious minds have been inspired. It was concerning this Piano that Franz Liszt, the highest living authority, gave this laconic opinion: "It is the most admirable instrument ever made." Franz Abt, the great German song-writer, testified: "These pianos are as near absolute perfection as it is possible for the instrument to be brought." And Dr. Kullak, Court Pianist at Berlin, added as his opinion, that they were "The most exquisite instrument he ever played upon."

Mr. Kimball is also agent for the great Union Piano Company of New York. This instrument is fast winning its way to the front rank of the musical world. It is a sweet-toned home Piano; and we speak from experience when we say that it is undoubtedly the best Piano in the market for the price.

But, aside from the Piano trade, this house is also agent for Smith's American Organ, and supplies the entire Northwest with them. Wherever this Organ is known, it ranks with all others in the market. Its purity of tone, remarkable combinations, and durability, place it in the front rank of all reed instruments.

STEAM HEATING.

The art of warming and ventilating houses must have been one of the earliest perplexities of civilization; and yet, as late as 1858, the world of science was in a turmoil of conflicting theories as to the best method of warming and ventilating the Capitol at Washington. But at length the use of steam was established by experience, and a public curiosity has arisen for the history of a system so wholesome, comfortable, convenient, and economical.

Mr. James J. Walworth, of the firm of Walworth, Brooks & Co., 243 and 245 Lake street, Chicago, who began business here twenty years ago, had made his first discoveries in this matter as far back as 1840, in New York, while importing English wrought iron gas and steam pipe. In 1842 he formed a partnership with the well-known Joseph Nason, and entered regularly into the work. In those days, steam-heating was effected only by carrying the exhaust-pipe from the engine directly through the apartment under the ceiling. Walworth & Nason introduced both "exhaust" and "live" steam, and the use of fan-blowers for public edifices, hospitals, etc., by which both direct and indirect radiation and ventilation were effected. This system they introduced into the Boston Custom House in 1846. They invented and manufactured the globe valve, angle, check, and other valves, cast iron and malleable fittings, etc.—instead of the bungling and expensive elbows, etc., then existing. These improvements, substantially as originated by them, are now worldwide, without their inventors deriving any considerable royalties from their genius. Their ingenuity, coupled with their energetic introduction of its products, have rewarded them, however, with an acknowledged and flattering leadership in the trade, which is accorded the existing firms both at their Boston and Chicago houses. At the latter are manufactured and sold all manner of pipe-fitting goods, and, exclusively in the West, the Nason Vertical Tube Radiator, the acknowledged standard. They also represent the largest establishment in the country for building patent Safety Steam Elevators, for hotels, stores,

offices, mines, etc., viz.: Otis Brothers & Co., of New York. The favor enjoyed by the Otis machines is universal, rendering this Chicago agency a convenience to architects, builders, etc.

THE CHICAGO SHOT-TOWER

and Lead and Oil Works, situated on the southwest corner of Fulton and Clinton streets, are marvellous in their magnitude and completeness. The lead department was started by the President of the Works, Mr. E. W. Blatchford, as a branch of the St. Louis house, in 1861. Subsequently the manufacture of Linseed Oil was begun, and gradually increased. In 1867 the Shot-Tower was established. The place is interesting: Long coils of leaden pipe, of various sizes, powerful hydraulic presses, piles of pig lead, mammoth apparatus for heating, caking, rolling, shaping and pressing sheet lead, indicated the Lead Department. Adjoining, is the Linseed Oil section, in which twenty-two men compose the night and day gangs. Here the manufacture of raw and boiled Linseed Oils and Oil Cake, from the introduction of the seed to the completion of the vendible article, is conducted, to be shipped to Europe. The machinery is faultless, the most expensive material for bagging, malting, etc., being used. In the fourth story is located the Shot-reservoir, at the base of the lofty tower of two hundred feet. We cannot describe the interesting process of shot-making, and of assorting by means of a succession of graded sieves, the Company's own invention; but cannot forbear to recommend the reader to go and see for himself, under the polite leadership of the Secretary, Mr. C. F. Gates.

An immense engine, from the Shepard Iron Works, Buffalo, moves the machinery of the vast establishment; while forty men find steady employment therein. It is by continued industry, and a thorough acquaintance with their business, that the Shot-Tower Company have attained to their present prominent commercial standing, ranking with the first organizations of the kind in the world.

THE "MOVEMENT CURE."

Exercise and health are as closely allied as breath and life. But all degrees of uncertainty prevail as to the kind of exercise, the degree of it, etc. Science has made much progress in detecting what motions of the body do, and what do not, generate nervous power in given conditions. Medical treatment, based on these discoveries, is called the "Movement Cure," of which, results are sometimes most astonishing. The body is a machine which is the generator as well as the instrument of power. Its action, therefore, uses up as well as makes power. But, in bad health, the processes are more or less deranged, and therefore the action which goes on expending power, whether regular or not, does not re-supply it, because, for that function it requires to be regular. Curative motions thus become necessary, which consist of movements, applied by the hand of the physician or skilled operator, directing nutrition to definite points, for definite purposes. Also, mechanical arrangements for rubbing, kneading, vibration, oscillating, adapted to the different portions of the body, are used in every variety, according to the patient's case, his strength, and his feelings.

The method is appropriate to all chronic affections, and especially to those characterized by a low vitality and serious weakening of voluntary power. Paralysis, rheumatism, dyspepsia, and all the graver forms of nervous disease, promptly yield to this treatment.

Dr. J. G. Trine's long established Institute, at which the Movement Cure is administered, is now located at 105 and 107 State street, S. E. corner of State and Washington streets, Chicago.

"THE BROWNS."

Everybody in Chicago knows "The Browns." Business men rush to "Browns'" at noon to dine; ladies flock into "Browns'" for a lunch; husbands have to go down to "Browns'" at night "to see a man;" and, in short, "Browns'" would seem to be about the most popular place in the city. What is it? It is a handsome column-fronted stone building, facing both on Clark and Madison streets, containing—

what has long been wanted here—a really first-class, elegant, high-toned restaurant and European hotel, on the plan of the famous "Delmonico's." But neither Delmonico's nor any other similar establishment approaches in elegance to "Browns'." The lunch-room contains the most splendidly carved counters, and other ornaments in wood, in the West; and the largest and most elegant mirror in the world! The main restaurant on the first floor; the ladies' dining-room, and the private supper-rooms, large and small, on the second floor; and the magnificent suites of apartments above—each consisting of parlor, bed-room, and bath room—rich in carved wood, satin, velvet, and lace, are all of a degree of splendor never approached in this region. The variety and serving of the food correspond; and, altogether, the establishment is a model as a lunch-room, a restaurant for ladies and gentlemen, a place for giving select parties, and an aristocratic European hotel. Messrs. Wentworth & Woolworth, long of the Briggs House, are the excellent proprietors. "Browns'" is one of the proud features of proud Chicago.

FINE FURNITURE.

WHO does not remember with fondness some dear old piece of furniture? But then, how could it ever have got old if it had not been well made? Even our affections and sentiments cry out against the knock-kneed tables and creaking chairs, the unfitting drawers and the tipsy stands, that play a St. Vitus' dance across the floor of our parlors and chambers these days. We have sometimes wished it would cost ten times as much as it does to furnish a house, for then we could at least be sure of one-tenth of a house that would stay furnished after we had furnished it.

A good furnisher is the only hope of the distracted housekeeper of the period; for, with shellac varnishes, lamp-grease, new-fangled patent things, and all that, who can tell what he is buying unless he can rely on his dealer?

Mr. George Gilbert, who worthily succeeds the worthy old firm of Sampson, Gilbert & Co., at 267 and 269 Wabash avenue, has an establishment which is a

credit to Chicago. Whether with respect to the quality of his goods, their variety, taste, and elegance, or the known reliability of the dealer, no furniture house in the city is worthy the unrivalled patronage this one enjoys from the best families in the city. Not only does Mr. Gilbert manufacture largely of the richest kinds of furniture, but from abroad he brings the tributes of the best approved establishments. The place offers an entertainment, even, to view the large and elegant stock.

THE SHERMAN HOUSE.

The most elegantly furnished among the many elegant hotels of the New Chicago is the grand Sherman House—the successor of the most popular hotel in the West, the old Sherman. Externally, it is an imposing marble structure of seven stories in height. Internally, it is divided into nearly three hundred apartments. A grand corridor, marble-paved, frescoed, and well-lighted, contains the spacious office, and leads to the great dining halls and public parlors on the next floor, all fitted up in the most sumptuous manner possible; indeed, the gorgeous ladies' parlor, in the northeast corner, was pronounced by the delighted Nilsson unequalled by any hotel in the world. The sleeping-rooms, which occupy the remaining floors, all large and elegant, and provided with closets and baths—luxuries that are too rare in our public houses—are furnished like royal bed-chambers. Indeed, the house, in its furnishing, table, and stately management, is more like a palace than the possible stopping-place of any plebeian who has a few dollars in his pocket. Under the management of Mr. C. S. Munson, the rebuilt Sherman has attained such a popularity that it has nothing to fear from any competitor. Certainly it offers every possible inducement to the traveller.

FLOWERS AND FLORISTS.

Of the great outlay made by ambitious Chicagoans for splendor and show, it is honorable to find how vast a proportion goes for flowers. Better be it for them than for Cashmere shawls, silver butter-dishes, and gold-mounted harness, all of

which is inglorious beside the "clothed grass of the field."

But all the West sends to Chicago for Flowers, Bulbous Roots, and Seeds; and establishments have grown here which, in proportion, vie with the best on the Continent. And this, by the way, is the very time to procure supplies of Tulips, Hyacinths, Lilies, Narcissus, and all others, for fall planting. Perhaps no establishment equals that of D. S. Heffron, 343 State street, Chicago.

THE CLIFTON HOUSE.

It is a very encouraging fact, in this time of financial stringency, that among the many hotels in this city, there are a few which, while thoroughly first-class in every respect, have adopted a tariff of charges from one-quarter to one-third lower than the conventional "first class" scale. The well-known Clifton House, of Messrs. Jenkins & Holmes, on Wabash avenue and Monroe street, is the very best of this admirable class. Indeed, in splendor of furnishing, luxury and excellence of table, and convenience of appointment, it can hardly be excelled by any hotel in this country or any other. Marble-paved offices; carpets of velvet and Brussels in every hall and room; upholstery of the richest fabrics and colors; great mirrors, reflecting forms of beauty; elevators, electric bells, and other modern inventions, all minister to the ease and delight of the guests who continually crowd its nearly two hundred rooms. For such accommodations, the few hotels that can give them charge four dollars and a half or five dollars a day; the *Clifton* charges but three dollars and a half. Mr. Jenkins deserves well of the public for opening such a house, and is already having a rich reward.

WASHING MADE EASY.

There naturally exists a prejudice against Washing Machines, in consequence of the failures of all heretofore constructed to meet what is required of them. After repeated trials, of various patterns of Washers, one has at last been found that is without fault. The Bristol Clothes Washer combines every feature desirable in such a

machine, or that could be wished for to relieve the hard labor incident to the washing-day. Any Washer, to be a success, must have two features, viz.: it must do the work well, and do it easily. These are fully met in the Bristol Washer, which a child can operate easily and successfully. It cannot get out of order; will wash the finest collar or heaviest bed quilt. There are no cog-wheels to entangle the clothes or mash the fingers. It is made to fit any size tub, and operates in the centre, so as to avoid throwing water on the floor, either from the side or end. One very valuable feature is the stillness with which it does its work. It is the only machine that washes woollens without fulling them.

A NOTABLE INSURANCE OFFICE.

FEW men in the West have had larger experience, or have gained a more thorough, practical knowledge, of the Fire Insurance business, than our worthy citizen, Mr. Charles H. Case. His agency has been long established in our city. Our citizens well remember that in the great calamity of 1871 his was the only agency representing a number of Companies that paid every dollar of claims in full. The largest business houses unqualifiedly indorse the careful management displayed by Mr. Case, and feel a sense of security in policies issued from his agency, as the Companies represented by him have confidence that their interests are secure in his hands.

The "Royal" has assets amounting to the handsome sum of over *Thirteen Million Dollars in Gold*, and is managed, both in this country and Europe, with ability and care, it being a maxim of the Company that "eternal vigilance," and careful and conservative underwriting are the only safeguards against "rotten" indemnity.

The Insurance Company of North America. The history of this staunch old Company reaches back to the time when Washington was in Philadelphia. Ebenezer Hazard, Postmaster-General under Washington, was the first Secretary of the Company. All the great fires of the century in the United States have been passed through in safety by this old pioneer Company; and its past record is a guarantee for its future.

Organized in 1794. Assets, January 1, 1873, \$3,276,738.91.

DRESS AS A FINE ART.

It has been observed that where a gentleman makes personal habiliment a matter of critical study, he seldom resorts to the same tailor as the mere dandy. As no man in mind or person is precisely like any other, it is easy to see that the tailor, no less than the portrait painter, must study his subject with the trained observation and delicate judgment of an artist. Immense and showy establishments abound, from which the spendthrift fop emerges pleased with a suit fitted to a shape he would like to have instead of the one he has. But the *connoisseur* revolts from such distortion, and goes, first of all, to the tailor who is qualified to study his figure; for he knows that the true art of dress is to combine the fashion with the individuality. We all know that to be a gentleman is not the same thing as to appear to be one. But no human excellence can be appreciated, or even discovered at all, without evidence; and the universal demand of society, in all nations, is for chaste, tasteful, elegant and modest dress as the proper evidence of a gentleman. Experience shows, too, that when he thinks fit to put forth the appropriate sign of his claims, no gentleman is ever denied the honor due to that character.

Considerations like these make it an honorable distinction to be foremost in the art of dress; and that such must be accorded to Mr. Edward Ely, will not be questioned in Chicago, nor, indeed, could it have been for nearly twenty years back, during which he has applied an exquisite taste, an attentive and patient assiduity, and an unrivalled judgment, to adapting the metropolitan *modes* to the temper and spirit of his patrons. Equally noted for the quality of his goods and the taste of his tailoring, it gratifies a host of old patrons, and attracts another of new, to find him in his elegant and ornate establishment on the corner of Wabash avenue and Monroe street, adjacent to the grand hotel of Potter Palmer, and opposite to the Clifton House. The building alone, in the midst of rebuilt busi-

ness palaces, daily attracts observers, who praise the edifice as among the finest in the city.

HABERDASHERY AND FURNISHING GOODS.

In Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, a customer is more concerned to find a dealer of discernment, taste, and integrity, than in almost any other direction, so constantly are new and spurious expedients of unprincipled manufacturers exercised in matters of haberdashery. The stately and beautiful establishment of Messrs. Brown, Prior & Fisk, on the corner of Wabash avenue and Monroe street, adjoining the Palmer House, and opposite the Clifton, is justly recognized as the very head of the column in their line. No concern in Chicago will compare with it. The celebrated "Sam Brown Shirt" would alone distinguish it above every competitor; while in every attribute of a first-class establishment for Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, the variety, elegance, and sound square quality of the stock, would adorn the finest street in America, east or west.

THE FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE CO. OF CALIFORNIA,

Whose Western Department is in this city, enjoys the popularity to which its honorable conduct subsequent to the Chicago fire entitles it. Its entire assets swept away by the calamity, a heavy assessment was made upon its cheerfully responding stockholders, and within three months nearly \$600,000 were paid by the Company to policy-holders in Chicago.

This Company at once met its loss (\$158,000) in the Boston fire, dollar for dollar. The assets of the "Fireman's Fund" are on a gold basis; and when securities (as at present) are suffering a great decline in value, its own are invulnerable.

We have seen a handsomely printed testimonial, presented to the Company, and numerous signed by the leading business houses of Chicago, and are glad to learn that the "Fireman's Fund" is enjoying the success its heroism and good faith merit.

THE LAMB KNITTING MACHINE.

This great labor-saving invention is rapidly gaining popularity wherever it is introduced. Plain knitting can be executed on this machine in one-twentieth the time that would be required to do the same by hand, and better; while its capacity for fancy and ornamental work is almost unlimited. Good wages can be made knitting for the winter market. This machine is of special utility to farmers, and by it they can more than double the profits on their wool.

SAFETY LAMP.

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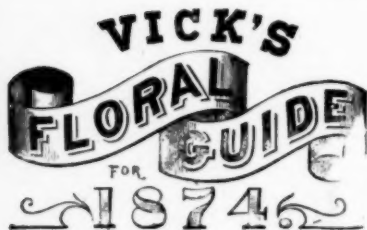
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